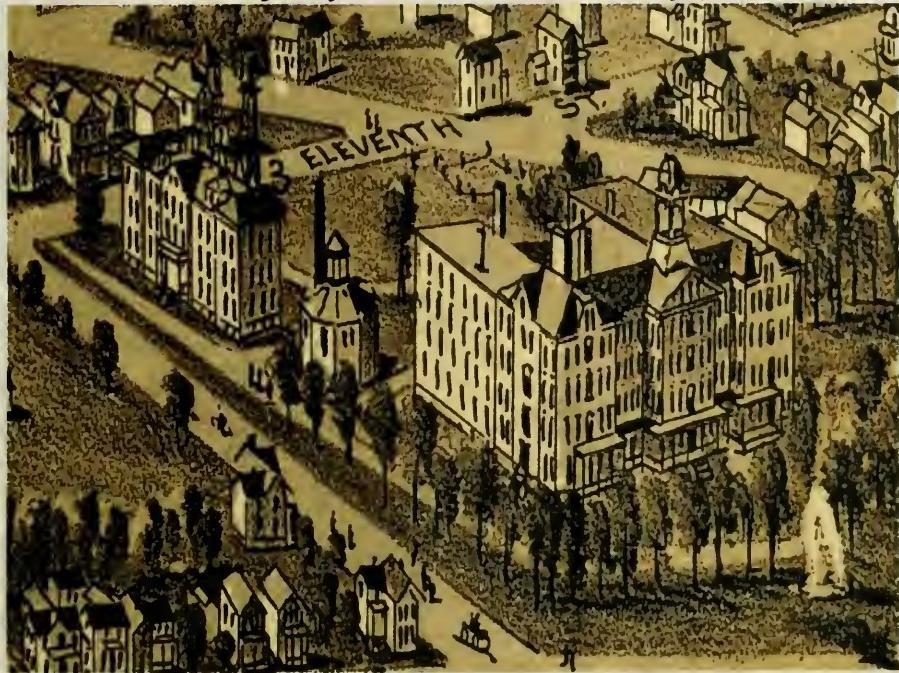


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## *History of Greene County, PA*



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HISTORY  
—OF—  
GREENE COUNTY, PA.

—CONTAINING—  
AN OUTLINE OF THE STATE FROM 1682,

—UNTIL THE—

Formation of Washington County in 1781.

—O—O—O—

*HISTORY DURING 15 YEARS OF UNION.*

THE VIRGINIA AND NEW STATE CONTROVERSY—RUNNING OF  
MASON'S AND DIXON'S LINE—WHISKY INSURRECTION,  
—HISTORY OF CHURCHES, FAMILIES, JUDGES,  
SENATORS, ASSEMBLYMEN, ETC., ETC.

BY  
REV. WILLIAM HANNA,  
1882.

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## PREFACE.

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IT was a crushing blow to the nobles and ignobles of the old world when an obscure man like Christopher Columbus was daily receiving the thanks of Monarchs and the continuous applause from the masses. The envious were heard to say, "Oh, who could not do that? Nothing easier in the world." To silence these gainsayings he proposed at the dinner party that each guest should try to make an egg stand on its end on the marble table. When all had failed, he struck his egg a slight blow on its larger end, crushing the shell slightly, and at once it stood up. The sore-headed growlers at once said, "How easy any one can do that," to which the great discoverer modestly replied, "Yes, after I have showed you how." The historian often meets the same class of envious people who are continually saying, "what an easy thing to write history; any one can do that." So they can after some one has shown them how. And this is the great difficulty in writing a history of Greene County: no one has gone over the whole county before me to show me how. Another difficulty is that I have presumed to bring the history down to the present day; had I dropped the thread eighty years ago there would have been but few if any now living that could rise up and contradict me. But there are hundreds of men and women of my own age who have witnessed the scenes that I describe and whose recollection of the particulars will very likely differ from mine. Let the candid reader ask himself, how is it that eight or ten men, good citizens of Greene County, will come into Court and un-

der oath give such different statements with reference to a transaction that occurred within the last six months. He (the reader) will then be prepared to make a great amount of allowance for the different statements of persons who have witnessed the same transactions forty or fifty years ago. Some of these difficulties I do not pretend to solve, but give the different views of intelligent men and then leave the reader to form his own opinion. In writing this history I have imitated no model, purposely intending that it shall differ in style and arrangement from any other history that ever was written. Hoping all persons will extend to me that charity that hopeth all things I submit these pages, trusting that no wrong motive will be imputed to me, although some of my statements may differ from their opinions.

WILLIAM HANNA.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

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N the 4th of March, 1681, Charles II. granted to Wm. Penn a charter for the Province of Pennsylvania, the King having regard to the memory of his (Penn's) father, who had served his Majesty in numerous ways, especially in the late victory over the Dutch fleet, commanded by Heer Von Opdam in the year 1655. The English forces in the battle were commanded by James, Duke of York. In consideration of these services, King Charles II granted to William Penn all that tract of land in North America, bounded on the east by the Delaware river, commencing at a point twelve miles northward from New Castle town unto the forty-third degree of north latitude if the river doth extend so far; but if the river does not extend so far northward, then by the river so far as it does extend, and thence by a meridian line to be drawn from the head of the river extending northward as far as the forty-third degree. The said tract of land to extend westward five degrees of longitude to be computed from the Delaware river, and the said land to be bounded on the north by the beginning of the three and fortieth degree of northern latitude, and on the south by a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from New Castle northward and westward unto the beginning of the fortieth degree of northern latitude and then by a straight line westward to the limits of longitude mentioned above. This Charter is in the office of the Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania until this day, and consequently is upwards of two hundred years old. It is written on parchment

In the old English hand-writing ; each line underscored with red ink. The borders are emblazoned with heraldic designs, and on top is a poor portrait of King Charles the Second. Under the provisions of this Charter William Penn, by and with the advice, assent and approbation of the freemen of the country above described had authority to make, ordain and enact laws. Accordingly on the 25th of April, 1682, William Penn framed a form of government for the Province of Pennsylvania. It consisted of a preface and twenty-four articles, confirming unto the freemen thereof their liberties, franchises and property. (Creigh History, page 28, William Markman was immediately dispatched as Penn's deputy, who entered into negotiation with the Indians on the 15th of July, 1682, leaving their contracts open for the approval or rejection of the proprietor himself when he should arrive, which event took place on the 24th of October, 1682. The landing of Penn and a large number of colonists at New Castle formed a kind of epoch in the history of those early times. Indeed the 24th of October, 1682 ought to be celebrated on the 24th of October, 1882 as a kind of "Red Letter Day." The consequences were so important to all parties. Had his rapacity and love of gold been equal to that of a Cortes or Pizarro, how different doubtless would have been the results of his landing. Indeed it requires all the ingenious laudations of the descendants of some of those primitive settlers of some of these northern colonies to preserve the names of their ancestors from justly merited odium. Not so with William Penn. His career needs no sophisticated apologist ; his conduct was endorsed by the savages themselves ; the very kind of hat he wore became in after times a passport of safety to all who conscientiously wore it, as the following and numerous other instances will abundantly illustrate : Soon after Christopher Gist had built his log cabin at the foot of Laurel Hill on the location long known as Mount Braddock, Jacob

Beeson built his cabin at the edge of an extensive plum thicket that then covered the entire site of the present Uniontown. One night the inmates of this humble "home in the woods" were awakened by the animated discussion going on outside with reference to the propriety of at once annihilating those primitive dwellers. While the family listened with throbbing hearts to the half Indian, half English discussion, they could distinctly hear the expression "na na na : Broad Brim." The argument was conclusive; the savages withdrew without doing the least harm, for Mr. Beeson did conscientiously wear the "Broad Brim," and no Indian could be found so low-fallen as to do violence to a family protected by this well recognised "talisman." No wonder then that all parties rejoiced on the arrival of the man whose good name had gone before him, and who after long years of contact and trial was found to be in all respects worthy of it. His attention was immediately called to the conditional contract made by his deputy on the 15th of July, 1682. This contract Penn confirmed with the Sachems and their tribes under the "Elm Tree" at "Shackamaxon," now Kensington. This treaty was the first made by Penn with the Indians and was for the purchase of the lands lying between the falls of the Delaware and the Neshaming Creek: the deed was dated October 24, 1682. The next purchase was made on the 23d of June, 1683, and was for a tract of land between Neshaming Creek and Pennepack, and was to extend as far back into the country as a man could travel in two days on horseback. Two days afterwards, June 25, 1683, Penn purchased from the Chief Winebone, what is styled his (Winebone) "release," for lands on the west side of Schuylkill, beginning at the falls and extending back on the same as far as his right is undisputed. On the 14th of July of the same year, another deed was made to Penn by the Chiefs conveying the lands between Schuylkill river and Chester creek. On the same day another deed was

made conveying the lands between Schuylkill and Pennepack. On the 10th of September, 1683 "Kake Tappan" makes a deed for his half of all his lands between Susquehanna and Delaware rivers on the Susquehanna side. October 18, 1683, the Chief Machaloha, executes a deed for lands between the Delaware river and Chesapeake bay, as far up as the falls of the Susquehanna. June 3, 1684, Manyhenghsin signs a release for his land on Peekioming. June 7, 1684, Mettamimicont releases his lands on both sides of Pennepach on Delaware river. July 30, 1685, the Chiefs execute a deed for lands between Pennepack on Chester Creek as far back as a man can go in two days from a point on Conshocken hill. October 2d, 1685, Penn received his eleventh deed for lands between Duck and Chester creeks as far back as a man could ride in two days with a horse. On the 15th of June, 1692, the Indians acknowledge full satisfaction for lands between Neshaming and Poquessing creeks as far back as the boundaries of the Province. June 13, 1696, the Chief, Dongan, made Penn a deed for lands on both sides of the Susquehanna from the lakes to the Chesapeake bay. January 5, 1697, Penn was put in possession of another deed made by Taming, for the land between Pennepack and Neshaming, as far back as a horse can travel in two summer days. September 13, 1700, a deed was made by the Susquehanna Indians for the lands on both sides of the Susquehanna river, comprising Dongan's deed of January 13, 1696. It would seem from the record that this Dongan was an enterprising fellow and was, like many white men, ready to "recon without his host," and consequently seems to have sold as his own property, lands in which he only had a small interest; and here we see the generosity of Penn—instead of insisting on his precious purchase, he seems to have bought this same land at least twice, perhaps three times, for on the 23d of April, 1701, there seems to have been a general gathering of

the Indians, when after various speeches and payments of additional sums, the Chiefs of the Shawnees, Potomacks and Conestoges all ratify the transaction and relinquish all claim to the lands in dispute. These dissensions seem to have rendered the proprietors more slow in purchasing Indian claims, hence no further purchase was made for upwards of seventeen years, when on the 13th of September, 1718, a deed of release is made by the Delaware Indians for the lands between the Delaware and Susquehanna from Duck creek to the Lehigh hills. A controversy arose at this time about the distance that a man on horsebaek ought to travel in one day, which as will be seen above was the way in which several of the previous boundaries were to be decided. The presumption is that the horse had traveled much further than the Indians expected. These disputes were satisfactorily adjusted by a deed executed on the 16th of December, 1720. May 31, 1726, the Indians execute a deed for lands on both sides of Brandywine creek. September 7, 1732, the proprietors are put in possession of their twentieth deed for lands between Lehigh hills and Kittatinny mountains, between Schuylkill and its branches and the branches of the Delaware. October 11, 1736, a deed was made by the Indians for the Susquehanna river and the lands on both sides thereof eastward to the head of the branches, and westward to the setting sun, and from its mouth to the Kittatinny hills. On the 25th of October following the Indians in Council admitted that the deed of the 11th was intended to include the lands on the Delaware, and westward to the Kittatinny hills. August 28, 1737 the purchase known as the "walking purchase" took place, which extended from the westerly branch of the Neshaminy up the Delaware as far as a man could walk in a day and a half. August 22, 1749, the twenty-fourth Indian deed was made for lands from the Kittatinny mountains to Mahanoy mountain and between Susquehanna and Delaware rivers on

the north side of Lackawaxen creek. July 6, 1754, a deed was made at Albany for the lands on the west side of the Susquehanna from Kittatinny mountains to a mile above Penn's creek, thence northwest as far as the Province extends to its western boundaries. October 23. 1758, deed for lands from Penn's creek northwest and by west to Buffalo creek, thence west to Allegheny mountains and along the east side thereof to the western boundary of the Province. November 5, 1768, at a great treaty held at Fort Stanwix on the present site of Rome in the State of New York, a deed was made by the Iroquoise Indians for the lands west of the Monongahela river, commonly called the new purchase. Under this purchase the Penn's opened their land office in Philadelphia on the 3d of April, 1769 for the sale of lands in the new purchase. During the first month numerous applications were made for patents for land by parties who were already on the ground, having begun to make their tomahawk marks as early as 1769, while as yet the Indian title to this domain had not been extinguished. This last mentioned purchase at Fort Stanwix, it will readily be seen, was the all-important one for Greene County. On the 21st of January, 1785, a deed was made for all the Indian lands in the bounds of this Commonwealth, including those purchased at Fort McIntosh on the 23d of October, 1784.

After following up the purchases until we arrive at the time when our own county was purchased from the Indians, we find ourselves under the necessity of going back in order to ascertain what were the other *personal* transactions of the worthy old Quaker who so conscientiously purchased, at different times, so much of the territory for which he already held the title from the King of Great Briton. One of his first acts towards white men was to assemble all the freemen of this province at Chester, as well as those of the three territories, as they were then called, of New Castle, Kent and Sussex. At this meeting

an act of Union was passed, annexing the three territories to the Province of Pennsylvania for legislative purposes. William Penn, by and with the advice and consent of this first assembly of the freemen, divided the Province of Pennsylvania into three counties, viz: Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester. For each of the counties and territories, Sheriffs and other necessary officers were appointed by the proprietor, but the Council and Assemblymen were elected by the people. On March 10, 1683, the Council and Assembly met in Philadelphia, each county having returned three members for the Council and nine for the Assembly. William Penn returned to England in 1684, after appointing a President to administer his affairs in his absence. Dissatisfaction arising, the three counties that had been annexed to the Province, withdrew, and in 1691 elected a legislature of their own and were henceforth known as Delaware. William Markman was now appointed Deputy Governor under William Penn. In August, 1699, William Penn returned to the Province and reassumed the reins of government, to the great joy of the people who seem always to have had more confidence in him than any one he could place over them. On the 28th of October, 1701, he presented the Council and Assembly with a new charter of privileges, and having appointed Andrew Hamilton as Lieutenant Governor, he again departed for England. This charter continued the supreme law of the land until the Declaration of Independence was promulgated on the 4th July, 1776. A convention then assembled on the 8th of July for the purpose of forming a constitution for the State.

Pennsylvania has been very justly called the Keystone State in consequence of having about an equal number of the original colonies on each side of it. On the southwest, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware; on the north east, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. As this State is

situated in the center of the original arch, with New Jersey at its eastern end to keep it from falling out, it deserves special notice in its different forms of government, as follows: 1681, William Penn, Proprietor; 1684, Thomas Loyd, President of Governor's Council; 1688, Captain John Blackwell, Lieutenant Governor; 1690, Thomas Loyd, Deputy and Lieutenant Governor; 1693, Benjamin Fletcher, Captain General and Lieutenant; 1698, William Markman, Lieutenant Governor; 1700, William Penn again acting as Governor; 1701, Andrew Hamilton, Deputy Governor; 1703, Edward Shippen, President of Council; 1704, John Evans, Deputy Governor; 1709, Charles Gookin, Deputy Governor; 1717, Sir William Keith, Deputy Governor, 1726, Patrick Gordan, Deputy Governor; 1738, George Thomas, Lieutenant Governor; 1747, Anthony Palmer, President of Council; 1748, James Hamilton, Lieut.Gov.; 1754, Robert Morris, Lieutenant Governor; 1756, William Denny, Lieutenant Governor; 1759, James Hamilton, Lieutenant Governor; 1763, John Penn, Deputy Governor; 1771, Richard Penn, Governor; 1773, John Penn, Governor; 1775, Benjamin Franklin, President of Council; 1776, Thomas Wharton, President of Council; 1777, Joseph Reed, President of Council; 1781, William Moor, President of Council; 1782, John Dickson, President of Council; 1785, Benjamin Franklin, President of Council; 1788, Thomas Mifflin, President of Council. Under the new constitution of 1790, Thomas Mifflin was elected first Governor over Arthur St. Clair by a majority of 24,522 votes. In 1793, Thomas Mifflin was again elected Governor over F. A. Muhlenburg by a majority of 8,890; in 1796, Thomas Mifflin was elected a third time, defeating F. A. Muhlenburg, this time by a majority of 20,018 votes. In 1799, Thomas McKean was elected Governor over James Ross by a majority of 14,601 votes. In 1802, Thomas McKean was again elected by a majority of 30,748. Thomas McKean was elected

a third time in 1805 by a majority of 4,766. In 1808, Simon Snyder was elected Governor by a majority of 24,386. Simon Snyder was again elected Governor in 1811 by a majority of 47,035. In 1814, Simon Snyder was elected Governor a third term by a majority of 20,605. William Findley was elected Governor in 1817 by a majority of 7,048. In 1820 Joseph Hiester was elected Governor by a majority of 1,584. Andrew Shultz was elected in 1823 by a majority of 25,709, and re-elected in 1826 by a majority of 70,361. In 1829, George Wolf was elected Governor by a majority of 16,433, and re-elected in 1832 by the small majority of 3,170. I remember this election very distinctly. The parties were divided into "Masons" and "Anti-Masons." Mr. Wolf was accused of being a Mason, consequently his diminished majority. In 1835, Joseph Ritner was elected as the Anti-Mason candidate: the whole number of votes polled was 200,413. Of these, George Wolf received 65,804, Joseph Ritner, 94,023, and Henry A. Muhlenburg, 40,586, making Ritner Governor, agreeable to the provisions of the constitution, although he lacked 12,377 votes of having a majority of the whole vote. In 1838, David R. Porter was elected over Joseph Ritner by the small majority of 5,496. Although there were but the two candidates in the field, the contest was a fair one, and the unprecedentedly large vote of 250,-146 was in consequence of the intense excitement of the campaign. In 1841 a new party began to make its appearance, called the Liberty party. Dr. Le Moyne, of Washington, Pa., was a candidate this year on this ticket for Governor, and received 763 votes; John Banks was also a candidate and received 113,473; David R. Porter received 136,504 votes, making him Governor by a majority of 22,245. In 1844 Francis R. Shunk was elected by a majority of 1,716, Dr. Le Moyne receiving this year 2,566 votes. In 1847 Francis R. Shunk was re-elected by a majority of 4,819. In 1848 William F. Johnston was elected

by the small majority of 225. In 1851 William Bigler was elected by 6,539 majority. James Pollock was elected in 1854 by a majority of 34,604. William F. Packer was elected in 1857 by 14,527 of a majority. In 1860 Andrew J. Curtain was placed in the Governor's chair by a majority of 32,110, and re-elected in 1863 by a majority of 15,333. John W. Geary was elected in 1866 by a majority of 17,178. He was re-elected over Asa Packer in 1869 by the small majority of 4,596, (for the size of a majority must be reckoned by the number of votes polled.) On this occasion the number was 576,508, whereas for the first Governor, Thomas Mifflin, in 1790, there were but 30,528 votes all told. An idea can from this be formed of the rapid growth of the State in ninety-nine years. Having now prepared the minds of our readers by this outline history of the State, I invite their attention to our existence during fifteen years as the eastern part of Washington county, our interests being identical with theirs. The preamble to the Act of the 28th of March is in these words:

"WHEREAS, The inhabitants of that part of Westmorland county which lies west of the Monongehela river, have represented to the Assembly of this state the great hardships they lie under from being so far remote from the present seat of judicature and the public offices;" To remedy these inconveniences, they therefore passed the Act of Separation, which is in eighteen Sections, the preamble being numbered the first. Section second gives the boundaries of the county. Section third gives the same rights and privileges to the inhabitants as enjoined by other counties of the State. Section four authorizes the Trustees to take assurance of ground whereon to erect a Court house and prison, and divide the county into townships before July 1, 1781. Section five empowers the inhabitants to elect Inspectors, two Representatives for the Assembly, one member of the Supreme Executive Council, two persons for

Sheriff, two for Coroner and three for Commissioners. The election was ordered to be held at the house of David Hege at the place called "Catfish Camp." Section six declares that Justices of the Supreme Court shall have like power and authority in Washington County. Section seven and eight, provides for the election of Justices of the Peace, to be held on the 15th of July, 1781, for the various townships (after Judges and Inspector have been elected). Section nine provides for Justices of the Peace to hold Courts of General Quarter Sessions and Goal Delivery. Section ten provides that James Edgar, Hugh Scott, Van Swearingen, Daniel Leet and John Armstrong, shall be appointed Commissioners to purchase ground for a Court house, as provided in Section four. Sections eleven and twelve provides for the mode of defraying the expenses of the public buildings. Section thirteen provides for the continuance of suits commenced in the original county. Sections fourteen, fifteen and sixteen, provide for the appointment of a collector of the excise, his powers and fees. Section seventeen directs the Sheriff and Coroner of Westmorland county to officiate until these officers could be chosen in the new county. Section eighteen directed the amount of the security to be given by the Sheriff and Treasurer. Under the provisions of this Act, Greene as part of Washington Co. was governed up to the 9th of Feb. 1796, when an Act was passed dividing the territory into two parts, leaving the townships of Morgan, Cumberland, Franklin, Greene and Richhill, to constitute the new county of Greene. Of these five townships, Morgan and Cumberland were organized on the 15th of July, 25, 1781. Greene was organized on the 3d of April, 1782. Franklin was organized on the 16th of July 1787, and Richhill was organized March 13, 1793. These original townships have been sub-divided into Jefferson, Morris, Aleppo, Dunkard, Monongahela, Springhill, Jackson, Gilmore, Centre, Marion, Washington, Wayne, Whiteley, Perry.

Before we leave that part of our history that is identical with Washington county, it is but proper that we notice the state of public sentiment in this region of country about the time the mother county was formed. It must always be born in mind that this section of country west of the Monongahela was settled largely by persons favorable to Virginia rule; that colony claimed the territory as her rightful domain, and the majority no doubt thought the claim was just. They therefore brought their slaves with them as part of their property, feeling confident that they would be permitted to hold them in perpetuity. Their indignation was unbounded when in 1780 the legislature of Pennsylvania passed an Act for the gradual abolition of slavery. The first ebullition of contempt that manifested itself was the preparation of those that were footloose to immediately depart for Kentucky, which was now in its turn the new "El Dorado of the West." This interference with what they pleased to call their "domestic rights," was immediately visited upon the devoted heads of the Quakers in the old counties of Philadelphia, Bucks, Chester, &c., until the curses were loud, long and bitter. Discontent and alarm also, existed almost everywhere with reference to the final result of the revolutionary war. Cornwallis was not as yet overthrown. A Quaker government was much better adapted to a condition of peace than one of war. All that had ever been done for these backwoods settlers (they said) had been done by Virginia. But now since they find themselves no longer in that State, they are ready to show their dislike in every possible way. "Old England," they say, "did once protect this western section from the Indians and French both, and is willing to do so again, but now the Indians murder our families with impunity, and our State authorities do nothing for our preservation." "Huzza for King George," was the disloyal expression that often fell from the lips of those who thought themselves deeply wronged. This is not a pleas-

ant theme on which to dwell, and yet a sense of duty should prompt the historian to write the truth whether it be pleasant or otherwise. I therefore make a few quotations, to prove that I am not slandering our ancestors. On the 7th of December, 1780, General Broadhead who commanded the U. S. troops at Pittsburg, writes: "I learn more and more of the disaffection of the inhabitants on this side of the mountains. The King of Britain's health is often drank in company." He gave it as the opinion of many of his Virginia officers well acquainted in this part of the country, among them Col. John Gibson, "that should the enemy approach this frontier and offer protection, half the inhabitants would join them! General Irvine writes from Fort Pitt in November 1781, saying, "I am confident that if this post was evacuated the bounds of Canada would be extended to the Laurel Hill in a few weeks." Still further on this unpleasant subject is a letter from General Washington himself, dated April 25, 1781, in which he says: "I have received the following intelligence: Col. Connolly (who it will be remembered made his escape to Canada) with his corps is to proceed to Quebec as soon as possible, to be joined in Canada by Sir John Johnson with a number of Tories and Indians, said to amount to three thousand. Their route is to be by Brick Island, Lake Ontario and Venango. His object is Fort Pitt and all the adjacent ports. Connolly takes with him a number of commissions to persons now residing at Pittsburg; and several hundred men at that place have agreed to make prisoners of Col. Broadhead and all friends of America." As I have already intimated that the movement to abolish slavery was one of the causes of complaint on the part of those who thought they were settling on Virginia soil, but who afterwards found themselves in Pennsylvania, I deem it proper at this point to give the reader a little insight into this subject which has in the last score of years assumed such immense proportions, in order that

he may draw his own conclusions and intelligently contrast the present with the past. I find my authority for these statements in Creigh's History, Page 362. April 30, 1781, the estate of Alexander McCandless sold a negro girl for sixty pounds. May 16, 1781, Jacob Johnson bequeathes to his wife Mary a negro woman slave named "Suke;" to his daughter Elizabeth Pierce, a negro girl named "Zelph," and her future increase to his daughter Eleanor Decker; the first child, male or female, of Suke, to his daughter Esther Johnson, at the death of her mother, the above named Suke. Should the said Suke have no children, one hundred pounds in the hands of John Buchanan is to be divided equally between his daughters; but if children are born to the slave Suke, the money is to be divided equally among his five children. On the 3d of June, 1795, Reason Pumphrey sells his slaves at the following prices: Lot, aged 18 years, for seventy pounds. Ben, aged 14 years, for one hundred pounds. Dinah, aged 10 years, for seventy-five pounds. March 20, 1795, John Moor manumitted two slaves, Abraham and Jonas. In the *Reporter* of March 8, 1813, is the following advertisement: For sale a negro boy who has thirteen years to serve; he is stout and healthy. Apply at the office of the *Reporter*. On the 29th of December, 1823, the first meeting of citizens of Washington County was held to form a society for the abolition of slavery. October 2, 1835, the citizens of this county met to express their disapprobation of the cause of the abolitionists. This meeting was presided over by Hon. Thos. H. Baird. Rev. Thomas Hoge, R. H. Lee, Alexander Reed, W. K. McDonald and Dr. John Wishart, were appointed a committee to report resolutions, one of which was, that any combination of citizens of one State organized for the purpose of disturbing the civil institutions of another State, is a violation of the spirit of the Union and of the enactments of the Federal Constitution and must tend to dissolve the Union. This with

other resolutions of the same spirit was unanimously adopted. But it is difficult to get the descendants of the men and women who lived in "the times that tried men's souls" to understand the numerous difficulties by which their ancestors were surrounded. Two parties, known at that time as the Virginia and Pennsylvania parties were uncompromisingly hostile. The headquarters of the Virginia party was alternately at the Court House of Youghiogheny Co. near West Elizabeth, and at Fort Dunmore (Pittsburg). The headquarters of the Pennsylvania party was at Hannatown,\* about three miles north of Greensburg, Westmoreland county. Here the first Court for the counties west of the mountains was held. In the jail here Connolly himself was incarcerated until released on bail for his appearance at Court. When the day of trial arrived Connolly put in his appearance (backed by a numerous band of Tory militia), defied the Court, and finally ejected them from the house and locked the door before their faces. As a reprisal the Pennsylvania party from Hannatown swooped down on Fort Dunmore, broke the jail and rescued the Justices and tax collectors there imprisoned, when in turn the Virginia party led on by Simon Girty, with a band of Tories and Indians, came suddenly upon Hannatown, while nearly all the men were absent in the harvest fields, and soon the Court house, jail and all the dwellings were in flames. This was in July, 1782. By this time our readers will be willing to admit that the wound was incurable and that the original parties to the quarrel could never become reconciled unless by some compromise measure. This compromise came in the way of a proposition to form a "New State," to be called "Vandalia." Exactly what boundaries were demanded for this new Commonwealth has never been revealed. It was evidently a pet theory of the Virginia partisans by means of which they could at least play the "dog in

\* Robert Hanna was a lineal ancestor of mine, the founder of Hannatown.

the manger." If we *cannot* have the territory in dispute, Pennsylvania *shall not* have it. But the New State project had other advocates beside the Virginia partisans. Some good honest Pennsylvanians saw in it an end to their troubles, for the Virginia element was far in the majority. So much so that if a man wanted to have his "election made sure" in the bounds of Washington, and what afterwards become Greene, county, his safest plan was to declare himself either in favor of Virginia or New State rule. Among the aspirants who were willing to climb either of these political ladders, none were more prominent than John Cannon and Dorsey Pentecost, men whom the people of this territory in a special manner delighted to honor. Hence Judge Veech, himself a son of Greene county, says with reference to the New State project: "In 1782 the most active if not the most open promoters of the scheme were Colonels Cannon and Pentecost, each of whom had taken the iron-clad oath, the former as Assemblyman, the latter as Councilor." "Pentecost attempted a noisy disclaimer of this, but thereby afforded only more convincing proof of its verity." In order to establish this contradicted assertion, "Hugh Henry Brackenridge testified on oath that he heard Pentecost on his return from the Council in July, 1782 say that the line never would be run, and that this country never would be Pennsylvania nor Virginia, but a New State." [See Pennsylvania Archives, IX, 572.]

Previous to 1872, this New State project had been looked upon as mere effervescence of maddened and disappointed Virginia partisans, and it was hoped that the whole matter would expire by its own convulsions. At this stage of affairs, however, the disease assumed a new form. Virginia now offers to cede to the United States the Northwest Territory, on the condition that all her claimed territory east of the Ohio, should be granted to her. This, as will be seen, was a virtual

reopening of the boundary controversy, that it was hoped had been settled by the Conference at Baltimore. Congress very wisely refused to make the guarantee demanded, and left Virginia to establish her claims as best she could. As the Northwest Territory has not been accepted on the terms on which it was offered, it is now proposed that a large portion of this Northwest Territory shall be taken into the New State, and that instead of making the Allegheny Mountains the eastern boundary with Pittsburgh for its capital, that the Monongahela river shall be the eastern line, and that its capital shall be a new city to be erected somewhere on the Tusearawis branch of the Muskingum river, perhaps on the site of the Moravian towns that had been recently depopulated by the disgraceful slaughter of the peaceful Indians in the Williamson expedition. In April, 1782, General Irvine wrote to Governor Harrison, of Virginia, and also to the Supreme Executive Council, in May, saying, "An expedition much talked of, is to emigrate and set up a new State. A day is appointed to meet for the purpose. A certain Mr. Johnson, who has been in England since the commencement of the present war, is at the head of the emigrating party, and has a form of Constitution ready for the new government. I am well informed that he is now in the East trying to procure artillery and stores. Some think he is too trifling a being to be worthy of notice. Be this as it may; he has many followers. And it is highly probable that men of more influence than he are privately at work. Should they be so mad as to attempt it, I think they will either be cut to pieces or be compelled to take protection from and join the British. Perhaps some have this in view, though the majority, I think, are well meaning people, who have at present no other views than to acquire large tracts of land." [See Craig's Olden Times, II., 337.]

As all manias, no matter how wild and extravagant, have some extenuating thing that can be said in their favor, so had this. Previous to the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1788, there was no positive prohibition by statute or otherwise, to prevent the erection of a new State anywhere on the public domain, provided it did not assail the integrity of the chartered limits of an already recognized State. Hence this project could not have been regarded as objectionable if confined entirely to the Territories that were not within their chartered limits. But it was the unconquerable determination that this New State must have all the land between the Monongahela and Ohio rivers attached to it, that made the thing so exceedingly heinous. Although this territory which is now so valuable as the counties of Washington and Greene, it could not at that early day be regarded in that light, and hence the animus of the conspirators became so self-evident, that it only failed to be discovered by those who are "blind because they won't see." Opportunely, a Court of Congress under one of the Articles of Confederation, which was sitting at Trenton, had unanimously decided against Connecticut in her dispute with Pennsylvania —in which the Yankees had gone so far as to set up and people a town called "Westmoreland," on the east branch of the Susquehanna.) The plea of Connecticut was that she had no western boundary described in her charter, and consequently she claimed all due west of her to the Pacific Ocean, and as part of Pennsylvania lay west of her, of course it belonged to her, as her charter was antecedent to that of Pennsylvania. This Court maintained the integrity of Penn's Charter, and in order to conciliate Connecticut in view of her supposed losses, they granted her that portion of the Northwest Territory lying north of the forty-first degree north latitude, extending about one hundred and twenty miles west from the Pennsylvania line, usually called the "Western Reserve," which has since been

divided into the counties of Trumbull, Ashtabula and Portage. As it was known that there were other Colonies that had no well defined western boundary, and in view of the fact that this might eventually give trouble and perplexity, this Court for the purpose of crushing out all schemes for dismemberment or intrusion, present or future, an Act was passed on the 2d of December, 1782, declaring that any attempt to set up a new State in whole or in part on her (Pennsylvania's) territory should be "*treason*," and punishable accordingly. The Pennsylvania authorities anxious to avoid difficulty sent out Rev. James Finley (the ancestor of the family of that name, still in Fayette county) into Fayette, Washington, and what afterwards became Greene counties. He arrived in March, 1783 armed with a hundred copies of the Act of December, 1782. In his report he says, "I was six weeks in the disaffected country, that portion east of the Yough in the Fayette part; being mostly opposed to the New State, I passed them by. A considerable number of those, between said river and the Monongahela, as well as a greater part of Washington county, I found to be favorable to it, being misled by a few aspiring, and I suspect, ill-designing men, or by men who had not thoroughly considered the whole matter, which latter was the case with some of the clergy." Mr. Finley's mode of operating was to caution the people after sermons; talk to the ministers and other gentlemen, and write argumentively, and persuasively to others, but never disclosing his agency. "The New State men alleged I was too officious. The law intimidated and discouraged the populace. Even the ringleaders were for eating their own words." He hoped he had done some good, "yet the people seemed rather hushed than convinced." He feared that being disappointed as to a New State, they would try to avoid the payment of taxes, unless in flour to be run by a "State Agent to Orleans. "For," says he, "those settlements are almost desti-

tute of cash."\* "This suggestion," says Judge Veech, "was advising the same measure of relief which Robert Morris had proposed in 1782, but which Pentecost, (a strong Virginia partisan and a New State man) had openly resisted."

I have thus far dragged out the weary length of this boundary controversy and New State agitation in order to show the inhabitants of Greene county how near they came at one time to being located as denizens of Virginia. And at another time, how great were the probabilities that the smiling fields and sunny vales they now fondly call their own, were destined to become component parts of some undefined, ill-begotten State, to be designated by the name of either "Walpole," or "Vandalia," with its capital on the Muskingum, in Ohio.

The ten years that immediately followed the dying out of the New State mania, were years of comparative quiet and good order in all parts of Pennsylvania, both east and west, a decided improve on the decade that immediately preceded them. Many of the late disturbers of the quiet and good order of these western counties, gradually went off to other localities, giving place to a better class, who came principally from the interior counties of the State, some from the "Jersies," from Scotland, and still others from the Emerald Isle. Even Pentecost, who had been appointed in 1783, President Judge of the Courts of Washington county, after two or three years of brooding over his fallen schemes, as well as the departure of his magnificent "estate, retired in disgust to a neighboring State, without the courtesy to his late colleagues in council, of sending them his resignation.\* [Cent page 357.] These factionists, although many of them personally departed, left the seeds of dissension which they had so long been sowing, to still cumber the ground with their pernicious crop, which manifested itself in various ways, particularly in an ineradicable aversion to the burdens of govern-

ment no matter what source they emanated from. Even the best of those primitive settlers were constantly ready to challenge whatever came by way of questionable taxation, especially if it was formulated after any English model, from which many of them had fled in the old country, and when the same burdens were attempted to be fastened on them in the place of their retreat, they had resisted unto blood and had obtained the victory. The war for Independence was over, but not its consequences which lingered long in the demoralization it had brought, and the load of debt that had been incurred. The west had its full share of these calamities, and it had not equal facilities for shaking off its crushing load, that were possessed by the East, where they had a home market at their door, and a foreign one across the ocean. All taxes, therefore, in order to really make them equal, ought to take into account the long weary miles of pack-horse transportation that existed between the value of the products of the West and the East, and because this discrimination was not made, and an excise law was passed, all the horrors of the Whisky Insurrection was visited upon these western counties.

In view of the fact that this history will be read by the youth of this county, now so justly styled the "Young Americas," it will be a curiosity to them to know that their ancestors were once the willing subjects of King George, and did in solemn manner lift up their hands and swear to be true and loyal to his person and government, I cannot illustrate this matter in a clearer light, than to transcribe the substance of the Act constituting what the Virginia authorities were pleased to call the District of West Augusta. It will be borne in mind that Augusta was one of the old counties of Virginia, and when that Commonwealth determined to spread her mantle of government over the territory of which Greene county forms a part, her Legislature adopted the following pream-

ble and made a description of her boundaries as follows:

WHEREAS, It is expedient to ascertain the boundaries between the county of Augusta, and the District of West Augusta, be it enacted by the Assembly of Virginia that the boundary line between the two shall be as follows: Beginning on the Allegheny mountains, between the heads of the Potomac and Cheat and Green Briar rivers, (Haystack Knob or north end of Pocahontas county); thence along the ridge of mountains that divides the waters of Cheat river from those of Green Briar, and that branch of the Monongahela river, called Tigart's Valley river, to the Monongahela; thence up the said river and the west fork thereof, to Bingerman's creek, on the northwest side of the west fork; thence up the said creek to the head thereof; thence in a direct course to the head of Middle Island creek, and thence to the Ohio, to be called the District of West Augusta.

At a Court held at Fort Dunmore, now Pittsburgh, September 18, 1776, the Court decided as soon as this ordinance was passed, they became a separate and independent jurisdiction, and as such, they assumed control over this territory of Greene county, and much other territory contiguous to it. In this District, Justice Courts were organized by Lord Dunmore, as early as December, 1774. The regular Virginia Court that usually sat at Staunton, was now adjourned to meet at Fort Dunmore, where the following persons were created Justices of the Peace, after subscribing to the following oaths, which are preserved as a curiosity:

*Oath of Allegiance.*—I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George the Third. So help me God.

*Oath of Supremacy.*—I, C. D., do swear that I from my heart, abhor, detest and abjure as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that Princes, excommunicated and deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of

Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever. And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, preeminence, superiority or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me God.

*The Test Oath.*—I, E. F., do declare that I do believe there is not any transubstantiation in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or in the elements of bread and wine, at or after the consecration thereof, by any person or persons, whatever. So help me God.

*Oath of Abjuration.*—I, G. H., do hereby truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify and declare in my conscience, before God and the world, that our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, is lawful and rightful King of this realm, and all other of His Majesty's dominions thereunto belonging. And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience, that the person pretended to be Prince of Wales, during the life of the late King James, and since his decease, pretending to be and takes upon himself the style and title of King of England, by the name of James the Third, or of Scotland, by the name of James the Eighth, or the style and title of king of Great Britain, hath not any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm or any other of the dominions thereunto belonging, and I do renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him. And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to His Majesty King George the Third, and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies, and attempts whatsoever, which shall be made against his person, crown or dignity, and I will do my utmost endeavors to disclose and make known to His Majesty and his successors, all treason and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know to be against him or them. So help me God.

These oaths were taken by George Croghan, Edward Ward, John Stepheson, Isaac Cox, George McCormick, Joseph Becket, John Campbell, Dorsey Pentecost, John Connolly, John Gibson, George Valandingham, Thomas Smallman, William Crawford and William Goe.

ROBBERS.—In the years 1780, 1784, the territory composing the three Counties of Fayette, Greene and Washington were infested by a band of robbers, that for cunning and daring were scarcely surpassed, by Robin Hood, himself. One of the principal families connected with this band was one by the name of Doan. Anything on which they could lay their unhallowed hands seemed to come in good play for these villians, such as horses, negroes, money, household goods, clothing, &c. Their depredations had become so numerous during the time of divided supremacy, when neither Virginia nor Pennsylvania could enforce her laws that the whole community lived in constant terror, not knowing what hour these free-booters might swoop down upon them and carry off their stock, food, &c. After the organization of the county of Washington (which also included Greene) in 1781, more determined efforts were made towards bringing order out of confusion. While the different partisans might dispute about who should *rule* them, they seem to have been unanimous in the opinion that these desperadoes should no longer *rob* them. Hence under the leadership of such energetic men as James Marshall, Thomas Scott and Var Swearingen, different bands of militiamen were gotten together in different parts of the United counties of Greene and Washington, who began vigorously to patrol the woods in all directions, occasionally picking up a straggler, or discovering a vacated camp, until the leaders of the gang of robbers seem to have despaired like the larks in the wheat field, that they must leave a region where the persuit was becoming so hot. Under this influence they seem to have started for Detroit, where they would be within easy reach of Canada. They were however encumbered with so much stolen property that after traveling about one hundred miles they were overtaken and scattered. The old man Abraham Doan was captured; also a man named Thomas Richardson, and two women, claiming to be wives of

some of the men who had made their escape. These four persons were confined in the old log jail at Washington. Thomas Richardson was tried and convicted of various crimes, and a full report of his trial was forwarded to the Supreme Executive Council at Philadelphia, which after receiving the testimony and findings, made this order on the 10th of September, 1781 : "Ordered, that execution of the sentence of the Court be made and done upon him the said Thomas Richardson, on Saturday, the 2d day of October, next, between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and two of the clock in the afternoon of the same day, at the most proper and public place within the said day." This was the first execution that took place, within the bounds of the two counties, and was performed on "Gallow Hill," a name given at that time and still retained until this day—an elevated piece of ground a short distance south-east of the town of Washington, on a part of the same locality the late Dr. LeMoyne, a short time before his death, caused a cremating furnace to be erected, in strange contrast with a majority of the acts of his life, in which he always claimed to be an advanced thinker. But when the masses would not keep pace with him in thinking, he seems to have taken a long step backwards and picked up the cremating idea which was so very old that it had become new again. But to return to the robbers. Old Abraham Doan was rescued from jail by an armed party, and as to what became of the two women who were incarcerated at the same time, history, so far as I have been able to discover, is silent. I find the part of a letter however in Dr. Creigh's history, page 367, from Eph. Donglass, dated Uniontown, May 27, 1784, that no doubt refers to the same gang of robbers, as follows: "The banditti have established themselves in some part of this county not certainly known, but thought to be in the deserted part of Washington county, whence they make frequent incursions into the settlements under cover of

the night, terrifying the inhabitants, sometimes beating them unmercifully, and always rob them of such property as they think proper, and then retire to their lurking places." A diversity of opinion exists with reference to the locality which Douglass calls the "deserted part of Washington county," Some have been kind enough to say that it was that part of Greene county known as Fish Creek. I incline to think that it was some more favored locality, from the fact that it was doubtful whether there had as yet been any settlements made on Fish Creek as early as 1784, much less to have been settled and then deserted at so early a date. I have read in a book entitled the "White Rocks," an account of a robbers' den at one of the over-hanging cliffs of the Monongahela. But there is so much fiction in that book, in my opinion it decides nothing.

HARD TIMES,—Although this is not a pleasant theme, yet the truth of history demands that we should give a passing glance at the painful subject. One of the fruitful sources of hard times was to our ancestors that they settled in an almost unbroken forest where nothing could be raised until the ground was cleared of the heavy timber that almost everywhere existed. How different from the settler in our western prairies at this date. In the month of May, 1879, I was on a west-bound train, running swiftly over the great plains between Fargo and Bismarek in Dakota Territory. A man was standing in the baggage car watching the large cedar posts with the great big black figures that told the number of the sections we were passing. Presently he sees his number, the rope is pulled, the whistle snorts "down brakes," the train stops; the man, wife and three children climb down on the green prairie; the train hands switch off a car containing their household goods and the lumber already framed for dwelling house and stable; the bell begins to ring and we move off leaving the man and his family and carpenters behind. We pass to the upper Missouri river.

Five days after as the train returns, that house is up and the family living in it; their cow is grazing on the prairie; the man has gone a few miles to Jamestown, purchased three mules, a sulkey plow, and is quietly turning over the prairie sod as we stop for the empty car. Not so with the early settlers of Greene county. The caravan of pack horses was their train. No saw mill or planing mill prepared their lumber. No nail factory furnished their nails at three cents per pound. Consequently they were compelled to build houses without nails. The horses very seldom had their feet lifted by a blacksmith. During the greater part of the year the business of the men was to chop, chop; the employment of the women—spin, spin. When a small field was cleared during the winter and planted in corn, the soil was so wild, having enjoyed so little sunshine, that it seldom produced more than fifteen bushels of corn to the acre; and yet, light as the crop was, it was not worth more than twenty-five cents per bushel. It seemed like a small business to plow land so full of stumps and roots; cut the wheat with a sickle; pick out the big weeds with which it was polluted; thrash it out with a flail; clean it up with a sheet and then only get from five to eight bushels to the acre, worth forty cents per bushel.

Another of the hardships of our ancestors was the *scarcity of mills*. After the scanty pittance of a crop was secured, it was difficult to get it manufactured into even course flour. The first effort towards milling in these western counties was the horse mill, where every customer furnished his own power, which was a team of either horses or oxen. These were sometimes hitched to a sweep by which they pulled and drove the machinery somewhat on the principle of a threshing machine, only the wheels were all of wood. Sometimes the team was placed on a large tramp wheel which lay almost in a horizontal position, the team being attached to a post and started to pull

instead of the stationary post moving, the wheel began to revolve and started the machinery. These mills were unlike the fabled gods; they did not grind fine if they did grind very slowly. In consequence of this slowness they often got behind time, so much so, that often a dozen, sometimes a score, of teams with their owners were waiting for their turn to come. The miller would be worn out being compelled to attend both day and night. It sometimes happened, however, that some trusty man came in who had some little knowledge of the simple machinery and who would have to wait some six or eight hours for his turn to come. This man was installed miller *pro tem.*, his pay being that he could grind his own grain toll free. One of the indispensable attachments of a horse mill was to put up large enough sheds for shelter for the waiting teams, for if a man went away he forfeited his turn. I distinctly recollect seeing two of these horse mills in the state of Ohio in 1828. One of them was pulled round with a sweep, the other was driven with a tread wheel. I never expected to see another of these mills, and was surprised, on my arrival on Ten Mile in 1856, to find one of the old fashioned mills still in running order on the farm of old Ephraim Cooper, about eight miles from the borough of Washington.

When the country began to be somewhat improved, water mills soon made their appearance. But as there was almost a total destitution of capital, the idea was to get them up as cheap as possible, hence some streams were, as a general thing, selected where a fall of from twenty to thirty feet could be obtained. An overshot wheel was generally constructed usually of light timber, on the supposition that it would require less water to drive it than if the wheel was heavy. These small streams seem to have answered the purpose well during, perhaps, half the year. Their capacity, of course, was limited, and as the people lived in a kind of "hand to mouth" way, when

dry weather came there were always people who had nothing to eat; then the tug of war began to come even worse than it did before. The horse mills, being temporarily constructed, had rotted down or were worn out. The steam mill had not yet been erected in Greene county. Indeed, James Barns, who is still living, was the first man who erected a steam engine in the bounds of this county about the year , and that was attached to, I believe, a carding machine and not to a mill. In consequence of the drying up of these small streams (many of which can now scarcely be traced at all) the inhabitants were often compelled to boil corn and make what was called "slots hominy" as a substitute for bread. Others would chop and adze out a hollow in the top of a stump. They would then secure a long stone, perhaps six inches in diameter and two feet long; through the slimest end of this they would chisel a hole; through this hole they would drive a tough piece of wood, to each end of which they attached strong strings of buckskin or tanned hog-skin. A convenient hickory sapling was then bent down and these strings were attached to the top of it. Corn was poured into the artificial hollow in the stump, and the slow process of pounding and sifting meal to make mush for supper commences. The stone was drawn down by the hands generally of one of the stalwart women of those days, in connection with its own weight. The rebound of the stone and the spring of the sapling elevated the stone into the air, when those brawny arms sent it down again, until the woman was tired and the meal was ready for mush. Slow and painful as it was, it nevertheless kept the wolf of starvation from the door. Others would boil wheat for several hours until it would form a kind of pasty pulp, add a little maple sugar and eat it with sweet milk, and it was considered quite good enough for "common people." I have eaten it myself, and had it not been for the terrible stint in the way of the maple sugar, I could have been content if the grist mill

had stood still a great deal longer, but the quantity of sugar being so limited made me as anxious as other people for rain.

Another of the hardships of our fathers was from what was called "sick wheat." This was something peculiar to virgin soil where the land had been recently reclaimed from the shade and was, to a great extent, overshadowed, at least part of the day, by the forest. This, it was supposed, had a tendency to leave a small amount of poison adhering to the blossom end of each grain. Most of this came off in the bran in bolting. So that the bread could be eaten with tolerable safety to those who relished such diet. "Bear's grease," applied as butter on this bread, was said to be an antidote for the poison. But where the wheat was "sick" no one would dare boil and eat it in the way I have described. A safer food in many localities was buckwheat. This grain was valuable also in taming the soil. It answered the same purpose in Western Pennsylvania that tobacco still does on the new lands of Kentucky; although they are both very exhaustive, yet they very speedily remove the wildness from the soil. One of the difficulties with buckwheat is, that it must be baked warm every meal if you wish to have it good. The rigid old Presbyterians and Seceders made a difficulty out of this. Their veneration for the Sabbath was so great that they would by no means allow a buckwheat cake baked in their dwelling on the Lord's day, consequently those great big buckwheat cakes were baked in their skillets on Saturday and piled up for the *two* Sabbath meals, (for they did not get their meals on Sunday). These cakes were dipped in water and then laid in the same skillet to warm. I am here reminded of what was said by an old Scotch Covenanter at communion in Washington county. He was engaged in that work of supererogation called "fencing the tables." When he came to the fourth commandment he said "all unnecessary cooking is forbidden; such as roasting and baking." Here he hesitated a moment and then said, "un-

less you are so unfortunate as to have nothing but this new kind of wheat, I believe they call it bewhate; I dunno about that, for it is no gude cold." My own private opinion is that those old fathers and mothers had enough difficulties without magnifying them. Their soil would produce this grain more abundantly than any other. An abundance of wild honey could then be found in the woods without any danger of a lawsuit for cutting a bee tree. Why not then spread the honey on their warm buckwheat cake and call the "Sabbath a delight?"

**SCARCITY OF SALT.**—Another of the hardships under which the primitive settlers labored, was the extremely high price of salt. We often hear it said, it is but little difference whether things are high or low, so that they are in proportion, and there is some truth in the declaration. But here we find things so desperately out of proportion. Wheat 40 cents and salt *six pounds, ten shillings* per bushel! A great inducement for a man to turn savage and do without salt. But as salt is considered an indispensable ingredient in civilization even in its rudest forms, our ancestors considered themselves, under the circumstances, compelled to have salt, and yet the thought of paying thirty-two dollars and fifty cents for one bushel of salt! Surely it would be a cheat who would skimp the measure, "Ignorance is bliss" sometimes, it is said, but it was hardly such under these circumstances, with vast quantities of salt all around them, but a few hundred feet below the surface, and yet they were compelled to go to Winchester, Staunton, London, &c., for this article that some of their ungrateful descendants think it is dear if they have to pay one dollar and fifty cents for three bushels, or fifty cents per bushel! How changed. But there was another inconvenience in this scarcity of salt. It seemed like taking a man's life to give even the smallest pittance to his stock, and yet their instinctive craving could not be appeased by informing them of the high price: hence whenever they were released from their

enclosure, in order to obtain browse, in the absence of pasture, they immediately wandered off in search of those springs slightly impregnated with salt, which a benificent Creator had placed in certain localities for the purpose of satisfying the wants of the beasts of the forests, which springs were denominated by the early settlers, "licks." Hence when the stock was wanted, long weary hunts of days in succession were to be made in which the hunter often became lost. The undergrowth in the woods was so thick that the person in search of the stock might pass within a few rods of it without discovering it. To obviate this difficulty, bells were placed on the necks of the cattle, at least one sheep in each little flock was denominated "the bell weather," while bells were sometimes placed on the necks of the horses. Then bells must be bought east of the mountains and transported perhaps two hundred miles on the back of a pack horse.

**SCARCITY OF MONEY.**—We now come to consider the most fruitful source of all hard times—the scarcity, almost the entire absence of money. That great statesman, Henry Clay, said there were but two sources of wealth known to mankind. One the spontaneous production of the earth; the other—labor. While this is true, all mankind, from the days of Abraham down, have recognized the necessity of having some circulating medium that could be denominated "current money with the merchants." Lycurgus, although one of the wisest rulers of the Grecian States, made a great financial mistake when he made iron money a legal tender with a view of keeping the vices of the surrounding nations out of Greece. While he partly succeeded in doing this, he brought poverty and all its inconveniences into the country he loved so well. Why? Because iron was too abundant to have that intrinsic value so imperatively demanded by the coin we call money. To the man who is capable of reflecting, it must be evident that money is either real or fictitious. The real is the coin itself, made out

of some metal, so scarce as to render it in the strictest sense of the word—precious. The fictitious is some kind of notes, certificates, bonds or bills—promising the holder that whenever it is his wish to convert them into coin, he can do so, thus exchanging the fictitious into the real. It is self-evident that this fictitious money would not float a single day unless we have some kind of faith in the promise made on the face of it showing that the terms therein proposed will be complied with; this confidence we call credit. Now credit is different from assurance, for “seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth.” Now what was the situation of our ancestors at the commencement of the revolution? They were doing business almost altogether by what is denominated barter, or trade. They had their seedule of prices about as follows: “Ten buckskins for a match coat; five doe-skins for a calico shirt; three fawn skins for a pound of lead; five pounds of ginseng for a wool hat; ten pounds of bees wax for a straw bonnet; three gallons of whiskey or apple jack for a quarter of tea. A hundred gallon copper still would buy a good farm. Two barrels of whiskey would buy a corner lot. A five gallon keg would be exchanged for a pound of powder. Five barrels of whiskey was the priece of a rifle gun.”—Veeeh’s Secular History in Centennial Volume, page 363.

Now that they have determined to go to war with Old England, with the longest purse in all Europe, they must have *money*; buckskins will no longer answer the purpose; how are they to get it? They have a small quantity of coin, all foreign, but this is only a “drop in the bucket;” how are they to get the millions they need; only one way—in the absence of the real, they must have recourse to the fictitious. This was done. On the 22d of June, 1775, an issue of paper money was made amounting to two millions of dollars, and was denominated “Continental Money.” From this date up to January, 1780,

other emissions were made until the whole amount was no less than two hundred millions of dollars. Now why was not this fictitious money kept up to a par value, and thus make the war, instead of the source of the hard times, make it the immediate cause of good times? If Clay was right (and I believe he was), the resources were abundant, an almost boundless unsold domain waiting the hand of the laborer to make it spontaneously produce the untold millions of bushels that we now behold. As to laborers the colonies, even at that early day, had millions of them; hence there was no necessity for failure, and yet this paper money did fail. What were the causes? First, it was not made a legal tender. In all my intercourse with mankind I have found we must take them "as they are, and not as they ought to be." All observation proves that men are naturally skeptical; especially is this the case in things that pertain to his pecuniary interests. Hence the first impulse was to doubt whether the holder would ever receive those "Spanish milled dollars" mentioned on the face of these roughly executed notes. He might say "I would take this if I thought I could pay a debt with it." But the paper did not propose to do that, and consequently this man who, perhaps, is the principal business man in the community, refuse to take this trash, as he calls it, in payment of debts due him, and the report of his act spreads from lip to lip until the credit of the new emission was crippled at the very outset. And yet while there was no well defined legal tender attached to those notes, the Government virtually made them such. For while the stay-at-home patriots were snuffing up their noses at this money and taking their pay in buckskins, ginseng, or anything else, the poor soldier (who was leaving his blood in the tracks made by his bare feet in the snow), was paid off in this depreciated paper money which would not buy him a meal for less than forty dollars. One of my first recollections was hearing my feeble, tottering grand-

father tell that—on his return from the army in Virginia in the beginning of the winter of 1781, after the fall of Cornwallis at Yorktown—he and three comrades were compelled to travel most of the night and lodge the remainder in a barn, and then in the morning compelled to pay forty-five dollars each for their breakfast of money that they had received at eight dollars per month, thus serving almost six months for one miserable meal. Surely Esau did not do much worse when he sold his birth-right for a morsel of pottage. And whose fault was it? Not the Government. It could do no better. The war was upon it. It could not borrow from abroad, and the business men of the country would not give the National currenney credit. For I take it as a truth that cannot be gainsayed, that the currency of any country is precisely what the business men of that country make it. As an illustration, I recollect hearing men talk in 1828 about the superlative goodness of the notes of the old United States Bank; “better far than gold and silver,” and they really made it such. There was a premium on those old notes, while gold and silver only passed at par. Why were the notes of this bank so good? Was it because there was so much specie in its vaults? *I do not know* but that fictitious character, Major Jack Downing, told Nicholas Biddle that he “had hearn tell that there was not enough silver and gold in the bank to make the Ginneral a pair of specks.” Be that as it may Andrew Jackson refused to sign the bill for its re-charter, and it died amidst the loud lamentations of the men of business who could and did make it the best kind of money. With millions in circulation, all the great merchants boasting of its excellence, it did not need more than \$1,000 in eoin to make it a specie paying bank for millions of outstanding notes. Is any one skeptical yet about the position I have taken that the currenney of any country is dependent for its success or failure on the manner its issues are treated by the men who handle the larges t

part of that currency? If there be such "a doubting Thomas," please permit another illustration. Martin Van Buren, the successor of Andrew Jackson, was always regarded as a shrewd, sharp man. He was the only man that could keep on the good side of General Jackson *all the time*. Yet, when he came into the Presidential chair, he found himself surrounded by so many financial difficulties that, although he was called the "Fox," the "Magician," &c., he scarcely knew how to extricate himself. The plan of putting the public money in the "pet" banks was so loudly reviled that a man's political head almost instantly fell into the basket if he dared to say that he was in favor of it. Van Buren concluded that this clamor on both sides was the result, to a great extent, of prejudice. He therefore proposed a kind of compromise measure, known as the "Sub-Treasury." I have no copy of the plan as originally proposed, but my recollection is about this: that the Government money was to be lifted out of the vaults of the "pet" banks, where it was in such imminent danger of being squandered, and placed in the vaults of a building called the Treasury: then, on the strength of this deposit, notes were to be issued as a circulating medium in order to transact the business of the country. The old men of this county remember the long howl of indignation that came up from both sides of the line. The friends of the "pet" banks were loud in their denunciations, because they wanted to keep the money, and the friends of the old bank denounced it as nonsense, not because it was such, but because they were not willing to adopt this measure (that they themselves had not originated) instead of their "dead baby." Now I do not claim to be a financier, much less a politician, yet, as far as I remember this Sub-Treasury scheme, I am only able to detect some slight differences between it and the present greenback notes, and they are all in favor of the Sub-Treasury plan. One of the differences was that these notes of Van

Buren's were to start with a full treasury, whereas, in 1862, I believe it was generally admitted that the Treasury was empty. Another difference was that the Sub-Treasury notes were not a legal tender, while the present greenbacks are : which was imparatively demanded as a war measure, but on terms of equity could never be justified. And yet, with all these advantages in favor of the Sub-Treasury, it was doomed to go down, while the greenbacks have become the best paper money this country ever had. Now in view of all this, why did not the business men of that day rise up in their might and give credit to this continental money and save the occurrence of all the direful calamities and national disgrace that have been the bitter consequences of the going down of this money. Among those that suffered most deeply were some of the early inhabitants of Greene county. They had invested their all in these cheap lands, and when Eastern sharks found the money was about to collapse, they bundled it up and hurried across the mountains in advance of the mail, and by offering ample compensation for the improvement many a poor man had made, they became possessed of his home, from which they turned him out penniless, either to again brave the unbroken forest, or beg his way to Kentucky, the then new "Eldorado of the West." Poor man! He asked "bread and they gave him a stone ;" he asked "fish and they gave him a scorpion." The depreciation of this money was one of the bitterest dregs in the poisoned cup of wrong, that was drained to its last drop by the different frontiers of the vast country, whose honor stood pledged for its redemption, which money might have floated, and would have floated if the business men of the nation had held it up. Why did they not do it ? Ah, thereby hangs a tale which I will not unfold further than to suggest a strong probability—perhaps the largest monied men of the land were opposed to the cause for the defense of which this money was issued, and did they es-

cape with impunity? The very opposite of this is true, although they seemed to be the immediate gainers by this sharp practice, yet the recoil of the hard times that had long lingered around the poor man's door at last came home to roost in the sumptuous halls of those who *could* but *would* not prevent the impending calamities. Is the question asked, why does not the Government now redeem this money and thus wipe out the national disgrace? This question is pardonable when it comes from the lips of the young, and only from such lips will it come. The men of eighty or ninety years do not ask it. They know that in those times that tried men's souls, there was a constant struggle to keep the wolf of starvation and nakedness away from the door, and if those small farmers with large families are in possession of a note calling for one hundred dollars for which he can only get two dollars, although it seems like a desperate sacrifice, yet it must be made, and so the note changes hands for almost nothing, and yet the depreciation was even worse than this; for in December, 1780, it took seventy-four dollars of this money to buy one dollar in silver. As a grandson of an old revolutionary soldier I never want to hear that that landlord's descendants have received forty-five dollars and accumulated interest for that poor breakfast their ancestor furnished my ancestor; consequently to pay those notes off now as they are held by persons who scarcely gave a decent song for them, would only be adding insult to injury, and would be in the highest sense of the word, unjust. The Nation must leave the stain on her fair escutcheon, since to attempt to wipe it out would only be to extend the blur.

Just a few words more in reference to this money question, which will throw light upon this subject when the writer is in his grave, and I hope this will be pardonable, as history is intended for the benefit of the future generation as well as the gratification of the present. I distinctly remember the first

greenback I ever had in my hands, though I do not remember the exact date, probably in 1862 or 1863. I remember the doubts that were expressed about it, one of which was: "Oh, it will turn out like the old Continental money. I have some of it in my house now, and it ain't worth a d—d continental." And why did it not turn out thus? First, it was a legal tender. If you could do nothing else with it, you could pay your debts, and leave some other person to bear the loss, provided he was so unfortunate as not to be in debt. But the greatest source of success was in the fact that when you met a business man, he began to eulogise the new money: "Now we had something that would be par everywhere in the United States. This will be a deathblow to brokers and big interest, mind if it don't," etc. Gold and silver vanished from sight, and even our small change down to three cents was in "seabs"; although the gold went up, and consequently the greenbacks may have been said to go down until it took two dollars and ninety cents to buy a gold dollar, yet the country lived. The "seabs" took their flight and the long concealed silver suddenly showed its smiling face like the sun after a storm; the silver and gold accumulated until the United States Treasury buildings were encumbered by it, and then Uncle Sam said he would pay specie for his paper. A few calls were made to see if he were in earnest, and when the bright silver dollars were pushed towards the visitors, they bowed respectfully, saying; "No, I thank you," and retired with his promises to pay, tightly clutched in their hands. So we all do, except for a little change. We all prefer the Government note, which was nothing but enforced credit at first, with national honor alone to back it; but is now voluntary credit, with untold millions to back it. And so might it have been with the first national money, if the same course had been pursued. Although the resources of the land are greater in point of im-

port duties, and her resources are far less in the way of public lands than they were at that day, yet this money was allowed to go down. Oh, shame! For what comparison did their debt of \$200,000,000 bear to our debt at the close of the war, which was so tremendous large I will not attempt to put it on paper for fear I should make a mistake. I will here add a list of tavern keepers' prices established by the Court of Youghingheny county, in the 1781: For half a pint of whiskey, four dollars; breakfast or supper, fifteen dollars; dinner, twenty dollars; lodging, with clean sheets, three dollars; one house, over night, three dollars; one gallon of corn, five dollars; one gallon of oats, four dollars: string beans per quart, six dollars. These prices were proclaimed on Court days, from the steps, and also set up in the most public places. Our general title to these pages was "hard times," and I do not know why I should confine my remarks to the times of the Revolution. I in common with all poor boys, have seen hard times personally. I began in 1838, to seek a portion of this world's goods. Times were then comparatively good. Two or three years before, times were brisk. There was an abundance of money in circulation, such as State Bank of Illinois, State Bank of Indiana, and Ohio money in abundance on such banks as Circleville, St. Clairsville, Urbana, Miami Exporting Company, Wooster, Canton, Massilon, Mechanics' Bank of Wheeling, &c. In 1839, Sibet & Jones, brokers of Pittsburgh, and Robert Bricknell, of Philadelphia, began to quote this money up or down as suited their whims or interests—down if they wanted to buy; up if they wanted to sell—until no person knew what any of the money was actually worth. In 1840, the money had almost all disappeared and General Harrison was elected in order to make money so plenty that every laboring man could receive "two dollars a day and roast beef." In the spring of 1841, money began to be plenty again, and we began to

feel like saying: "glad to see you, but where have you been all this time?" Then we took a second look—yes, these were our old friends, but how changed. They once were "new and pretty too," but now dirty, greasy and ragged. They looked as though they might have been fumbled during their entire absence by the filthy Sodomites, after at least a partial scorching. The inauguration took place on the 4th of March, 1841, and we all stood on tip-toe in anticipation of the good time coming. An extra session of Congress was called in order to raise the tariff and prevent the gold and silver from all running out of the country. Congress met, and very prudently seemed to conclude that the tariff might answer the purpose a few months longer, but it would be asking too much of the good people of this country to ask them to put up with this dirty, ragged money any longer. Hence, the first thing these good men undertook to do, was to prepare for making a large amount of new, pretty, bright money with the words, "Bank of the United States," engraved on the top of every note. The bill was under consideration, when suddenly and unexpectedly, William Henry Harrison died: The Nation stood aghast. Consternation was written on every countenance, until some one spoke and said: "As yet there is no cause for discouragement. Here is honest John Tyler, who is as good a man as ever Harrison was; let us inaugurate him and all will be right. Tyler came forward, and with his most profoundly dignified bow, accepted the situation, and the Government moved on without a jar. Congress finished the consideration of the bank bill, and passed it, and sent it up to the White House with their compliments. But what was the astonishment of the nation when he vetoed the bill. One of the reasons assigned by President Tyler for this unexpected veto was, that the Bank question had in no shape or form been before the people during the exciting campaign of 1840. That

he considered this question settled by the second election of General Jackson, in 1832, when even his best friends trembled lest he should reap the consequences of what they regarded as his rash act in vetoing the bill to recharter the United States Bank. When this election resulted so overwhelmingly in Jackson's favor, he (Tyler) considered it an endorsement of the course he (Jackson) had pursued. Whether his reasons were correct or not is not for the historian to decide. But we come now to witness the result of this act. The bloated aristocrats who controlled the finances of the country, seem to have determined that if they can not have the kind of money they want, the people shall not have any. Almost immediately the dirty ragged money in circulation begins to go down; the brokers had heretofore quoted down or up, as suited their interests, but now they quote altogether down. There seemed to be an understanding that there should only be three specie paying banks west of the mountains, and that these should be the Old Bank of Pittsburg, Monongahela Bank of Brownsville, and the Franklin Bank of Washington. Why were these the favored pets? Because for years they had been refusing to lend their own notes in their own neighborhoods. What little they did lend was sent to the extremes of either east or west. But there were accommodating banks in this section what were willing to help the people bear their burdens, provided they were let alone. Among the accommodating institutions, none were more so than the Mechanics' Bank of Wheeling, and the Farmers & Drovers' Bank of Waynesburg. But now the time has come for them to run the gauntlet. The brokers try to cry them down, until the Waynesburg Bank made an issue of notes that were due some months after date. These were called "post notes," and the uncompromising enemies of this accommodating institution did succeed in putting these notes down ten cents on the dollar. How about the Western paper? State

Bank of Illinois, Shawneetown, etc., went down to fifty cents on the dollar; while other western banks ranged all the way between five and fifty per cent., just whatever way the brokers saw proper to make them; this and nothing more. But it may be asked, why all these complaints; is there not an extra session of Congress, sitting for the relief of the people? Yes; well why don't they relieve them? It looks as if old John Tyler would have to bear the blame forever. Let us see how this turned out. It was supposed that the hard times of 1839 and 1840 was in consequence of the low tariff that prevailed at that time. The calling of this extra session of Congress was for the express purpose of revising the tariff, and thus securing immediate relief. Now that Tyler had vetoed the bank bill it was declared in many directions, that it was useless to pass a tariff bill, for it would be sure to share the same fate. When hints to this effect came to the ears of "Old honest John," he said, "just let them pass the bill and then they will see." The bill was eventually passed and the President, without a word of criticism, signed the bill and it became "the law of the land." Surely the people are relieved; this Congress that composed this extra session, as well as the two regular sessions, have done enough to immortalize their names as the benefactors of the people; but no, their great immortalizing act is yet to be performed, and it comes in the shape of a bankrupt law." This brought hard times indeed to every poor man's door. I among the rest was the holder of several notes on men said to be good, but before I was aware, three of them had applied for the benefits of this law involving the loss of nearly all I was worth. Yet these men, anxious to hold up their heads in society, and not willing to have it said of them that they cheated a poor boy out of hard earnings, were willing to compromise on their own terms and at their own prices. One would furnish the amount of his note in lumber;

another in brick; another in nails. These were some of the things that induced me to commence the erection of a large house, the carpenter work of which amounted to four hundred and twelve dollars. One hundred and thirty dollars of this sum remained due and unpaid. Sheriff and constables were riding in all directions hunting up the unhappy victims of boundless credit who now labored "under the suspicion of debt." Prothonotaries were compelled to employ additional clerks. While the minds of the people seemed completely demoralized, "mercy seemed clean gone forever." Constable and Sheriff sales were matters of weekly occurrence, at which it was common to hear such announcements as this: "Nothing taken from purchasers at this sale except gold and silver, or the notes of Old Bank of Pittsburg, Monongahela Bank of Brownsville, or Franklin Bank of Washington." Just at this critical moment, my carpenter frightened by the crash all around filed a mechanic's lien and directed the issuing of a writ of *levare fierias*, that if permitted to issue and be executed, would have sold my new house and left me worse off than when I started four years before. Things were growing serious; my own resources were exhausted, and yet something must be done and that soon or the consequences would be fatal. With a view of obtaining relief if possible, I left my home in Fayette County on horse back, crossed the river at Hatfield's Ferry, took dinner in Jefferson, Greene Co., and in the evening passed over the dividing ridge at the head of Ruff's Creek into Washington county and continued my journey until on the evening of the third day, I arrived at the place of my nativity in Trumble county, Ohio. Soon after the first salutations were over, even before I had stated my business, the doleful tale of "hard times" was repeated in my ears in even a more exaggerated form than I knew them to exist in the place from whence I came; and when I told my errand to relatives living in fine

houses, surrounded by magnificent broad acres, I was told that I had come "to the Goat's house for wool," that money was a thing of the past, that its history might now be written, &c. After turning every stone, offering to sell some obligations I held that were not yet due, for about two-thirds of their value, even this liberal offer not being accepted, I turned my face homeward, "a sadder but a wiser man." In retracing my steps I crossed the Ohio river at Georgetown, came through Frankfort, Florence, Burgettstown and Hickory, to Washington; then in the direction of present plank road to "Gobles" (Van Buren). Thence down the ridge to the house of Robbert Wallace, near the present town of Prosperity, which had no existence then (1842). About sundown I arrived at the house of George M. French, right in sight of, and only a few rods from the Greene county line. With him I remained until morning, when I was surprised by him telling me that he thought he could furnish the funds to meet the demands of my false and hard-hearted carpenter; and he did furnish the one hundred and thirty dollars in notes on the bank of Brownsville, as good as gold, showing that it is not always the man that puts on the most style and spreads the loftiest sail, that is in possession of the present ability to relieve a friend, or has the largeness of heart to do it, even if he has the ability. I kept a horse in those days, but having no pasture lot, I hired pasture of a man near a mile away. This pasture was to be paid for monthly. Harvest had come, two months pasture was due, and not a dime had I to pay it with. There was a way, however. I had two strong arms, and with these I shouldered a cradle, and cut oats two days at seventy-five cents per day.

Thus much for hard times as endured by our fathers and mothers in the early settlement of the country, and by myself and thousands of others, as late as 1842. This much for my opinion, founded on forty years' observation, that the goodness

or worthlessness of paper money does not depend so much on the real solvency of the corporations that issue the same as on the determined combinations of business men, who decide before hand that they will put one up and another down. As illustrative of this, I will record an old story, that no doubt many of the old men of Greene county have already heard. I have it from good authority. Many years ago when banks went up and down—almost annually—Gideon Johns, whom many of us knew, was in Baltimore on business. One morning there came a rumor that caused an immediate panic. Slam! went the doors of the rickety banks, and the brokers began to count over the funds in the safes, as eagerly as a card-player ever inspected his deal. When several of them found they had considerable amounts on Brownsville Bank, the thought was a simultaneous one—now let us grab their gold before they hear this news—for there was no telegraph in those days, and we'll send a man at once, and lay their much-boasted specie over the Blue mountains, where it will soon command a high premium. No matter how how imparative the business of Mr. Johns, in Baltimore, as a good loyal friend of the bank, he now has paramount interests at Brownsville; the stage (the only means of conveyance then) is ready, and Gen. Johns has a seat and whirls away. By his side sits a quiet, reticent man, and as the long hours pass away they become somewhat acquainted, and finally make the discovery that they both stop at Brownsville. After a few pauses and comments, Mr. Johns is in possession of the all important fact that this man now carries in his "belt," thirty thousand dollars of Brownsville paper, for which he is going to try to get the specie. Mr. Johns assures him that for that little sum it is scarcely worth while to call at the bank, that almost any of the merchants of the place can furnish him the "change" in time for the morning stage for the East, and he need not wait till nine o'clock for the bank to open. The stranger, however,

thinks this is yarning; but finally Brownsville is reached, it is one o'clock in the morning, and no time is to be lost. Mr. Johns knows that the teller sleeps in the bank. He first sees that the stranger is safely ensconced at Workman's hotel, then wends his way down the dark, back street to the Bank, knocks first lightly, then vigorously, then furiously. A cross voice from within demands, "Who's there?" "Gideon Johns," is the response. "What does Gideon Johns want at this time of night?" is the question asked. "Come here to the keyhole and I will tell you," is the intimation. The teller approaches, receives the information, admits Mr. Johns, and wakens up the Cashier and President. Several good horses make fast time out into the country and back for the purpose of borrowing the various "piles" of old Jonathan Sharpless, Daniel Brubaker, Solomon G. Krepps and his father, as well as various parties in town. Against daylight the horses are all back in their stables, the specie is in the store at Goodle Bowman, the old Cashier. Old man Workman gets a hint of the way he may talk to his Eastern guest at breakfast, and plays his part well, informing him that he can be off in the morning coach if he wishes to, as "Mr. Bowman or any of these storekeepers round here can pay you that little sum." The stranger calls, receives his specie, and is off, believing that he has visited the "Goleonda." And Brownsville Bank, with a depleted pile of specie, is a stronger bank, so much so, that her notes were locked up to that extent that they did not relieve the distresses of the people to half the degree that the notes of Waynesburg did, although they had nothing like the same amount of hallujahs sung in their wake. In view of all this, I conclude that the business men of this land could have made the Continental money good, and thus saved all the accumulated suffering that was the consequence of its failure. That the business men of this land did keep the notes of the Old United States Bank up to par and even at a premium

when there was very little, perhaps almost no specie in her vaults. I conclude that the business men of this nation could have accepted Martin Van Buren's Sub-Treasury proposition and could have saved the hard times of 1839 and 1840. I conclude that if General Harrison had not died just when he did he would have signed the bank bill and then the business men of this nation would have made money abundant and good and thus would have saved all the disasterous losses of 1842 and 1845. I conclude that the greenbacks would have went flat to the ground, except for payment of debts, had it not been that the business men took hold of this paper, as well as the national currency, they smiled on all that spoke well of it, looked sour and stamped their feet, denouncing as disloyal all who doubted its intrinsic excellency ; and thus they brought these notes up and have kept them up, to a standard of excellence that has never been surpassed by any paper money in the civilized world, and I conclude that whenever these business men think it will promote their secular interests, pecuniary advantages, or political aspirations, (judging the future by the past,) they will at once tear down the magnificent currency that has so long blessed us, and leave in its stead nothing but poverty and financial disaster. Whenever the disastrous wave shall start in Wall Street, I presume it will be found to be irresistably rolling on still further westward, depreciating values, undermining confidence, and crushing out business until its direful work is done.

**TOPOGRAPHY.**—Thus far I have said but little with reference to the topography of Greene county. At a distance we often hear people say with a sneer, "the Greene county hills," as though it was composed entirely of hills. Now there are abundance of hills in this county, yet it is exonerated from the possession of mountains, and we are content to be left in the possession of green hills whose very sumits are rich ; yet as it

always did require two hills to form one valley, we find about this proportion in the entire southwestern portion of the county, while in the extreme eastern portion the valleys extend on almost continuously without the interruption of a single hill. The southwestern portion of the county slopes toward the Ohio river and is drained by the waters of Wheeling creek which unites with the "Beautiful River" (Ohio) at the city of Wheeling. The numerous affluents of this stream are known as Enlow's Fork, Hunter's Fork, South Fork, Thomas' Fork, Owens' Run, Wharton's Run, Crab Apple Run. Some of the tributaries of Fish Creek also rise in this county on the southwestern slope. But the principal part of the county is drained toward the east and northeast, where Big Tenmile forms the line between Greene and Washington counties up to the junction of the north and south fork at Clarksville, some three or four miles from the mouth of the large creek at Millsboro, where it empties into the Monongahela river. From Clarksville to what was formerly known as Wallace's Mill, the north fork divides the two counties and then bears off still more northwesterly, exclusively in Washington county. The large stream of Dunkard rises partly in West Virginia and partly in Greene county, where after crossing and recrossing Mason and Dixon's line it flows about in a northeast direction and empties into the Monongahela river a short distance above Greensboro opposite New Geneva. Big Whiteley, Little Whiteley, Muddy Creek, Pumpkin Run and the South fork of Tenmile, drain the remainder of the eastern slope of the county. Of these the South fork is much the longest stream, fully three-fourths of the length of the county, receiving into its bosom, above Waynesburg, the waters of Bates' Fork, Brown's Fork, Claylick, Pursey Creek and Smith Creek. Below Waynesburg, it is supplemented from the north by the waters of Ruffs Creek about three miles above Jefferson. But the great water course of the

county is the Monongahela river, which rises in Randolph county, West Virginia, at the foot of Laurel Hill Mountain; it flows in a northward direction for about three hundred miles, including its numerous bends and curves, to Pittsburg, where uniting with the Allegheny river, the two form the placid Ohio. It is from three to four hundred yards wide through the last hundred miles of its course. The waters are exceedingly turbid and muddy, notwithstanding the accession of the two little mountain rivers of Youghiogheny and Cheat, which flow into it from the eastern side, the waters of these streams being remarkably clear. The Monongahela is made navigable at most seasons as far as Greensboro by the construction of six or seven dams, at the end of which a capacious lock allows the large class of river steamers to pass through. It is said to derive its name from its highly discolored waters to which the Indians gave the name Monongahela or Muddy Water. Beyond the boundary of our State some of its tributaries are Tigart Valley, West Fork, Decker's Creek, at Morgantown, Buffalo near Fairmount, Pricket's Creek, Morgan Creek, &c.

GEOLOGY.—In geology very little has been done in a scientific way by which the reader can be enlightened. The rocks however appear to belong to the upper series of bituminous coal formation, consisting of alternate strata of sand stone shales, and limestone with intermediate beds of coal of from two to six feet in thickness. These alternate stratas extend nearly all over the county, deeply buried in some of the central parts, but cropping out on both the eastern and western slopes in the vicinity of the larger streams, where an excellent article of stone coal is found in connection with a hard blue limestone. In some of the more elevated regions coal for fuel must be transported a few miles, while a soft, yellow limestone is found on the summits of the very highest hills. These hill-tops are the favorite sleeping places of the numerous flocks of fine sheep that

are being rapidly bred and kept upon them, and the time is not far distant when it can be truthfully said that the flocks are roaming "on a thousand hills."

**TIMBER.**—A history of Greene county would be incomplete without a description of the magnificent timber with which her hills and valleys are adorned. Much of this original growth has been wasted by the prodigal practice of girdling, or deadening, by which means some of the loftiest forests have been destroyed in a few years; yet vast groves of it still remain, consisting of oak, poplar, hickory, ash, walnut, &c. A few years ago in making rails, we cut several oaks that made five rail cuts to the tree. During the last summer while we were building a barn, we had no difficulty in securing trees that would square eight or ten inches, fifty feet long. One of my neighbors cut several logs sixty feet long; he also cut one tree which made three thousand five hundred shingles, each shingle twenty-eight inches long. We also cut one poplar tree the smooth trunk of which measured sixty-nine feet in length. The timber in these groves is so perfect that it can be riven into shingles that need almost no shaving. Some twelve years ago a man in my woods split four hundred rails in a day, the timber being previously cut! The upper end of this county is very justly called the region of "White Houses," from the fact that almost all the buildings are weatherboarded with poplar, which, when painted, is much whiter than pine.

**EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.**—In examining the Acts of this body I find a few scraps of Greene county history. One is dated Philadelphia, August 7th, 1788, as follows: "Two certificates from the County of General Quarter Sessions of the peace for the county of Washington, that a division of the districts of the townships of Cumberland and Morgan in said county, has been made agreeable to Act of Assembly, dated the 31st of March, 1784, for the election of Justice of the Peace has been proper;

and will be useful, which were received and read on the 6th of May, were this day taken into consideration and the decision as made by the same Court confirmed." Also that Thomas Ryerson was appointed and commissioned Justice of the Peace of Richhill township, at Philadelphia, on the 8th of April, 1789." Also that "John Minor, Esq., was appointed and commissioned a Justice of the Peace, and of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the county of Washington upon a return made according to law from the district of the township of Greene," (now in Greene county). This was done at Philadelphia Nov. 30, 1789. Also a letter was received at Philadelphia from Thomas Rierson, Esq., on the 8th of March, 1790, relative to the defence of the western portion against the invasion of the Indians. The constitution of 1790, going into effect at this time, the body called the Supreme Executive Council was abolished. Although its minutes fill twenty-eight octavo volumes, yet as our county had no separate existence then, it is only occasionally that I find a scrap that I am able to localize as having reference to any part of this territory.

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## CHAPTER II.

Soon after the middle of the Eighteenth Century the region of country lying west of the Allegheny Mountains became the Eldorado of emigration. The hardy buckskin-clad explorer had crossed that lofty barrier, had paddled his hand-made raft across the turbid waters of the Monongahela and held on his western way until he had stood on the margin of "The Beautiful River," Ohio. Then he had turned his face eastward and had described, in terms of exaggerated wonder, the country

he had seen, its fertile hills, its quiet valleys, its pearly streams, its magnificent forests of oak, poplar, sugar and hickory, until the denizen who had years before purchased his few acres on the banks of the Brandywine around Havre De Grace, along the Susquehanna, or on the sites where now the cities of York, Columbia and Lancaster stand, when a feeling of uneasiness takes the place of contentment, and a desire to migrate to "enter in and possess the land" becomes wide-spred. But the story does not stop here; it is carried by the "white-winged messengers" that had begun with considerable regularity to plow the mighty Atlantic, until the tale of "Homes for the Homeless," "Land for the Landless" is again repeated in a still more exaggerated form around the turf-fires of the medium classes of Scotch Irish in Ulster, Antrim and Derry, until the bosom of the Old World heaves with a sigh of anxiety. But in order to make "assurance doubly sure," they call in the messenger who has brought these glad tidings, and ask him the all-important question, how are we to get to these delightful lands? Does no one else have a claim upon them? The face of the hitherto exultant messenger becomes elongated; his brow becomes thoughtful, as he somewhat unwillingly admits that from "Wills Creek" (Cumberland) to the "Western Wilds," there is no road, no bridges, no houses of entertainment, no food except what game may be found in the woods. Then comes the blood-curdling question from the excited wife, "But hoogh about the Injuns of whom we have hearn tell sooo much?" To this question the messenger replies that the red man is still lord of the soil; but his tomahawk is buried in an unknown place, his pipe of peace is in his hand, and he is ready on all occasions to smoke it with his pale-faced brother. As to his land, he sets no price on it and is ever ready to barter it away for a few strings of beads, a few yards of brilliant goods, powder, lead, hatchets, etc. He is then ready to exchange "speech

belts," and live on terms of friendship and amity with all who may wish to become his neighbors. The fears of the intending emigrants are quieted by these representations, and the question is again repeated with reference to roads. On this subject the messenger can give no new light, and so the conversation ceases, and the emigrants remain where they are. But as the Land of Canaan was prepared for the Hebrews, so this land must be prepared for the Scotch Irish. How is this to be done? Precisely in God's plan of making "the wrath of man to praise Him" and restraining the remainder thereof. Hence although the Royal Charters of Virginia and Pennsylvania had both been granted by English Kings, their right to sell this domain was by no means admitted by the rest of mankind. France claimed the country on the waters of the Ohio by right of priority of discovery by La Salle in 1669. Immediately previous to the date at which our history begins, the French determined to expel all the English traders and erect a line of forts connecting their dominions in Canada on the north with their dominions in Louisiana in the South. To effect this purpose in 1749, Captain Celeron de Bienville, with a detachment of two hundred soldiers, was sent down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers to take military possession of these streams and their tributaries and all the lands that were drained thereby. In order to do this in a tangible way they halted at all prominent places and deposited plates of lead with suitable inscriptions thereon. The one at the point between the Allegheny and Monongahela is dated at the Three Rivers, August 3d, 1749. This laid the foundation of the long and bloody French and English war in which France placed the tomahawk and scalping knife in the hands of the Indian to be used in exterminating the traders and colonists of Great Britain. The French had the advantages of transportation on their side by descending the Allegheny river, while the English were compelled to cut at first a path and then

a wagon road for the transportation of ordinance and supplies to the seat of war. This path was traveled by Washington, guided by Christopher Gist, in the month of November, 1753, on their way to Fort Le Boeuf. When the war had progressed for some time the chivalrous Gen. Braddock was sent out to exterminate the French. This man had no notion of doing things by halves; hence one of his first attentions was given to the straightening and widening of this path into a road, which has ever since borne his name. This road was (soon after the expulsion of the French from Fort Duquesne by Gen. Forbes) lined with wagons and pack horses conveying emigrants to what afterwards became the counties of Fayette, Washington and Greene. Yet it could not be considered the thoroughfare of the two latter counties, for the main trunk of this road diverged from the route afterwards occupied by the Old National Road near the top of Laurel Hill, and bore more northwardly, passing the new improvement of Christopher Gist on the sight of Mount Braddock; thence by way of the "Washington Bottoms" now Perryopolis; thence directly to the mouth of Turtle Creek, where it ceased in consequence of Braddock's defeat. There was, however, a branch road leading from Gist's Plantation to "Redstone Old Fort" (Brownsville.) This was the road along which the early settlers of this region came. Arriving at the Monongahela river and finding their road at an end, they distributed themselves up and down the river, until the prime lands on the eastern side were taken up.

Thus far the student of Pennsylvania history has halted on the banks of this western "Jordan," and has only viewed the land of promise from the opposite shore. We are now about to cross over into this Mesopotamian region, and look into the beginning of things over there. But let us advance slowly, for the red man still lurks in those valleys and builds his camp fires on those hills, and he possibly may demand our hair as the

penalty of squatting on his land. Before we make our domicil on the west side of this muddy river, we had better ask the question, "Whose dominion will we be under?" for this is an unsettled question. William Penn has a charter for a tract of land five degrees of longitude west from the Delaware river, but this distance has not been measured yet; it has not yet been determined how long a degree of longitude actually is in this degree of latitude: for, although all parties are agreed as to the length of a degree on the Equator, we are now 40 degrees north of the Equator, and the degrees shorten as the lines of longitude approach the Poles. All these questions are unsettled. Virginia as the Old Dominion, claims all lands not granted to some other colony. On the strength of this claim Virginia erected all the territory that was in dispute into three counties, viz: Ohio, Monongalia and Youghiogheny. The Court house of Monongalia county stood on lands of Theopolis Phillips, near New Geneva, immediately over against the territory that afterwards became Greene county. Lord Dunmore, the Governor of Virginia, maintained that Penn's five degrees would run out by the time the sumit of the Alleghenies was reached, while even some of the sanguine friends of Pennsylvania rule thought that their western boundary would not go beyond the Monongahela. Dr. John Connolly, the tool of Lord Dunmore, finding the civil arm they pretended to wield too weak to answer their purposes, finally in January, 1774, usurped all power, civil, military and mixed, over this entire region. These and other reasons which existed from 1749 to 1774, will in part account for the tardiness of settlements on the west side of the Monongahela. And yet through all these perplexing complications the settlers came. The first permanent community seems to have been on Muddy Creek, spreading out toward Tenmile on the north and Whiteley on the south: The beginning of this settlement seems to have been in 1769,

and seems to have consisted of persons who were favorable to Pennsylvania rule. As the question of Dominion had at least been partially settled by the extension of Mason & Dixon's line in 1767, as far as the second crossing of Dunkard creek, near where the town of Mt. Morris now stands, where they were forbidden to proceed by the Indian Chiefs, who seem to have thought that as this part of the country was a "bone of contention" among the whites, they (the Indians) the lords of the soil, might be permitted to gnaw it a little also. While we find Virginia spreading her mantle of government over this district under different names, first as West Augusta and then as Monongalia county, Pennsylvania was by no means indifferent to her interests in this direction. Hence, she claimed jurisdiction over this same region as part of Bedford county. These county officers in 1773 made the first assessment of the taxable inhabitants as part of Springhill township, the major part of which lay on the east side of the river, in what is now Fayette county, where it still retains the same name. According to this assessment the population of this settlement of Muddy Creek at this date was not less than five hundred. These settlers like those of Fayette county, had mostly come from along the Potomac, some from Virginia, some from Maryland, some from the Kittatinny valley and some from Ireland.

The oldest Presbyterian Church in Greene county is on the waters of Muddy Creek. At the house of John Armstrong, in the bounds of this settlement, Rev. John McMillan preached his second sermon west of the mountains, in August, 1775, having preached his first sermon in the west at old Mount Moriah Church in Fayette county on the previous day. The first application that was made for supplies to the old Presbytery of Redstone (after its erection in 1781) was from Muddy Creek and the South Fork of Ten Mile (Jefferson). There were also Baptist Churches on Whiteley, Muddy Creek and Ten Mile organ-

ized at about this date. I expect to give a sketch of the history of each of them as I proceed. But inasmuch as I have some personal knowledge of the Muddy Creek Church which extends back nearly fifty years, I may be permitted to refer to it here. This church has long been called New Providence, and is located principally on the south side of the town of Carmichaels, the house of worship being about two miles from the village. Fifty years ago Rev. George Vaneman was pastor of this church. He was a short, stout man, nervous and quick in his movements, and somewhat remarkable for his sallies of quick wit, as the following will illustrate: About the year 1830 the Presbytery of Redstone convened at Georges Creek Church. An ordination was to take place, and Rev. Vaneman was appointed to preach the sermon. He retired from the house to make his preparation. The day was warm and sunny, causing him to seek the shade on the northwestern side of the house along the grave yard wall, where he began to pace back and forth the entire length of the shade. While thus engaged in thoughtful meditation, one of his brethren came out of the house to indulge in chewing a quid of tobacco. At the corner of the house he encountered Rev. Vaneman, who during his meditations had lighted his pipe. The intruder immediately assailed him with the accusation, "Ah! you are at your Idol!" To which Mr. Vaneman instantly and mournfully replied, "Yes, but I am burning mine while you are rolling yours like a sweet morsel under your tongue." For many long years—I do not know how many, but think it must be fully forty—Rev. John McClintock has been pastor of the same old Church. A man as orthodoxy as John Calvin himself; exceedingly fraternal; a most exemplary pastor, who is almost alone in this fast age from the fact that he has the good fortune of wearing well. He never indulges in any kind of levity. I have heard it positively asserted that he never did laugh in his life. This I

ould scarcely believe; but the assertion was positively made and maintained at a wedding where I officiated in the town of Jefferson, 20 years ago, on the part of the bride, who gave the following story to prove her assertion: "We were regular hearers of Mr. McClintock at Jefferson. One hot day my father had gone to church while I stayed at home to prepare dinner. Father brought Mr. McClintock home with him. When they arrived I had the table set on the back porch. I was about to remove it and place it in the dining room, when Mr. McClintock interfered and insisted that we should leave the table where it was. Just after we had seated ourselves and the blessing was asked, footsteps were heard approaching around the upper end of the house, and immediately the crazy man, McNurlin, made his appearance, looking tired, dirty and hungry. Father at once directed me to get him a plate, etc., which I did, the crazy man all the while maintaining a profound silence. When all but him were done, the preacher returned thanks. As soon as the voice of prayer was heard McNurlin reverently bowed his head and remained quiet until it was over. The family then withdrew from the table, but remained seated on the porch, Mr. McClintock leading the conversation while I served the crazy man who had taken another cup of tea, and still continued to eat. Finally he was done, when he at once duly crossed his knife and fork on his plate, which he pushed back a few inches, laid his hands reverently on the table, and said; "Now Lord I thank thee for what I have eaten over and above since the preacher thanked thee, amen!" The rest of us withdrew from the porch in order to take a hearty laugh, but Mr. McClintock remained quiet, his countenance bearing a more sober look." I gave the argument up, and have ever since regarded Rev McClintock as one of the most remarkable men of our age. In the bounds of this congregation sixty years ago lived David Veech, the father

of the Hon. James Veech. Of this old gentleman's antecedents I know nothing, but he himself was remarkable for his steady and quiet, even-going industry. I heard my old aunt who raised me tell this as illustrative of his "dilligence in business" as well as his "fervency of spirit," and urbane hospitality. The date was upwards of sixty years ago. It was seedling time in the autumn; the day of the week was Saturday; the next day was communion. My aunt and her sister had ridden across from old Dunlap's Creek; preaching was at 2 o'clock. When the service was over no one was more diligent hunting up the strangers than Mr. Veech. He was about the last man to leave the place, for fear some stranger would not be supplied with lodging. My Aunt and her sister were two of the many guests that were taken to Mr. Veech's own house. After the horses of the strangers were all fed they were turned out in the big meadow in the best pasture on the farm. Supper was now ready, and when all were fed, and there remained nothing more that he could do for the comfort of his guests, Mr Veech quietly withdrew to his barn, slipped the harness on his horses, and in the twilight hooked them up to his plow and peacefully laid over his furrows side by side, round and round the field until nine o'clock at night, while his female guests sat on his spacious porch and watched the operation by the light of the full moon. He did not claim two or three hours sleep on Sabbath morning to compensate him for this extra labor, but was the first to rise and assist his family and numerous guests in preparing for the sanctuary. I had one little business transaction with this old gentleman about the year 1851, after his removal to Uniontown. I was building a new house and was in need of some clear pine lumber, and as habit had become second nature with Mr. Veech he must have something to do, and consequently he kept a small board yard of pine lumber. I was advised to go to him as he would "do better for me than

any one else ;" yet when I asked him his prices they were so high that I almost declined purchasing of him. But as the team was there I concluded to risk it, and found that "he did do better for me than any one else ;" every board with the least fracture or knot was laid aside, so that I should have exactly what I contracted for, "clear stuff." This little transaction gave me a high opinion of the old gentleman's conscientious integrity. To his son, Judge Veech, I am greatly indebted for many of the facts and dates of this history. I have drawn on him freely for everything but phaseology. The first time I ever saw him was about 1837. He and his sister Rebeeca, (who afterwards became the wife of Rev. Joel Stonerod) were on a visit to Fayette county. I knew more about the son than I did about the father, and yet I have written much more about the latter than I intend to do about the former, from the fact that it would seem like a piece of unpardonable egotism for me to attempt, with as feeble a pen as mine, to describe the profound scholar, the successful lawyer, the exalted judge, and the accurate historian, which all found their embodiment in the person of James Veech. The last person that I shall at present mention as living within the bounds of this settlement fifty years ago, is James Barnes, a millwright by trade, and one of the few men justly entitled to the name of mechanic. The first time I ever saw him was in 1831, while he was engaged in building an oil mill for Andrew Olihpant, Esq., in Fayette Co. As an oil mill was something new in this section of the country at that date, Mr. Barnes received a great deal of gratuitous advice from would-be machinists, who thought they "knowed it all." To all this unasked advice he respectfully listened, then took his own way, and when the mill was done it was found to be a model of perfection. We may inadvertently allow ourselves to think that in a dense, heavy timbered wilderness, such as this was one hundred and fifty years ago, all the roads

were started by guess, and all the lands taken up at random. Nothing is farther from the truth than such a conclusion. As an illustration, the old pack horse path from Wills creek (Cumberland) across the mountains, that was located without either compass or quadrant, was ascertained to be the very best grade that could possibly be found. So with many of our Virginia roads. This was also the case in the taking up of land. It was not done at random; but on the contrary "our fathers" seemed to have had a map of the whole country, as it would be in one hundred years, spread out before the eye of their mind before they made their selection. Such was pre-eminently the case in the settlement of the eastern part of Greene county. I am quite extensively acquainted in Western Pennsylvania, and I know of no body of land of equal extent that is so magnificently situated as the region fronting on the Monongahela river, between Whiteley creek on the south and Tenmile on the north, including the entire region of Muddy Creek, the valley of Ruffs Creek and extending up the south fork of Ten-mile beyond Waynesburg. Much of the land is almost level, just rolling enough to drain it completely. Its serpentine creeks, runs and rivulets are in many places adorned with fringes of evergreens, such as pine, hemlock, cedar and laurel, beneath whose perpetual foliage, steep bluffs, huge chasms and rugged rocks all assist in lending "enchantment to the view." Some of these groves and caves in the vicinity of Jefferson deserve particular description. About one mile west of the town the south fork makes almost a complete circle, reaching at its furthest eastern extremity, almost to the brick house built by old Mr. Luse, and occupied twenty years ago by my friend M. W. Denny, Esq. The creek then returns westward until it is within some six or eight rods of the place where it began the curve. Down the center of this dividing ridge the great "drove road" from west to east divides the splendid little valley into,

about equal parts, and then passes over a noble ridge near the Denny mansion. I have often wondered that some capitalist did not utilize this water by throwing a dam across at the upper end of the curve, tunneling through the narrow hill and erecting mills of some kind below. One pine grove demands a notice in the history of the "State of Greene." It is on the north of the town of Jefferson, overlooking the creek just above the mill dam that belonged to William Davis twenty years ago. This grove one hundred years ago was very extensive, covering the entire "plateau" of level land where the village has long stood. But it has been curtailed until it does not exceed three or four acres, part of which was enclosed in the fair grounds a score of years since, and is now the site of Monongahela College.

In the year 1831 a new denomination called the Cumberland Presbyterians, in the State of Tennessee and Kentucky, sent out John Morgan, Alfred Bryan, Reuben Burrow, Robert Donnel, Leroy Woods, Milton Bird and Alexander Chapman, as ministers to Western Pennsylvania in the interest of the new church. These men came to Washington county, into what is sometimes called the "Jersey Settlement," on the North Fork of Tenmile, near where the town of Prosperity now stands. They came out at the invitation of Luther Day, Odle Squier, William Stockdale and Isaac Connet. These men were very genteel in their appearance, exceedingly fluent in speech, entirely Presbyterian in their forms, and above all they sustained the semi-sacred character of missionaries preaching the Gospel without money and without price, for the only seeming purpose of having sinners converted. They made no effort to organize rival churches, but labored day and night for the seeming purpose of having the old Presbyterian Church gloriously revived. If all parties had been wise as serpents and harmless as doves, no doubt great and permanent good would have been accom-

plished. But human nature often involves the actors in trouble. Instead of taking the advice of Gamalie they first became "too good" to last, and then became hostile rivals. I never could see any good reason for envious rivalry between these denominations. Be this as it may, such was the case in Washington county. This and other reasons induced these missionaries to come to Greene county, where they held a meeting in the pine grove before mentioned, which was attended with great success, and where the enemy of souls was very anxious to do evil. While some one was preaching at the stand on Sabbath day, the sharp eye of the Rev. John Morgan discovered that preparation was being made some thirty rods from the stand for a horse race. He immediately descended from the stand, slid noiselessly through the crowd until he was in the midst of the sportsmen, when he opened his Bible and read the text, "Why stand ye here all the day idle," from which he preached a powerful sermon, standing on a pine stump, and that was the end of the horse race. A Cumberland Church was the result of these meetings, to which I ministered twenty years ago, and for all the membership who composed the Church at that date, and all who survive, I have nothing else but feelings of the highest respect—many of their names I recall, some of them I mention, viz: Hon. Thos. P. Pollock and family who resided at the mill; also the two sons who resided in town; Wm. Davis and family, Richard Hawkins and family, John Prior and family, John Lindsey and family, Francis Moudy, whose wife was a Baptist, but none the less hospitable on that account, M. W. Denny, etc. W. T. H. Pauley owned a farm in that neighborhood then, and would occasionally call in and see us, especially when I preached at the school house near his country residence. He often took me home with him, where he, on one occasion, offered to help me to a piece of the "Rocky Mountain Shad." On another occasion in my sermon I had

maintained that those who laid claim to the highest perfection in the present life often came much farther short of it than those who did not make such high sounding pretensions. As an illustration I referred to a Western Reserve Yankee, who asserted that he was as perfect as Adam was in the Garden of Eden before he fell; yet I had seen this man go out on Sabbath morning to hunt his cow that had strayed off on Thursday previous. After we were seated in Mr. Pauley's parlor, he said with a serious air, there was one thing he would like to know—"whether that man ever found his cow." But I give it up, who could describe the editor of the *Messenger*? But I will for the present leave this smooth, level region, promising to return again and extend my history of this section so soon as I am fully informed on some subjects that I now only have a partial knowledge of; and as I leave them for the present I shall go to a region very justly called Richhill, for although the part I have been describing is almost destitute of hills, the county at large has certainly no reason to complain; and as one portion has been so nearly exonerated, it seemed but reasonable that the other part should have a double portion; and for fear the inhabitants of this section should be disposed to complain, as they vainly tried to farm both sides of some of their hilly aeres, an indulgent Creator determined if they did have hills they should have a deep fertile soil: hence the "fathers" in their wisdom put both these facts together in the name they gave this township. But inasmuch as our data for history does not extend back into the last century, but is wholly confined to this, I deem it proper at this place briefly to notice the erection of the county itself. In the year 1781, the Supreme Executive Council and Legislature of Pennsylvania erected "All that part of the State of Pennsylvania west of the Monongahela river, and south of the Ohio, beginning at the junetion of said rivers, thence up the Monongahela river afore-

said, to the line run by Mason & Dixon, thence by the said line due west to the end thereof ; and from thence the same course to the end of the five degrees of west longitude, to be computed from the river Delaware ; thence by a meridian line extending north until the same shall intersect the Ohio river, and thence by the same to the place of beginning, to be called henceforth the county of Washington." All will see at a glance that this boundary included the whole of Greene county. The townships of Morgan, Cumberland, Franklin, Greene and Richhill, in their original undivided forms, were townships in Washington county, and so existed until the 9th of February 1796, when by act of the Legislature Washington county was divided, the southeastern portion of it being erected in a new county to be called Greene. The boundary line is described in these words : "Beginning at the mouth of Tenmile on the Monongahela river; thence up Tenmile to the junction of the north and south forks of said creek ; thence up the north fork to Col. William Wallace's Mill; thence up in a southwestern direction to the nearest part of the dividing ridge between the north and south forks of Tenmile creek ; thence along the top of said ridge to the ridge which divides Tenmile from Wheeling creek ; thence by a straight line to the head of Enlow's branch of Wheeling ; thence down said branch to the western boundary of the State ; thence by State line south to the end of Mason & Dixon's line ; thence along said line east to the Monongahela river, and thence down said river to the place of beginning." On the 22d of January, 1802, by authority of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, the following alteration took place in the line between Greene and Washington counties : Beginning at the present line on the ridge that divides the waters of Tenmile from Wheeling, near Jacob Babbit's ; thence by a straight line to the head waters of Hunter's fork of Wheeling creek, and thence down the same to the mouth thereof, where it meets the present county

line. It will thus be seen that Richhill was one of the original townships of Washington county, and was entirely without division or subtraction (except this little piece) set over into Greene. Of its early inhabitants I have but little information. It seems to have been hampered and injured by three large land grants, known as the "Lieper Lands," "Cook Lands," and "Ryerson Lands," all of which I propose to more particularly describe in an appendix to this work. As it was uncertain where the boundaries were, or in whom the title was vested at different dates, it led in many instances to the partial settlement of land without a title, and as the occupant felt that he was only a "squatter," as a matter of course he made as little improvement as possible, skimmed the surface of the soil for the scanty pittance it afforded, sowed no grass for enriching the land, cut no hay for the wintering of his stock, depending on the little straw from which he expected to pound his wheat with a flail, whenever dire necessity compelled him to do so. The few shocks of tops that he cut off his corn stocks, and the husks that were thrown into the rail pen at the "husking," made up the balance of his winter feed, which was usually all exhausted by the first of March. His only dependence from that time till grass came, was "brows," which was procured by cutting down the small maples and hickories, the buds and young leaves of which were a substitute for a better feed. A considerable portion of the township was thus deprived of that health-giving emulsion that is produced only by ownership. Habits of idleness was the result of this state of things up to the beginning of the present century. Soon after that date a different kind of people began to arrive, who were not willing to "squat," on any man's land, but either took out their patent from the Land Office at once, or purchased their land from some one who had previously done so. Among this number was Francis Braddock, who settled on land still owned by his de-

scendents, in 1805. This man was of Scotch descent on his mother's side, and of English descent on his father's side, (a distant relative of the unfortunate English General who figured so prominently in the campaigns of 1754-5.) He was undoubtedly a good judge of land, having selected some of the finest in the township. He was a zealous, earnest, uncompromising Presbyterian, and seems to have been the means of gathering kindred spirits of the same faith and order around him. In the year 1809, two brothers, Moses and Thomas Dinsmore, who were of Scotch Irish descent, became settlers in this township, on lands still held by their descendants. They also were Presbyterians. One peculiarity of both these original families was the number of their sons that became ministers in the Presbyterian Church. Three of the sons of Francis Braddock, Sr., viz: Francis, Jr., Cyrus G. and Joseph, were inducted into the ministry. While David and James H. still hold the original lands, they are both elders in the Presbyterian Church of Unity. Of the sons of Moses Dinsmore six studied for the ministry, and have gone to different parts of the land, principally in the West, while the two sons of Thomas Dinsmore, Robert and John G., still own the original land. The latter of these was recently the High Sheriff of Greene county. John Conkey came as a poor boy from Virginia, early in the present century; he worked for a long time as a hired hand on Ruff's creek, then near Amity, Washington county, carefully husbanding all his wages, until he was in possession of a sufficiency to purchase a good farm pleasantly situated on the south fork of Tenmile, adjoining lands of the Braddock settlers. From this beginning he eventually came into possession of some of the best farms in the neighborhood. He still lives, and is upwards of ninety years of age. He is a quiet, conscientious man, a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Immediately below Mr. Conkey, lived, until a few years ago, another

er old settler, David Enoch. The organ of acquisitiveness was very fully developed in this old man. The situation was favorable for making money, being right on the great Drove Road from west to east. Fifty years ago, during the summer months, this road was crowded with light beef and stock cattle. In the fall and early winter it was tedious traveling westward on this road from the fact that you were continually meeting droves of fat hogs. In March and April the large fat cattle from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, began to arrive. They left the road in a fearful condition; treading in each others steps they would form ridges across the road making travel in a carriage almost an impossibility. These drovers left a large amount of money with Mr. Enoch, which he husbanded with great care, putting it out on interest always in safe places, and although he could not write his name, he never made a mistake in the calculation of interest. Even when partial payments were made his calculation was said to be right. Immediately below on the same road lived until a few years ago, Dr. Wm. B. Porter, who made a fortune in the practice of medicine, farming and keeping stock. I was acquainted with his ancestors in Fayette county, high-toned honorable, pious people, always ready for every good word and work. The Dr.'s wife was a daughter of Dr. Henry Blachley, of Washington county, who always seconded his efforts for the improvement of his farm, the beautifying of his buildings, at the same time never forgetting the wants of the poor and the necessities of the church, of which she was a consistent member.

About one mile north of the State road lived for many years Abraham C. Rickey, who even down to old age was a living illustration of the advantage of being "diligent in business" as well as "fervent in spirit." He began the world under unfavorable circumstances, grubbed out the saplings where afterwards his buildings stood, improved his rough acres until he was

one of the foremost grain raisers in the township. He early gave attention to the improvement of stock, until instead of raising small-bodied cattle with large horns, he succeeded in raising large bodies and small horns. In the last years of his life he was a successful raiser of fine sheep. While thus careful about worldly things he esteemed "the prosperity of Zion above his chief joy." He was always one of the burden-bearers of the Church, and during the last two years of his life he gave two hundred dollars towards erecting a new church at Graysville, and it seemed to afford him abundant satisfaction on his death-bed to think that he could leave the little church, for which he had prayed and labored so long, in possession of a neat, comfortable house. In this township has long lived portions of a family of Teagardens; some of them still living in and around Clarksville. They are so numerous that they deserve special mention, and I will give such facts and figures about them as I have gleaned from various sources as well as from personal knowledge. Abraham Teagarden settled at Red Stone Old Fort (Brownsville) in 1767, two years before any portion of Greene county was settled. About two years afterward, two of his sons, William and David, crossed over into what afterwards became Greene county, and made Tomahawk improvements, one along the river, including the landings of both the ferries that have long been known as "Jerry Davidson's" and "David Davidson's." The other son took up one thousand acres of land on Tenmile creek, between Millsboro and Clarksville. This son, after making his pre-emption marks around his land, returned to the "old Fort," where he was married to a Miss Treble. After the honeymoon was over he became very anxious to improve his land, and his young wife, like a true help-meet, consented to accompany him, although she was to be surrounded by savage beasts and more savage men. Soon the logs for a cabin are cut, hauled to the place,

and the few settlers that were found on the west side of the river, are invited to the raising. Just as the first log is about to be laid in its place, lo! a freebooter of the woods put in an appearance and claimed the land as his own, and forbade the improvement going on until the question of title was settled by a fist and skull fight. Teagarden was young and active, but his antagonist was a man of war from his youth, yet he (Teagarden) quailed not. Having asked his friends to show nothing but fair play, he "buckled in." After a long, bloody and doubtful battle, victory perched upon Teagarden's banner. The bully, a brave but unprincipled man, acknowledged himself vanquished. After he had washed himself and the wife of the man whose rights had been called in question, had dressed his wounds, he turned in and helped raise the cabin, formally relinquished all claim to the land, took up another tract lying alongside of Teagarden's homestead, where both victor and vanquished lived as good neighbors for many years. Some time after this event, William Teagarden sold his magnificent land on the Monongahela, with a view of emigrating to Kentucky, which was then known as the "dark and bloody ground." He received his pay in Continental money, which soon depreciated to that extent that it became utterly worthless. The man was financially ruined. But his spirit was unbroken. Wending his way westward he again braved the forest, and began another improvement in Richhill township, between Ryerson's Station and Ackley's. Here he and two of his boys, Abraham and Isaac, enlisted in Capt. Seals' company and did valiant service under General Anthony Wayne in his vigorous campaign against the western Indians. Abraham Teagarden married a Miss McGuire and raised a family of ten children. I have had some personal knowledge of different members of this numerous family. Among the rest was Reuben Teagarden, of Clarksville; his second wife was the widow Alexander of Fred-

erictown. Precisely what way he is connected with the original stock I cannot tell. I also knew his son John, and other members of his family whose names I have forgotten. I also knew Hamilton Teagarden, now residing in Richhill. He is an elder of the Presbyterian Church of Unity, a blacksmith by trade. His wife was a Burns, one of the numerous family of that name in this township. He has also two sons, Warren and Will, who are now regular M. D.'s, the one practising in Burnsville, Washington county, the other in Haneytown, West Virginia. William Teagarden, now an old man, resides on Enlow's branch of Wheeling creek, near the late residence of Joshua Ackley. Isaac Teagarden resides in Waynesburg, but I have no acquaintance with him. But I must not forget the metropolis of Richhill, Jacksonville, or "Jacktown," as it is usually called. The Quaker said to the dog who was gnawing his hides, "I will not kill thee but I will give thee a bad name." Eighteen hundred years ago the question was asked by a good man, "Can any good come out of Nazereth?" Hence that great dramatical writer was right when he said, "Yes; there is something in a name." The greatest being ever found in human form came out of Nazereth, notwithstanding its bad name. It is true that Jacktown has not yet produced either a Solomon or a Solon, but we should remember that we are to "judge nothing before the time." Perhaps against this place is as old as the places that gave those great men birth, even Jacktown will produce some man that will astonish the world with his mighty deeds. But I must not prophesy, for this has already been tried on this village and failed. Upwards of forty years ago, as tradition has it, a drover passing through the town was assailed by some bad boys, when he lifted up his hands and in a solemn manner said, "Yet forty days and Jacktown shall be destroyed." Time has proven that he was a false prophet, and as I am not inspired, as the poor fool who shot the President

claims to have been, I will venture no prediction, lest my name should add another to the long list of false prophets. But to speak more seriously, Jacksonville is by no means entitled to the bad name it has at a distance. It cannot be denied that riots, routs and rowdies have taken place in these streets from time to time. But who were the actors on these tumultuous occasions? Not the citizens of the place, but the roughs from the surrounding country and neighboring towns who presumed to misbehave just because they were in Jaektown. On the contrary there is a great deal of sobriety and virtue and even piety in this place, notwithstanding its bad name. The Methodists have a flourishing Church here, the Cumberland Presbyterians have a numerous society and a church building, while the Disciples have regular ministrations in the Odd Fellows Hall. This Order of I. O. of O. F. is also progressive and happy. There are also two large stores. A. J. Goodwin has a large stock of almost everything usually kept in country stores. William Drake has a splendid building in which will be found at all times a large stock of seasonable, fashionable and serviceable goods. A. J. Goodwin is also principal partner in a carriage factory which has already turned out, and has on hand a multitude of carriages of as fine finish and durable material as can be found within the bounds of my knowledge. But time would fail me to tell of carpenters, masons, shoemakers, blacksmiths, wagonmakers and butchers, the last named selling a better article of beef for less money than can be purchased elsewhere. A splendid fair ground, on the south side of the town, has at least its annual attraction, where better order, finer stock and far less picking of pockets can be met with than in places that boast of their refinement and morality. The name of the Postoffice here is "Windridge," which seems to have been given to it in consequence of its elevated position, and the long northwestern slope, which sends old Boreas

across here with considerable fury. Graysville is another village of Richhill township, but it cannot boast as great antiquity as the town I have just been describing. The name of the postoffice here is "Harveys," and for many years, indeed until quite recently, the locality was known far and near as the "Brick," from the fact that a large brick hotel has long been kept, and although different proprietors have entertained the traveling public, the reputation of this house has usually been good. Mr. Loar, its present occupant, has a reputation for uprightness and integrity, fully equal to his predecessors. The reason why the village is called by its present name is that about the commencement of the present century quite an extensive family by the name of Gray settled on this site, owning all the lands around for a considerable distance. At the house of David Gray, on the 27th of August, 1814, a committee, consisting of Rev. John Anderson and Rev. Joseph Stephenson, met the few Presbyterians of this neighborhood, and the Church of Unity was organized by electing David Gray, Jacob Rickey, Francis Braddock and Moses Dinsmore, Elders. This was on the farm owned and occupied by the late Mrs. McClelland, a little below the present village. Although the Church was organized on this spot, the place selected for a church edifice was more than a mile above on the lands of Francis Braddock, Sr., where the people worshipped in a log school house until 1840, when they erected a frame church on the lot where the graveyard still is. In 1879 this building was consumed by fire. The congregation almost immediately began the erection of a new church in the village of Graysville, which was dedicated on the 20th of June, 1880. A large and flourishing Sabbath School composed of the children of the village, seems to promise success for the future. Quite a number of small, neat frame houses have been put up here within the past year or two, adding considerable to the number of the

population. Maj. Jas. W. Hays was for a long time the only merchant of the place. He still keeps on hand as good a stock, and as varied in its kind, as can be found in any country village; this added to the fact that the old gentleman and his son are unsurpassed anywhere as kind, obliging, honest salesmen, secures to this firm a large trade. Mr. Higgins & Sons have recently opened a store in this place, embracing quite a variety. But it is too soon to say how they will succeed; as far as I am individually concerned his manner and prices have been extremely accommodating. Robert Johnson is engaged in running a large flouring mill and saw mill driven by steam. His buildings are commodious and durable; his engine is unsurpassed; his skill as a miller and a sawyer cannot be called in question, and his customers are as numerous as desirable. The only drawback is the great distance which he is compelled to wagon his coal. But he and his neighbors all hope the time is not far distant when their quiet valley will be disturbed by the neighing of the iron horse, and then their coal will be transported on rails of iron instead of on roads of mud. Why not? Living right in the valley of the South Fork of Ternile Creek, not a single tunnel would be needed between here (Harveys) and the Monongahela river. One and a half miles from here the dividing ridge is reached, where a cut of forty feet deep will allow the cars to pass over to Wheeling Creek in a direct route for the metropolis of West Virginia. But we must bide our time, and for fear our readers will think we are tarrying too long in Richhill, we will give a few biographical sketches, and take our departure, promising to return and tell them a great deal more as we get further along in our history.

John Loar emigrated from Maryland to Whiteley township, Greene county, in 1829. From thence he removed to Richhill in 1850. He and his wife were the parents of fourteen children, eleven of whom are still living—six sons and five daugh-

ters. Five of these persons are still in Greene county, viz: Jacob Loar, Esq., Rev. George Loar, Sarah Morris, Martha Loar, (wife of Rev. Jacob G. Loar, a cousin,) and Hester Jane Jacobs. The remainder of this extensive family are scattered in different parts of the great West. Of the portion still in Greene county, Jacob has eight children living; George has eight; Sarah has four, and Martha seven. The ancestors of those still here belonged to that hardy race that were capable of living so long and enduring so much. The old lady died on the 20th of December, 1881. She was a devout Methodist, of whom it was almost impossible to truly say a harmful word. She had reached the good old age of eighty-six years. Previous to their immigration to this county the old man passed through one of those dangerous adventures that were somewhat frequent three-fourths of a century ago, as follows: One night while enjoying that sound, refreshing sleep that only comes to the relief of the weary, he was awakened by the loud squealing of one of his hogs. Suspecting that some wild beast had made a descent from a neighboring mountain, he sprang up, seized his rifle and proceeded to investigate. Dimly seeing some dark object by the light of the stars, he drew the trigger and sent a ball through the front leg of a mammoth bear, which immediately let go its victim and departed for the thick woods. When daylight came, his trail was plainly visible. Mr. Loar and a few of his neighbors started in pursuit, some armed with guns, some with axes, and others with pitch-forks. Mr. Loar seems to have been armed both with a gun and a fork. The bushes were dripping with dew, and soon the priming in the pan of his old flint-lock gun had become so dampened that when the wounded bear was at length aroused, and a fine opportunity presented itself for a shot, the gun snapped. Mr. Loar in his excitement dropped his gun and seized his socket fork, thinking to dispatch his enemy in that way. After pur-

suing the bear for some distance, they engaged in mortal combat, Mr. Loar vigorously applying his fork ; sometimes thrusting, sometimes sticking, until the handle came out of the socket, when Bruin, as though conscious of his advantage, made his last grand charge with rampant body and open mouth. Mr. Loar, seeing that the chances were against him, made a spring and seized his antagonist by the lolling tongue, preferring to loose his arm rather than his head. By this means, he kept the wide extended jaws from closing upon him, and as the bear only had one foot that could be used, Mr. Loar seemed to have some chance for his life. But the other paw, applied to different parts of his body, tore off large portions of flesh, almost divesting him of clothing and lacerating him in the most fearful manner, so that death would soon have ensued, had it not been for the timely arrival of two of the remainder of the company, who dispatched the ponderous beast, and carried their bleeding companion to a place where his many wounds could be dressed, which, severe as they were, fortunately did not terminate fatally, for he lived many long years, and died in a good old age, respected by all who knew him. Mrs. Jacob Loar,<sup>1</sup> who was formerly the wife of Benj. Durbin, deceased, is one of these intelligent reading women who are thoughtful enough to keep a scrap book. She placed this book in my hand, saying I was welcome to copy anything it contained. In turning through it I came across an extract from the docket of Thomas Lazear, Esq., father of the late General Jesse Lazear. This old man was the most prominent Justice of the Peace in Richhill township, seventy years ago. This extract contains a list of marriages which will no doubt be interesting to the descendants of those gallant old beaux and dames, who at that early day, clad in buckskin and linsey, stood before the hymenial altar. The list is as follows: Married—In the year 1704, John Ryley and Lydia McClung; John Scott and Susanna Nysonger,

In 1805, John Teagarden and Rosa McGuire. Jacob Teagarden and Elsie McGuire were married in 1806; so also was Matthew Gray and Lottie Enoch. In 1807, Alexander Caldwell and Elizabeth Whetzel. In 1808, Thomas Wharton was wedded to Eliza Gray. In 1809, Daniel Clark and Elizabeth Teagarden; also Robert Wharton and Elizabeth Speelman; also Jacob Gander and Rosy Ryley. In 1810, Christian Durbin and Margaret McGuire; also Hiram Gray and Mary Crow. In 1811, Thomas Dinsmore and Mary Gray. In 1812, Edward Grandon and Debbie Wright; also Joshua Hix and Eleanor Dunche; also Thomas Scott and Eleanor McBride; also Henry Bane and Jane McBride. In 1813, Christian Cummings and Betty Holmes. In 1814, Thomas Barnet and Margaret Gray. In 1815, William Gray and Sally Nysonger; also David Ruple and Miss Durbin; also Henry Haish and Mary Nysonger. In 1816, Martin McCleary was married to Eleanor Whetzel, a descendant of Lewis Whetzel, the great Indian hunter. Steven Durbin was married in 1814 to Mary Fink. In 1817, James McDonald and Amy Gray were married; also Abraham Ny-songer and Elizabeth Holden. In 1819, William Teagarden and Mary Holmes; also John Mellon and Elizabeth Gray. Leonard Plants and Elizabeth Barney were married the same year, 1819. James Mellon and Elizabeth Amos were married in 1820. Marcus Gun and Louisa King were married the same year. In 1822, John Barnet and Mary Stoutmen. Francis Gray and Sarah Roseberry were married in 1824. Samuel Cummings and Martha Crichbaugh, Stephen Simmons and Rebecca Speelman were married in 1826.

Close to the line of Richhill township, now resides William H. Cook, who is descended from William Cook, who in company with his brother, Alexander came to New York City about the commencement of the 19th century. Here William was married to Miss Margaret Harvey, and in company with the Har-

vey family the Cooks came out to Greene county and settled on a tract of land adjoining one of the large bodies of land held by Thomas Lieper and known as "Lieper lands." William Cook was a lame man unable to farm or clear land. He was a carriage trimmer by trade and occasionally engaged in small speculations. At that day it was often the case that a few men would invest their small means in a boat load of merchandise and provisions destined for the trade along the shores of the Ohio River, and unless sale was previously made, they finally arrived at New Orleans. This boat usually contained flour, whisky, apples, cider, crockery ware, etc. On one of these boats Mr. Cook took passage, and was never heard of by his friends again. Whether he was killed by the Indians, captured by the Spaniards, or fell overboard and was drowned, are questions that cannot be answered. The widow lived to extreme old age. During her last years, she made her home with her son, William H. Cooke, who still resides on the old homestead by the side of the old Drove Road, some two miles below Graysville, where he lives in easy circumstances, surrounded by a numerous family of intelligent, kind children. The only drawback to his happiness seems to be that many years ago he lost his partner in life whose place has never been filled by another. This lady's maiden name was Elizabeth Rinehart. For many years Mr. Cooke has been a very successful sheep raiser, having invested considerable sums about the year 1845, in some of the best grades of Vermont sheep, which, although living on a road along which so much stock has been driven, he has been able to protect from foot-rot. In the western extremity of this township the Burns family settled on Owens run. Here the ancestors, Alexander Burns and James Burns, first built their cabin on their arrival from Ireland about the commencement of the present century. The sons of Alexander were James, Jr., Robert, John (who was for

many years a Justice of the Peace in West Finley township, Washington county), William and Alexander, Jr. The two daughters of Alexander, Sr., were Mary, who married John Johnston, and Nancy, who married William Davis. The sons of James, Sr., were John, James, Jr., and Joseph; also three daughters who all married and settled in Clairmont county, Ohio. A very unusual circumstance occurred at the port in Ireland from which these ancestors sailed which seemed to be the cause of their coming, as follows: They seem to have been a couple of inquisitive boys who, during their rambles one day, had arrived at the sea coast, and actuated by curiosity they stepped aboard a vessel lying in the harbor which was about to sail, and while feasting their eyes on the "sights," the ship weighed anchor and was gone bearing away the two unwilling passengers who never set foot on land again until they arrived at New York, from whence by different stages they finally arrived in Greene county. The sons of James, Jr., were Alexander, William and Robert. William still lives on the old homestead, Owens run. Alexander lived one and a-half miles from the old homestead, where he raised a large family, consisting of James, William, Oliver, Harvey, John, Robert and Grant; also three daughters—Jane, married Newton Braddock; Martha, married Francis Throckmorton, while Mary still remains at home in single blessedness.

I will now invite your attention to the partial history of the original Greene township, which at the time of the organization of the county included all the territory between Little Whiteley creek on the north, and Mason & Dixon's Line on the south, fronting all the way on the Monongahela river, including the entire valley of Big Whiteley, and the principal part of the valley of Dunkard; hence it may be treated as the south-eastern or corner township of the county. I find this definition of its boundaries in Creigh's History, page 123: "Beginning a

the mouth of Little Whiteley creek and running therewith to the dividing ridge between that and Big Whiteley creek; thence with that ridge between it and Muddy creek to Mason and Dixon's Line; thence to the Monongahela river; thence by the river to the place of beginning, having Cumberland township on the north, the Monongahela river on the east and Mason & Dixon's Line on the south." In the bounds of the original township, at a point a little west of the present town of Mt. Morris, in the year 1767, a scene of most intense interest took place. The long and angry dispute between the authorities of Virginia and heirs of Wm. Penn had from time to time almost led to the shedding of blood. How soon the purple tide would begin to flow no human being could divine; all parties are frightened; the boundary line must be run. The ambiguity of the charter granted by King Charles II to William Penn, rendered it very uncertain where the boundary was to commence, and much more uncertain where it would end. Different surveyors had been selected for the purpose of settling these vexed questions, who after three years of diligent labor in running lines of which "the town of New Castle, Delaware, was to be used as the centre of a circle of twelve miles radius, whose north-western segment was to connect the river with the beginning of the 40th degree, while the province was to extend westward five degrees of longitude, to be computed from said eastern bounds." [Creigh's History, 2d Appendix, page 25.] No wonder the surveyors did not understand the charter, for even I do not understand it. In consequence of their failure to proceed with the boundary line they were superceded in August, 1763, by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon of London. These men seem to have meant business from the very start. They were called on to run a line due west from the Delaware river, extending five degrees of longitude in length. They first ascertain the latitude where their line is to begin,

which they make to be  $39^{\circ} 43' 32''$ . By the 27th of October, 1765, they have arrived at the North Cove, Kittatinny Mountain. Wearied with their summer's labor, and fearing to be caught in a trackless mountain wilderness by the snow storms that might any day be expected, they take Captain Shelby with them to the summit, who points out the blue Allegheny Mountains as part of the extreme western landscape. They then return to their settlements along the Delaware to spend the winter and get their appointments renewed. As soon as the weather will permit, in the spring of 1766, they are again at their arduous work; by the 4th of June they are on top of the Allegheny Mountains. Hope stands on tip-toe that this herculean work will be accomplished before another winter's storms shall come. But these brave, energetic men are doomed to disappointment. The Six Nations of Indians send a deputation of chiefs to inform the white men that they "must stop." The valorous Mason and Dixon are anxious to proceed, but these imperious Iroquois chiefs clenched the tomahawk and gave the same intimation that Brunnus did to the Romans, when he informed them that his sword made the weight by which they were to settle, there was but one alternative—stop. Thus one year of valuable time was lost. During the ensuing winter, the Governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania expended about £500 in purchasing the consent of the Indians to the extension of the line. Early in June, 1767, the surveyors are in their camp on top of the Alleghenies, and are here met by fourteen warriors with an interpreter and a chief, who have come to escort the surveyors and other "pale-faces" down into the Valley of the Ohio, whose tributaries they were soon to cross. All hands now work with a hearty good will, hoping the uttermost limits will surely be reached this year. By the 24th of August they have reached the crossing of Braddock's Road. They still hold on their western way across Brice

Mountain and Laurel Hill, down the steep declivities of Cheat river, which stream they cross at the "line ford," throwing about six miles of the narrow peninsula into Pennsylvania. Again they are compelled to cross the Monongahela near the mouth of Crooked run. Here, on the 27th of September, when they have already run the line two hundred and thirty-three miles, twenty-six of the laborers desert, leaving but fifteen ax-men to clear out and mark the line as they proceed. Undaunted, however, by desertion or danger, they still proceed, cross Dunkard Creek once, and still hold on their western way, conscious that less than thirty miles will finish the work which is to immortalize their names. They have reached the "Warrior Branch" of the old Catawba war path at the second crossing of Dunkard creek, when suddenly their Indian escort cries "Stop." How disappointed are all parties. The Penns are anxious to proceed; the scattered settlers are wearied with the controversy, and are anxious to know where the end of the line would be, so as to ascertain whether they are in Pennsylvania or Virginia. But none are more disgusted than the surveyors, Mason and Dixon. They can almost see the end of the five degrees of longitude; they have seen the joy and satisfaction that lit up the countenances of the rude settlers on both sides of this line, as they fixed their destiny in one or the other of the colonies; they were well aware of the litigations and animosities that would still continue to fester along the remaining twenty-three miles that they were not permitted to run. But remonstrance was useless; the savages this time can neither be reasoned out nor bought out, and hence, after several days of disputing, right there on the bank of Dunkard creek, in what afterward became Greene township, Greene county, the assembly broke up, the Indians went their way, the disappointed surveyors make their final report, and on the 27th of December, 1767, they are honorably discharged. They

sail for England, and there is no evidence that they ever visited this land again. Brave men! Although disappointed, you did immortalize your names. Garard's Fort was built in the bounds of this township, of which I propose giving a particular description hereafter.

On the west side of the Monongahela river, opposite New Geneva, still stands the town of Greensboro, in the bounds of this old township of Greene. This town was laid out by Elias Stone, on the 31st of May, 1791. It is located on part of a tract of land called "Delight," which was patented to Elias Stone and Elizabeth, his wife, in 1787. Each lot contains eighty-one perches; the streets are forty feet wide. Lot No. 60 was presented to the citizens for public uses at their discretion. The town contains eighty lots; the names of the streets back from the river, are Water, Front, Second, Third and Fourth. The cross streets are named as follows: Diamond, Stone, Clear, Walnut, Minor and County streets. One of the principal business pursuits of late years in this town has been the manufacture of stoneware. Mr. James Hamilton has brought this business to a high state of perfection—so much so that it has to a great extent superceded the former staple of the town which was almost exclusively glass. Before we take our departure from this end of the county, it may be well to say what remains to be said about the completion of this great line about which we have already written so much. I have already said that about twenty-three miles remain to be run. Mason and Dixon had estimated the entire length of the line to fill up Penn's Charter to be two hundred and sixty-seven miles, and one hundred and ninety-five and one-sixteenth perches. They had already run to the stopping place at the old war path at the second crossing of Dunkard creek, two hundred and forty-four miles, and one hundred and thirteen perches and seven and one-fourth feet. They made their measurements with a

four pole chain, and marked each mile as they went along. But now the question began to be agitated by interested parties, as to whether the calculation was right. Mason and Dixon had said that a degree of longitude in the latitude of their line, was fifty-three miles and one hundred and sixty-seven and one-tenth perches. Were they right? was the question; for as Penn was to have a due north meridian line from the end of his five degrees of longitude, it is evident that every perch of distance in the length of this line, whether minus or plus, would add or subtract thousands of acres to or from Pennsylvania. Lord Dunmore and men of his ilk contended that the line was much too long already, that it ought never to have crossed the Monongahela river. But during the years that the line was halted at this point, a new state of things is introduced. The Empire of England in these western wilds has "tottered on its old foundations." Lord Dunmore and his usurping tool, Connolly, have become fugitives, and the representatives of freemen in the old Colonial Assembly, have declared, "These Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States!" It is now no longer the subalterns of the King of Great Britain that are authorized to make decisions, but the representatives of a free people have this prerogative. Here we see the advantage of having persons possessed of astronomical knowledge in high places. That great man, Thomas Jefferson, was at that time Governor of Virginia. Rising above all pecuniary or partizan motives, he notified both parties that this whole matter might be settled by astronomical observations. Agreeably to this recommendation, two astronomers of each State, provided with proper instruments and a good time-keeper, repaired to Wilmington, Delaware, nearly at the eastern end of the line, and there they erected an observatory. The other four proceeded to the western end of the temporary line, twenty-three miles from the second crossing of

Dunkard, near the site of Mt. Morris, and there on one of the highest Fish creek hills, they erected a rude observatory. At both these observatories, during six weeks immediately preceding the 20th of September, 1784, they take their observations of different celestial phenomena, particularly the immersion of the moons of Jupiter. When this is done, they meet and compare notes, and find that their stations are twenty minutes and one and one-eighth seconds apart; on the supposition the globe is 25,000 miles in circumference, and that every part of this distance is turned to the sun in twenty-four hours, they decide that twenty minutes of time is equal to five degrees of longitude; hence their stations are a little too far apart. They then shorten back on their line to precisely twenty minutes of time, and here they fix the corner of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; they then and there set up a square, unlettered white-oak post, around which they rear a conical pile of rough stones, which is still visible near the Board Tree Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Among the surveyors that completed the remaining twenty-three miles of this famous Mason & Dixon's Line, I find this difference between Judge Veech and Dr. Creigh: The former has the name Andrew Ellicott, the latter writes it Andrew Elliott. As they both say he was from Maryland they no doubt refer to the same man, and the difference is merely an uncorrected error on the part of Dr. Creigh's printer, who has omitted the letter "c" in setting his type. If then, this was Andrew Ellicott, I presume I was acquainted with some of the same family on Cheat river, where Evan T. Ellicott & Co., were largely engaged in the manufacture of iron, within a very short distance of this famous line. While preaching in that vicinity I was occasionally invited to dine with them. They were from Ellicott's Mills on the Potapsco, some fifteen miles from Baltimore. Another difference among historians is the spelling of

the name of one of the creeks of this county. Judge Veech always spells it "White Clay," while almost all other writers spell it "Whiteley." Who is right? But this is a small matter. We have seen with how much reluctance the Indian permitted the running of this great State line, and finally utterly rebelled against its further extension. The very efforts made by the Penns to coax and buy the right of way for their line was a tacit admission that the Iroquois Indians were the owners of the soil. Their title had in no instance been extinguished beyond the Monongahela in the present Greene county, in 1767, and yet settlers were taking up and making preparations to permanent settlement of the choice lands along Tenmile, Muddy creek, both the Whiteleys and Dunkard. The Indians became loud and boisterous in their declarations, that if the settlers are not driven away, something serious will happen. Forthwith the Governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania issue proclamations notifying all persons settled on Indian lands to pull up stakes and depart. The notice is unheeded, and soldiers are now sent up from Fort Pitt to drive them away. But when the settler met the soldier on the threshold of his cabin, with his ample draught of old Monongahela whiskey, his artillery was spiked at once, and he allowed the settler to set his goods out of his cabin into the woods until the soldier was gone, when the goods were carried back and all things assumed the *status quo ante*. It became evident on the extension of the line that these intruders were all in Pennsylvania, principally in Fayette and Westmoreland counties on the east side of the river. Governor Penn, in January, 1768, called the special attention of the Assembly to the subject, saying, "Their removal was indispensable in order to avert war." The Assembly was as much alarmed as the Governor himself, and on the 3d of February, 1768, they pass a law which was certainly a complete *Brutem Fulmen*, declaring that all persons who had presumed

to settle on or take up Indian lands, should evacuate the same within thirty days from the time notice was served upon them, and if after their removal they should return, or if any should settle after being notified, "every such person thereof legally convicted by their own confession or the verdict of a jury, shall suffer death without benefit of clergy." To try the effect of the new law Governor Penn sent out Rev. Capt. John Steel of Carlisle, a Presbyterian minister, to deliver proclamations, preach to the people, and warn them to quit. But it was all to no purpose. The first meeting seems to have been held at Christopher Gist's plantation at the foot of Laurel Hill, on the spot that has long been known as Mount Braddock. The second meeting was at Red Stone Old Fort, (Brownsville). While here a deputation of Mingo Indians came to the meeting and publicly forbade the whites from settling on any Indian lands until after the treaty. This treaty came off at Fort Pitt in May, 1768. Nothing however was accomplished except sundry talks, the lodging of various complaints, and the distributing of about one thousand pounds sterling worth of presents. In the autumn of the same year, (1768) a great treaty came off at Fort Stanwix, at which, for the sum of £10,000, the Penns bought all the before unbought portions of the Province, except what lay north and west of the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. As this was just at the time when tomahawk rights were becoming numerous along the eastern border of Greene county, and very few if any permanent settlements were yet made, the "bloody law" did not effect them much. It is quite certain that none of them "suffered death without the benefit of clergy." On the 3d of April, 1769, the Penns opened their office at Philadelphia for the sale of land on the new purchase. During the first month there were 3,200 applications for titles. No doubt many of these were for land on the eastern border of Greene county, as during the autumn of the same year we find

the settlers there with their families, commencing to improve the land and set things in order.

After this long digression in following lines and consequences, let us return again to the original Greene township, where we find a very early settlement at Garard's Fort, located in a beautiful valley on the left bank of Big Whiteley creek; the name of the postoffice now is Whiteley, which is situated a short distance west of the spot where the old fort stood in those "times that tried men's souls." The first Christian association ever formed on the territory of the present Greene county, was at this spot, on the 7th day of October, 1776, three months after the signing of the immortal Declaration of Independence. This society was organized by the Redstone Baptist Association." It has long been known by the name of Goshen Baptist Church. Among its early ministers were two brothers by the name of Sutton, who preached here at different periods of time. But perhaps its most distinguished minister in those "troublous" times, was Rev. John Corbly. This man settled on Muddy creek prior to May, 1782, for at that date we find him suffering some of the most excruciating sorrows that our poor humanity is heir to. We cannot do better than to give this tale of horror in his own words as we find them in a letter written to Rev. Dr. Rogers of Philadelphia, dated Muddy creek, Washington county, July 8, 1788: "On the 2d Sabbath of May, 1782, being by appointment at one of my meeting houses about a mile from my dwelling house, I set out with my dear wife and five children for worship. Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind some two hundred yards with my Bible in my hand, meditating. As I was thus employed all at once I was greatly alarmed by the frightful shrieks of my dear family before me. I immediately ran with all the speed I could, vainly hunting for a club, till I got within forty yards of them. My poor wife seeing me, cried to me to make my escape. An Indian then ran

up to shoot me. I fled and by so doing out-ran him. My wife had a suckling child in her arms. This little infant was killed and scalped. They then struck my wife several times, but not getting her down, the Indian who aimed to shoot me then ran up and shot her through the body and scalped her. My little boy, an only son, about six years old they sunk the hatchet in his brain and thus dispatched him. A daughter besides the infant, they also killed and scalped. My eldest daughter who is still living, was hid in a tree about twenty yards from the place where the rest were killed and saw the whole proceeding. She seeing the Indians all go off as she thought, got up and deliberately crept out of the hollow tree; but one of them espying her, ran up, knocked her down and scalped her; also her only sister, on whose head they did not leave more than an inch round either of flesh or skin, besides taking a piece of her skull. They still retain their senses, notwithstanding the painful operations they have already and must yet pass through." Among the prominent members of this church none were more so than Pierson Minor, who was not only fervent in spirit, but also diligent in business, being extensively engaged in droving, and one of the active participants in the affairs of the Farmers & Drovers Bank of Waynesburg.

Still further back "in the years beyond the flood" we find — Morelock, one of the pillars that for more than a half century assisted in holding up before a gainsaying world this portion of the primitive heritage of our Lord in these western wilds. Another of the leaders of this old church was Hon Jonathan Garard, a Deacon whose exemplary character was so highly appreciated by his fellow citizens that they elevated him to the position of Associate Judge. He was also extensively engaged in droving, an excellent judge of stock, always saving himself, and at the same time doing ample justice to those with whom he dealt. Among those who have ministered to these people,

"lo, these many years," were Revs. William Whitehead, John Thomas, William Wood, Levi Griffith, Charles Tilton and Francis Burwell. In the bounds of this old township, in what is now Monongahela township, stands a little hamlet of a few houses called Mapletown, situated on Big Whiteley creek. This town is surely small of its age, for it had its existence at a very early day. The first flouring mill ever erected in this county, was built near this point by Colonel John Minor, a short distance up the creek from the present mill. I am not positive, but I think it probable that the ancestors of Robert Maple and Thomas Maple gave name to it. I had some knowledge of these men. Thomas Maple was a local Methodist preacher. They were both men of large property and large progressive ideas, by which they not only were an advantage to themselves but to all their neighbors. In the extreme southern end of this old township, we find a large creek called Dunkard, which empties into the Monongahela river a short distance above the town of Greensboro. This stream derives its name from the fact that three brothers by the name of Eckerline, came from the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and took up their abode among savage beasts and poisonous reptiles, on the western side of the "muddy river." These men were Dunkards by profession, claiming to be "at peace with all mankind, and wishing to maintain friendly relations with the rest of the world." They named this stream after their denomination of Christians. Here, amid the seclusion of the forest, they lived, obtaining their provision by cultivating a few of the rich acres of these unsurpassed bottom lands, and by occasionally slaying one of the denizens of the forest, such as bear, deer, elk, etc., that then abounded all about them. They spent much of their time in exploring the country about them, in whose sublime solitudes they found ample fields for contemplation where their hearts were "carried up through nature's works to the throne."

of nature's God." Eventually they removed their camp from Dunkard creek to "Dunkard bottom," near the mouth of Cheat river, where they made a more permanent residence, and where they remained unmolested for some years, while a desolating war was raging at no great distance from them, the probabilities being that even the sharp eye of the Indian had not yet discovered the place of their retreat. When their stock of salt, powder, lead, etc., was nearly exhausted, one of their number, whose name was Thomas, concluded to cross the Mountains for the purpose of replenishing their stock of absolute necessities. On his return westward, to rejoin his brothers, he lodged on the south branch of the Potomac at Fort Pleasant. After stating that he and his brothers had lived all these long years in the "midst of war's alarms," without a single visit from the hostile foe, those who "listened to his wondrous story," either honestly or dishonestly, arrested him as a spy who was returning to the seat of war with contraband articles in his possession. In vain he asserted his innocence, offering to conduct his persecutors to their home in the woods, where he felt confident his loyalty would be vindicated, and his story proven true by meeting with his brothers. His proposition was finally accepted by those who had deprived him of his liberty. A guard of armed men accompanied him across the mountains who were instructed to return him a prisoner if there was the least evidence that the charges preferred against him were true. In due time the guard and the prisoner arrived at the designated spot. But instead of being met and welcomed by his brothers, a pile of smouldering ruins marks the spot where so lately their cheerful cabin stood. In the yard lay the mangled remains of the two brothers. The suspicious guard who so lately thought they had a felon in charge, now have all their sympathies enlisted in behalf of the man whom they had thus far wronged. They now assist in

mournful duty of giving sepulture to these ill-fated men whose peaceful principles had not succeeded as well with the savages as perhaps those of Cromwell would, viz :

“Face death and danger with a level eye,  
Trust in God and keep your powder dry.”

But our readers will think it is surely time we should pay our respects to Franklin township and Waynesburg, the county seat. The first time I ever visited Waynesburg was in 1843, at a grand volunteer parade. In the year 1841, I became a member of the George's Creek Cavalry, in Fayette county. During the next year I was promoted to the “high position” of Orderly Sergeant. James M. Oliphant was our Captain, when we were invited to attend a three days’ parade at the county seat of little Greene. Our Company met at Mason-town, crossed the river at McCann’s Ferry and came through Carmichaels to Jefferson. There we halted some time to wait for the arrival of the Monongahela Cavalry. This company was trained to a high state of perfection by Colonel James C. Simminson, with whom I was acquainted. The company was at that time commanded by Captain James Davidson. We were met here by Captain John Harper, who lived near Carmichael, who most heartily welcomed us to Greene county. We now took up our line of march for Waynesburg. We were met at the end of the bridge near Morrisville, by several marshals wearing blue sashes, who acted as an escort to our place of encampment, which was about one-half mile west of town, up a little hollow on the right hand side of the present pike. One of our escort made us a speech welcoming us to the State of Greene. The parade came off on the two following days, partly in a large field adjoining the grove in which we were encamped, and partly in a large meadow on the south side of Tenmile creek, where a sham battle was fought on the second day of our encampment. I believe there were thirteen

companies; the names of some of them I have forgotten; but I recollect in addition to those already mentioned, the Cookstown Cavalry, and Tenmile Troop. Of infantry, I remember the Waynesburg Blues, Cumberland Rangers, Union Volunteers of Uniontown, the Sixty Majors of Smithfield—a rifle company that had received this nickname in consequence of the shape of their caps. On the first night of our stay a proposition was made by Colonel Sam Austin, of Uniontown, that we should visit Waynesburg in dress parade, which was that each volunteer should lay aside his coat and cap, tie up his head in a red, bandana handkerchief, double his blanket, throw it over his shoulders and fasten it around his neck with a strap. When all were thus prepared, the order to march was given, the only music being a gourd fiddle, on which the valorous, but afterwards unfortunate Sam Austin continuously played the then new tune of "Old Dan Tucker." As the line of march was from the encampment directly to the town, along the side of the hill, we came in contact with a rail fence, when it was suggested that soldiers ought not to go unarmed; each one, as by general consent, shouldered a rail. With these we paraded the streets, occasionally receiving the command to "order arms," which was followed by a sound and jarring sensation somewhat resembling a small earthquake. I afterwards visited Waynesburg in 1849 or 1850, when I had a small business transaction with Thomas Porter, Esq., son of Moses B. Porter, of Fayette county, who had lately opened a law office at the county seat of Greene. I had not again visited this town for twenty years until the evening of December 15, 1881, when I met a few men I had formerly known as men in the prime of life, but who now, like myself, show by many unmistakable signs, that we are all approaching "that country from whose bourne no traveller shall ere return." Some four miles from Waynesburg, near the road leading to Washington, on lands now owned by Geo.

Wisecarver, fifty years ago lived a very singular man, whose name was Wm. McNurlin. I saw him just once in Fayette county in an old Lutheran church, where he unexpectedly made his appearance, walking slowly up the aisle, with his coat and pants turned wrong side out, while his straw hat was filled with turkey and chicken feathers. He seemed to be intently listening to what the preacher said, until something was uttered that he did not believe, when he clenched his fist and raised his arm in a threatening attitude, and said, "now that ain't so; now, don't say that again." To this the preacher aptly replied, "You sit down, Mac, and I wont say it again." At this, McNurlin immediately sat down and remained very quiet during the remainder of the service. This man was by no means an idiot, for doing most of the time he was exceedingly bright; his mental aberrations were only occasional. The first evidence of the coming on of one of these periodical visitations was that he would take his position on some rising ground, and there mark out the course he proposed to travel, which was always in a straight line, crossing hills, fences, creeks and even haystacks, if they stood in his bee line. In this way he would often travel until he was sometimes nearly one hundred miles from home. When the hallucination would pass off, and reason again ascend the throne, if he could find his reckoning without inquiry he would preserve a profound silence; if he could not tell where he was, he was compelled to ask. On one occasion he had almost reached Lake Erie, and when he became sane again, he was in a dense forest, with no human abode in sight. Night came on, the snow began to descend, and after wandering round and round, he was compelled to pass the stormy night in the woods. Some portions of his flesh were frozen. From the effects of this exposure he never fully recovered.

As to the town of Waynesburg, it seems to have had no ex-

istance at the time of the passage of the act for creating Greene county. But the act passed 1796, constituted David Gray, Stephen Gapin, Isaae Jenkenson, William Metkirk and James Seals, Commissioners to procure, by grant or purchase, any quantity of land, not to exceed five hundred acres, within five miles of the centre of the county. These men eventually purchased  $158\frac{1}{2}$  acres of land from Thomas Slater, called Eden, for which they gave \$2,376. They run off and offered for sale 201 lots on the 29th of the following September. The lots sold at various prices ranging from five to one hundred and forty dollars, according to situation. They then proceeded to erect a Court House and Jail. The first courts were held at the house of Jacob Kline on Muddy Creek, near where the late Eli Long resided. The first Court House of Greene county was built of logs which can yet be seen at the corner of Greene street and Whisky alley, on lot 195, (now owned and occupied by D. M. Anderson.) The borough was incorporated on the 29th of January, 1816. Its present population is a little less than two thousand. Its situation is pleasant and somewhat romantic, being near the centre of the county in a rich valley on the north bank of the south branch of Tenmile creek, surrounded by towering hills and fertile valleys, well adapted to raising stock, the climate being mild. All the grains and fruits of the temperate zone flourish and yield abundantly in this immediate vicinity. After the first excitement of locating a county seat had died away, the town seemed, for many years, to have been finished. Its situation was extremely isolated, having no thoroughfare of travel except the great Drove Road, which, while it was the means of bringing large quantities of money into the county, held out much greater inducements to locate in the country than in town. There was another cause for stagnation of trade in this town, from the fact that, in 1818, the great National Turnpike was opened through the neighboring towns of

Wheeling, Washington, Brownsville and Uniontown. Along this grand thoroughfare three daily lines of stage coaches conveyed the Congressmen and merchants from the West to the East. Here the traveler was scarcely ever out of sight of those broad-tread wagons, with their snowy covers and ponderous horses that transported the merchandise of our sea-board cities to the rapidly growing West. Along the track of that old road almost every other house became a hotel, where the spacious stables were filled with horses, and the large dining rooms were occupied by substantial tables that literally groaned with the abundance of the magnificently cooked food that was placed upon them. After 9 o'clock p. m., the floor of the large old-fashioned bar-room was covered over with beds, on which the tired wagoners slept and snored like the Seven Sleepers, while up-stairs in forty-pound feather beds the horse-back or foot-sore traveler shivered or sweat, whichever the season of the year rendered the most fashionable. All these things contributed to turn the attention of money-seeking or fun-loving parties away from a town so completely isolated as Waynesburg. But a brighter day is approaching. The little cloud, although "no bigger than a man's hand," seems to be "big with blessings." The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been completed to Cumberland, Md., and her representatives come knocking at the door of the Pennsylvania Legislature, asking the right of way through this immediate neighborhood. But oh! the wisdom of the citizens of Fayette and Greene counties, through which the road was expected to pass, instead of hailing the proposition with delight and receiving the representatives with open arms, they rise up in fierce opposition. R. T. Galoway, of Uniontown, and Dr. J. C. Cummings, of Connellsville, were the Representatives of Fayette county in the State Legislature at the time. These men were possessed of sufficient intelligence to know that the railroad could not be permanently halted at Cum-

berland. Not so the people. I listened to the sophistical arguments of some of the demagogues of that day, in which they asserted that the iron horse could not eat oats or corn. "Let us just compel them to stop at Cumberland, and then all the goods will be wagoned through our country, all the hogs will be fed with our corn and the horses with our oats. Go away with your railroad! We don't want our wives and children frightened to death by the screaming of the locomotive. We don't want our hogs and cows run over and killed by the ears of a soulless corporation." Meetings were held and instructions formulated and forwarded to the Representatives in the Legislature warning them of the fearful precipice on which they were standing, and notified them of the all-important fact that the people had a heavy "rod in soak" for them, if they dared to violate the will of their constituents. These men did in part violate the instructions and reaped the bitter consequences. But how were the applicants treated? They received a negative answer. The Baltimore & Ohio Company built their road over the almost impassable mountains of Virginia, almost touching Pennsylvania at the south-west corner of Greene county, leaving the regions that had said "no," to reap the consequences of their folly, while that proud, imperious company "sits and laughs at their calamity," not even deigning to build them a branch road, that would no doubt be a very profitable feeder to their main trunk line. But at last Waynesburg has a railroad, which, although only a Narrow Gauge, is a great improvement on the old system when this town sustained an annual blockade of mud from two to five months. I traveled over this road a few days ago, and was agreeably surprised at the smoothness of the track, the speed at which trains run, and the extremely polite treatment I received from officers and employees. Prominent among these officers I found Justus F. Temple, a man descended from the old Quaker stock,

who settled in Cumberland township one hundred years ago. He has by his own unaided merit risen up until he has filled different positions of honor and profit, both in the county and in the State, occupying the important position of Auditor General of Pennsylvania, in 1875 to 1878. When I met him he hailed me as an old acquaintance ; spoke encouraging words with reference to the history I am engaged in writing.

Another old acquaintance whom I met, after an absence of twenty years was, W. T. H. Pauley. Although we had known each other for twenty-five years, we never knew until now that we were both native "Buckeyes," born within six miles of each other, in the vicinity of Youngstown, Ohio. He, like myself, was left an orphan boy in poverty's vale, the same injunction being set before us both, viz: "root hog or die." I met with men in different parts of the State, who although differing widely with Mr. Panley in polities, yet always admit that he never allows political differences to interfere with his gentlemanly conduct ; but on the contrary always seems disposed to be particularly obliging to a political opponent, never concealing his opinions for a single moment, but always avowing them. He watches closely for the place where the laugh comes in at his opponent's expense. Thus he renders himself a most enjoyable traveling companion in a crowd, and if he should inadvertently give offence, no man is more ready to apologise and seek reconciliation ; for if there is a man in the county who honestly abhors a mean, dirty trick more than he does, he is hard to find. But it would be a work of supererogation to attempt to write a history (to inform the people of Greene county) of a man they already know much better than I do. He has for many long years been the editor and proprietor of the *Waynesburg Messenger*, the oldest paper in the county. I can remember his predecessor, John Irons, in Uniontown many years ago. A full history of all the papers of the county will

be given as soon as I can collect the necessary information.

A long step has been taken in the last thirty years in the way of education. Waynesburg College, while it has not yet reached the height of fame and usefulness acquired by older institutions, is nevertheless a light in what was previously a dark place. I have known its President for the past twenty-five years, during which time he has tenaciously hung on to that institution, through evil as well as good report. Although often poorly paid and sometimes all manner of evil has been spoken falsely against this institution, yet he resembles that lady who said that if her body should be opened after death, she had no doubt they would find "Calis" at her heart. So with Rev. A. B. Miller, D. D.; if he should be subjected to a *post mortem* examination after his death, Waynesburg College might be said to be at his heart, for I know of no man who has persisted all these long years in rendering so much unrequited service. For it cannot be denied that with the education, talents, energy and self-denial of Dr. Miller, he could obtain a far more lucrative position at almost any time.

Among those that I have personally known as prominent residents of Waynesburg, none were more so than General Jesse Lazear, a self-made man, who began low down on the ladder of fame and also finance, but by diligence in business and rigid economy, he gradually rose to be one of Greene county's men whom her sons delighted to honor. He was for many years Cashier of the Farmers & Drovers Bank of Waynesburg. Among the first five dollar notes I ever owned was one on this old Bank. In those days when the first thing to be done after receiving a note was to call on some one that had in his possession either "Bicknell's Detector," or "Sibbett's Western Review." I being ignorant of what was good and what was bad, presented one of these notes to see whether it was good. The answer I received was, "Whenever

you get a note with Jesse Lazear's name on it you may rest easy, for if the bank *should* break, he will pay it himself." Mr. Lazear's friends made him prominent as a politician, not that he had any political aspirations, but he was willing to serve the people of this county whenever they demanded his service. Hence he was called on to represent his District in the National Legislature at Washington, D. C., which he did to the entire satisfaction of those who sent him. He was also exceedingly benevolent. I presume he never knew, much less did any one else know, what sums of money he contributed at different dates for liquidating the debt of Waynesburg College, as well as numerous acts of liberality. One of the most remarkable of these occurred in 1859. On the morning of the 5th of June, although almost in midsummer, yet the fields, gardens and roads were glistening with an icy frost that fell in small cakes about the size of a dime, freezing to the core all vegetation that was then in a luxuriant state of growth. Dark, gloomy and awful were the forbodings of many with reference to the question, "What shall we eat?" Many sat down in sullen silence during that Sabbath day, when it was not yet known that the wheat was killed. But when Monday and Tuesdays' suns had revealed the fact that the staff of life was broken by the destruction of the wheat, then the pitious wails became loud and long. Some rushed to the heads of market and purchased flour enough at fabulous prices to do them a whole year. Others confiscated the flour found in the neighboring mills and divided it out among a favored few, while others who had promised flour to their shoemaker, their blacksmith or day laborer at six dollars a barrel, immediately put the price up to twelve dollars. Some refused to let it go at any price, while one man whom I knew, told his wife they would have to eat their children! While all this storm of foolish nonsense was going on what was General Lazear en-

gaged in? He was quietly purchasing a large lot of seed buckwheat, which was sent throughout the entire county, especially the upper end, where it was placed in the care of reliable parties, with instructions to give no man more than one bushel, no matter how much money he might have, and every man a bushel whether he had money or not. While this was by many, regarded as an act of disinterested benevolence, it nevertheless was found to be a profitable and popular speculation, as the seed was sold at a large advance on the original cost, and scarcely a dollar was lost of that portion sold on credit. This buckwheat was sown on almost every farm, as well as seed procured from other sources, almost all yielded a most luxuriant crop, in different places yielding one hundred fold, giving abundant evidence of the goodness of God, that while He permitted the unseasonable frost of June 5th, He made such ample amends by restraining the frosts in autumn until this great crop of buckwheat was harvested, and until much of the corn, which in many instances was not replanted until the 15th and even the 25th of June, was fully matured. And what a revelation did this seeming calamity make of the small amount of faith that was found to exist even among professedly pious people. A prophet in old times said "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall there be fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive tree shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Hab. 3: 17, 18. In view of this exhibition may we not ask the question that is asked in Luke 18:8: "Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" I hope he will, but if he had come in 1859, I think that grace would surely have been no larger than "a grain of mustard seed."

Of the old inhabitants I have but very little personal knowl-

edge. I have seen Samuel Cleavenger, Henry Pennock, Matthew Dill, Ephraim Sayers, etc.

There seems to have been no Indian depredations committed in the immediate vicinity of Waynesburg, yet the settler in this neighborhood was terribly frightened in 1774 and 1775, when the Indian chief, Logan, (who had so justly deserved the name of "the white man's friend") made his murderous raid of retaliation. Among the first victims that in part satisfied the revenge of Logan for the slaughter of his friends, were Wm. Speer and family at the head of Deep Run. The act was entirely unexpected. The wildest panic immediately prevailed. The nearest place of refuge seems to have been Garard's Fort. When the savages were driven away the settlers seem to have determined that they would have a nearer place of refuge, and almost immediately constructed Fort Jackson, near the sight of the present borough. Soon after this the murder of Matthew Gray took place. He was killed by the Indians under about the following circumstances: An Indian raid had occurred in Richhill township. Most of the settlers had taken refuge in Fort Jackson; among them the family of the Grays. In a day or two all was quiet again, and Matthew, anxious to know how their cabins, farms and stock had fared, started out of the fort to reconnoiter. He had only proceeded to a point about midway between the present residence of Wm. Reese, immediately west of the covered bridge on the State Road, near the residence of J. A. J. Buchanan, Esq., and Hill's school house, when he was shot by an Indian in ambush. When the time for his return had gone by, his brother David (who afterward became Judge), went in search and found the body stiff in death; he stood it up against a tree and mounted his three year old colt on which he carried the body to the fort and buried it.

Among the earliest instructors in Waynesburg College was Rev. Joshua Loughran, who had previously been connected with

Greene Academy at Carmichaels. This man was a son of Rev. Cornelius Loughran, formerly pastor of Upper Tenmile Church in Washington county. Soon after the founding of this institution Rev. J. P. Wethee was elected President, who had formerly been connected with Madison College at Uniontown. This man's scholarship was never called in question. His ability to govern and control was also of a high order; yet he was in possession of some exceedingly singular opinions. Prominent among these was his notion of the materiality of the soul which he seems to have supposed could not exist without the body, and that consequently when the body died the soul became torpid and dormant until the resurrection of the body from the grave, when a re-union would take place, which would be eternal. There was also the belief of the pre-millennial coming of Christ, when the righteous that were alive on the earth should be "caught up to meet the Lord in the air." This opinion was said to be held by him, and in view of its probability it is affirmed by him that he even provided himself with a robe in which he expected to leave this mundane sphere, and bodily ascend to Paradise. It is even told of him that he arrayed himself in this robe and sat up all night waiting for the coming of the Lord at a specified date.

In this vicinity there lived, in 1791, a man named William Rhodes, who has a very checkered and diversified history. He was born in the State of Rhode Island, about 1759. He went out as a sailor when he was only sixteen years old. He was taken prisoner by the French in 1778, and kept such for two years. After his release he was again captured on a voyage from London, but was liberated through the influence of Americans, as an American citizen. In October, 1780, he accompanied a large fleet of trading vessels to the Barbadoes, from which voyage he seems to have returned safely. But the next year he was again captured by the French. After his re-

lease he was captured by the British during the Revolution, and kept a prisoner in New York for five months, at the end of which time he was exchanged. In 1784 he was wrecked off Cape Cod. Seeming to be thus unfortunate on the seas, he determined to try his fortune on dry land. Hearing the great stories that were then being told of the marvelous fertility of the soil in this region, he began his journey to "Redstone," in the latter part of the year 1787. On the 18th of January, 1788, he arrived at the spot where Brownsville now stands in Fayette county. His first employment seems to have been peddling dry goods and notions around the country on his back. He then opened a small store at Jackson's Fort, now Greene county. Here, in 1791, he bought a plantation, (where his son, the late James R. Rhodes, recently resided), got married, and settled down for life at the humble but honorable avocation of farming. He seems to have been something of a natural artist, and has left behind him several pictures of men, women, ships, animals, etc.

## WHISKY INSURRECTION.

## CHAPTER III.

At this period of time, 1791, the entire inhabitants of the district of territory lying between the Allegheny mountains and the Ohio river, were convulsed as by the upheaval of an earthquake, in consequence of an act of Congress, imposing a four-pence tax on every gallon of whisky. This act was interpreted as a direct personal insult to the inhabitants of Southwestern Pennsylvania, from several considerations: 1st, it was an "excise," which kind of acts the Congress of 1774 had declared to be "the horror of all free States." 2d, it forcibly reminded them of the old "stamp act," to resist which, their fathers had fought, bled, and many of them died. 3d, the details of the law were so exceedingly exasperating in consequence of introducing a system of espionage through the agency of the "Inspectors" who came prying around not only the log cabin distilleries, but also the cabin dwellings of the settlers, in a way that seemed to them totally incompatible with the liberties of "a free people." 4th, the law seemed to them to mock their very poverty. Many of them in the east had been the owners of a few acres of land, for the products of which they could receive cash; but now, although possessed of hundreds and even thousands of acres, their lands were yet an un-subdued forest, yielding no income except the small pittance of the coarsest kind of food on which the primitive families lived. 5th, the manufacture of whisky was *the* business of the western counties, and the only business by which they could obtain the small pittance of money that was absolutely necessary to procure their salt, iron, Dutch ovens, skillets and lids; also

their wool cards, and the few yards of chintz calico that were thought to be absolutely necessary for making "short gowns" for their wives and daughters to enable them to make a respectable appearance at "metin." 6th, by this means also, to a great extent, their lands were cleared and made ready for the plow. Two or three little farmers whose lands lay adjoining, finding themselves in possession of a surplus of several bushels of rye, would confer together and agree to start a distillery at the largest and best spring either of them possessed. When this was erected they were ready to manufacture not only their own surplus but that of their neighbors. There were also numerous single men who had taken tracts of land, but having no "better half" to cook their "hog and homony" for them, they were glad to get the chance to chop wood all winter for the "still house," feeling that they were abundantly compensated by getting their "boarding and bitters" without being left in debt in the spring. The residuum of ashes was sometimes run off into lye and then boiled into potash, which would bear transportation. But the main dependence was on the whisky, which was generally reduced to "fourth proof;" then placed in kegs holding from six to ten and even twenty gallons each. The kegs were then put into a wallet, and placed across the back of a "pack horse," which had previously been surmounted by a "pack saddle, that the farmers made themselves, by obtaining two short crooks or forks of (generally) dogwood. To these they riveted two pieces of wood about two and a half feet long, eight inches wide and one and a half inches thick; on the inside of these, next the horse, they nailed buckskin, leaving space for stuffing, which was usually composed of horse hair, sometimes of wool. When some twenty or thirty of these pack horses were thus fitted out the caravan was ready to start. From this section they generally went to "Redstone Old Fort," (Brownsville.) Thence to Gist's Plantation; thence by "Brad-

dock's Road" to Cumberland, where they began to diverge in different directions in order to obtain supplies. In 1788 the territory which now constitutes Greene county had within its boundaries seventy registered distilleries, and most likely many that were not registered. This "whisky insurrection," as it is generally termed, has often been dished up as a burning reproach against Western Pennsylvania, her enemies asserting that the original settlers were a whisky-loving, brandy-guzzling set of drunkards. I presume no one acquainted with me will expect me to palliate or screen the use of ardent spirits as they are used at the present day. But the truth of history demands that a line of demarkation should be drawn between the use of intoxicating drinks of to-day and one hundred years ago. Then whisky was the pure essence of rye, which was not regarded as fit for use until it was from one to ten years old. It did not seem possessed of those Satanic qualities that are now looked for as the immediate results of indulging in the so-called whisky of the present day, which is little else than a filthy compound of water and poisonous drugs, producing in almost all instances blasphemy, profanity and vulgarity. Not so in those good old days ; men often became eloquent in their quotations of Scripture, and sometimes would engage in singing with great veneration some of those immortal Psalms of the old 'varshion' by Rouse. They *could* then do what men are often heard to say they *can* do now, viz: "Either drink or let it alone." But now it seems if a man contracts the habit of drinking he *cannot* let it alone. One of my own earliest recollections was of a wedding where two young men were singled out to "run for the bottle." Soon one of them who was mounted on a better horse than his competitor, returned, swinging aloft a well-filled bottle, and presented it to the old preacher, who was waiting to perform the marriage ceremony, very politely asking him to "take the bead off this liquor." And sure enough

the preacher did it with a hearty good-will. There was also a poetry in drinking in those days that seemed to rob it of those offensive features that are now so disgusting. Two of these came under my own observation more than fifty years ago. They were as follows: First, a man came into a tavern where I was standing. No one knew him; no one offered him a seat; did not even make room for him by the fire. Yet he knew how to be popular in that age of universal drinking. Hence he exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, what will you all drink? With one accord they gathered round the bar, while smiles lit up their countenances. When the glasses were all filled the stranger lifted his and exclaimed, by way of grace:

Oh! good grog you are my darling;  
Some times you make me friends,  
And some times foes.  
Some times you make me wear old clothes;  
But now since you are so near my nose,  
Up, good greg, and down she goes.

It is useless to say that he was at once a hero, and as he handed over his old Spanish dollar for the drinks, he received the landlord's blandest smile. Every man there was ready to do the stranger any favor that lay in his power, bought by that three cent dram." On another occasion one of those jolley drinkers entered a tavern under circumstances differing but slightly from those described above. As he held up his little tin noggin that held only a gill, he exclaimed:

Here is health to those who have old clothes,  
And have no wives to mend them;  
Here is sorrow to those who have half joes,  
And have no heart to spend them.

The fun-loving landlord was so well pleased on this occasion that he treated all hands "free gratis for nothing." Still on another occasion, while standing in a bar one very cold morning, a man came in with a wagon whip under his arm, exclaiming, "Landlord, I want to get a whip cracker." Soon the door of the old fashioned bar was unlocked, and instead of the skein of

silk that I supposed would be handed out, the bottle was set on the counter and from it this man took a "whip cracker." In a short time in came another man, asking if he could be accommodated with a little "Hardware." The same bottle, to all appearances, was set out, and from it this man took a little "hardware." As I boarded at this house, and as there was fire nowhere else but in the bar-room and kitchen, I still remained a while longer, when in came a regular old "soap stick," and in a subdued tone of voice called for some "red-eye." "Boneface" hesitated this time. The customer saw it, and after some considerable fumbling in his well-worn, thread-bare pockets, he produced three old copperhead cents, at sight of which out came the same bottle and from it a hearty draught of "red-eye" was extracted.

I have detailed these apparently little stories for the purpose of showing what a fascinating charm was thrown like a halo all around the practice of making and drinking ardent spirits. It was esteemed not only a luxury, but an indispensable necessity. The good old Scotch Irish must have whisky at their raisings, their log-rollings, corn-huskings, wood-choppings and in harvest. They must have it at their weddings and funerals, last but not least, they *must* have it when the minister and elder come to visit them and catechise the children. They scarce ever became intoxicated, yet the force of habit had become so strong that they regarded the excise tax as a strike at their "idol," and they were ready to resent it. There were also demagogues in those days who saw the means of success, politically, by espousing the cause of the people who thought themselves aggrieved, and consequently listened with eager earnestness to the harangues of unprincipled aspirants who were ever ready to fan the flame of opposition to the government. There were also fears to be contended with, which had great influence in causing many to quietly submit and go with the

masses, although their consciences told them better. I do not know whether there were any buildings burned in the bounds of Greene county, but there were several barns, houses and grain stacks burned in the western half of what was then all Washington county. A certain incognito demon who signed his name "Tom the Tinker," was almost always notifying some one that his "ladle was hot," and that if they dared to comply with the requirements of law, vengeance would be meted out to them with the utmost severity; and to show these were no idle threats, the mid-night skies were often lit up by the lurid flames of the burning buildings of those who had submitted to the authority of the government. Then without a single effort to prove our ancestors right, but admitting all the time that they were wrong, we will be able to see, by examining these various circumstances, how many extenuations might be pleaded in their behalf, which the enemies of Western Pennsylvania either deny or at least try to keep out of sight. The majority of the excesses were along the waters of Peters Creek, Mingo and Pigeon Creeks: until finally these lesser outbreaks culminated in the burning of the splendid buildings of the Inspector Nevil, on Chartiers Creek, near Bower Hill Station, on the valley railroad. During this attack McFarlin, the leader of the insurgents, was killed. At his funeral on the following Sabbath day several men came prominently to the front, some to fan the flame, others to try to restrain and control it. Conspicuous among these were Bradford and Breckenridge. In many respects this man Bradford might be considered the head and front of the rebellion. It was at his persistent request that the grand demonstration came off at Braddock's Fields, where it might be truthfully said the rebellion "went up like a rocket and came down like a stick."

Our readers will pardon us if our history is somewhat dissultry, as we do not propose to make it like any other

history. Consequently will insert any facts that may be met with at any time and any place; hence I call attention to the following additional history of the town of Jefferson, which I find in the county atlas; "That part of the town west of Pine street was laid out in 1814, by Col. Heaton, and was called Hamilton. The part of the town east of said street was laid out the same year by Thomas Hughes and called Jefferson. The two places were incorporated under the name of Jefferson by act of the Legislature in 1827. It has a population of about 600 inhabitants. Nothing could be more suggestive than the two names that were given by the original proprietor. Those two great statesmen were justly considered the founders of the two great political parties that were at that time just rising into existence, and have ever since divided the suffrages of this great nation. Yet what an incongruity did it seem to name the two opposite sides of the same street for two men whose political principles were so diametrically opposed to each other. It would seem an augury of continuous contentions, and yet nothing is farther from the fact, for I know of no place where there is more political toleration than in the town of Jefferson. There is also a very broad religious toleration, from the fact that although the town contains four churches, viz: Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Cumberland Presbyterian, I have never seen or heard of any controversy arise between these different branches of the Church of Christ.

Monongahela College is located at this town just outside the corporate limits, on a magnificent plat of land containing about fourteen acres where majestic ornamental pine trees were placed, not by the skill of man, but as part of the handiwork of nature's God. This institution was chartered during the winter of 1868 and 1869. Rev. Joseph Smith, A. M., was its first President. After his retirement, J. B. Solomon, A. M.,

filled the Presidential chair. He in turn was succeeded by Rev. H. K. Craig. Among its Professors I find the names of T. W. Grier, W. P. Kendall, J. W. Phillips, J. W. Scott, D. D. Mrs. Jennie Smith was elected Principal of the female department and was succeeded by Mrs. J. B. Solomon. Miss Nannie Pollock was elected assistant teacher in the female department, and she was afterwards Principal. This college has an English department—a department embracing a full course in mathematics—and also a Normal department. The curriculum embraces both a classical and scientific course. It claims to be equal to that of American Colleges generally. It is the design of those having it in charge, that it shall meet the demands of those desiring a thorough mental training, to fit them for the active duties of life. While it is under the direction of the Baptist denomination, it claims to be in no sense sectarian. All students are required to go to church every Sabbath day; yet the church they go to is left to their own discretion, or that of their parents. No doubt great good has been accomplished by this institution, yet it is unfortunate that the two colleges should be located so near each other, as this institution and the Waynesburg College at the county seat, are only eight miles apart. This thing has been effectually tried in the case of Jefferson College, located at Cannonsburg, and Washington College at the county seat, being about the same distance from each other that these Greene county institutions are. Rivalry seems to be the natural result of close proximity, which will lead to financial leanness resulting from divided patronage and reduced terms of tuition, tending to force a kind of classical smattering into the dumb skulls of those whom nature and nature's God never intended to fill positions in any of the learned professions. Let us hope for the best, but if the community around Washington and Cannonsburg could not sustain two rival institutions, and were compelled (after three quarters of a

century of persistent effort) to unite, we may well rejoice with trembling in view of the probable fate of these younger institutions, either of which, if they had the patronage of the entire community, would almost certainly be a success. This borough of Jefferson is located in a township of the same name, which is bounded on the east by the Monongahela river, on the north, by the Washington county line, north-west by Morgan township, west by Franklin township, south by Greene township and south-east by Cumberland township. One of the earliest settlers in this township was Thomas Hughes, who came in company with Jesse Vanmeter and John Swan from the State of Maryland, in 1767. They were among the very first settlers on Muddy creek where they at least made their tomahawk claims before the treaty of Stanwix, while the land still belonged to the Aborginal inhabitants. In a few years Thomas Hughes removed from the present site of Carmichaels, and purchased the land on which the town of Jefferson now stands. He erected the stone house still standing which was long occupied by the Stephens family. He was a Justice of the Peace for many years, and was at one time County Commissioner. He married Elizabeth Swan and raised a family of ten children—four sons and six daughters. This man's descendants are extensively connected with such families as Swan, Neel, Hiller, Roseberry and Lindsey. Two miles east of Jefferson in Jefferson township, still resides or did lately, Isaac F. Randolph, who was born July 2d, 1797, on the farm where he has had his home all his life. His father was born in the "Jerseys" in 1731, and emigrated to this locality in 1795. Isaac F. Randolph is the youngest of a family of sixteen children, fifteen of whom have already gone the way of all the earth. He was married on the 4th of September, 1827, to Miss Sarah A. Adamson, by whom he has had eight children, all of whom are yet living. He has twenty-seven grand-children, and two great

grand-children. He has been a farmer all his manhood days, highly respected by all who know him. In this same township, at Lock No. 6, on the Monongahela river, is situated the busy little town of Rice's Landing, a name derived from John Rice who landed here in 1786, and patented the land above the mouth of the run. Those lots below the run were laid out by Abijah McClean and went by the name of Newport for many years before the lock and dam were built. This place, small as it is, is the principal port for the landing of all goods for the north-eastern end of Greene county. Large quantities of grain are also exported from this place to Pittsburg and other markets, by way of the Monongahela slack-water improvement. The town contains about three hundred inhabitants, three dry goods stores, one saw and planing mill, one grist mill, one grocery and two hotels. Immediately across the river thirty years ago lived a man whose name was Benjamin Coobert, a very devout Methodist and a famous singer, according to the system taught in the old "Beauties of Harmony," as published by Freeman Lewis, in 1814. Mr. Coobert was a very large man, exceedingly stout, and I introduce his name here for the purpose of recording this story about him. It has often been asserted that the Bible requires impossibilities, among other things such precepts as this: "Love your enemies," "When they smite you on one cheek turn the other also," etc. I have been creditably informed that Mr. Coobert gave an illustration that at least one of these precepts can be obeyed. A very quarrelsome man met him at the muster and made various assaults on him with his profane vulgar tongue, all of which were born in silence, until finally the insolent fellow struck him upon the right cheek, Mr. Coobert turned round, saying: "My Master said, 'when they smite thee on the right cheek turn the other also.'" Although this liberty was given, the ruffian was so overawed by the words and by the manner,

that instead of striking again, he turned pale, and stammered out, "excuse me sir," and immediately left the place, showing conclusively that the reason why skeptics say that the teachings of Jesus can not be carried out, is because they do not try them. This story which is well vouched for forcibly reminds me of another that I heard many years ago as follows: A devout old Presbyterian minister was making his annual visit at a house where the woman was a member of his church, but the man was not, and the woman very seldom ever attended at the church. The minister was urging her to attend more regularly. She began to excuse herself by saying what a bad husband she had, and that he always opposed everything she tried to do that was right, etc. The preacher told her she ought not to talk so about her man, but on the contrary she ought to be more kind and affectionate, concealing instead of publishing his faults, and thus heaping coals of fire on his head, as the Scriptures require us to do. The woman exclaimed, "Oh, it would not do a bit of good!" When the preacher asked the question, did you ever try it, to which she replied, "No, I never did just try coals of fire, but I *have* tried bilen water!"

On the south-eastern line of Jefferson township, just inside of Cumberland township, on Pumpkin run, is the spot where old fort Swan and Vanmeter stood one hundred years ago. I was at the place almost thirty years ago, the exact spot being pointed out to me by Thomas Allfree, who resided at no great distance from the place. Andrew J. Young now resides on the identical place where the old stockade was erected about the year 1770. John Swan, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Young, made his towahawk marks here as early as 1767 and his permanent settlement in 1779, in company with Thomas Hughes and Jesse Vanmeter. I am inclined to think this was the very first white settlement, of a *permanent* kind, in Greene county. Some have supposed the Eckerline brothers were in

the bounds of the present county on Dunkard Creek, previous to the coming of these three men. Be this as it may, those Eekerlines were hardly entitled to the name of settlers at all. There is no evidence that they had any families, but on the contrary they were a kind of bachelor hermits, neither "multiplying and replenishing the earth," nor subduing it, as I can find no evidence that they ever cleared *one acre of land*. Their place of abode on Dunkard creek is no doubt very justly called a "camp," which in my opinion is not a settlement. Their time was employed in "exploring, hunting and meditation," very different avocations from those in which the Muddy creek settlers, men, women and children engaged, viz: clearing the land and cultivating crops on the virgin soil. So that if these three families had any predecessors, it must have been Col. John Minor (who built the first flouring mill in the county, at Mapletown, and was appointed a Justice of the Peace by the Supreme Executive Council at Philadelphia, Nov. 30, 1789) and Jeremiah Glasgow, as we have evidence that they explored the region of Big Whiteley Creek about the year 1766. How much they did towards making a permanent settlement, is not known, but one thing seems well established, that they were there, at that date, ready to suffer the privations of frontier life in one long protracted battle with the panther, bear, wolf, wild cat, etc., but above all the savage red man, whose wiles they were to study, whose courage they were to brave, and whose long-winded self-denial they were to out-wind. The mighty forest was to be subdued, and the howling wilderness must become a fruitful field, and the desert must be made to blossom like the garden of the Lord. After the expiration of one century may we not exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

As there is no better way by which we can appreciate the blessings of the present than to compare the times in which we live with those times that "tried men's souls" in the past, I in-

troduce right here some of those fiery trials. In the spring of 1781, (the same year that this territory was created into Washington county), the Indians made their appearance on Crooked run, close to Mason and Dixon's line in what is now Dunkard township, where they seem to have lain in ambush during the night near the cabin of Thomas Pindall, who had gone the day previous to Harrison's Fort where the principal part of the settlers had taken refuge. Mr. Pindall and his family had not yet returned to the stockade, and he being more brave than prudent, induced three young men whose names were Harrison, Crawford and Wright to go home with him and spend the night. Sometime after they had been in bed, Pindall's wife awoke him, saying that she had several times heard a noise which she was quite sure was the whistling on a charger, insisting that they had better go to the fort immediately for safety. He insisted, however, that it was only the wind, the sound of which her fears had magnified into the Indian signal, and as the night was exceedingly dark, all parties took their rest till morning, when the men rose early and apprehending no danger, Mr. Pindall walked out into the woods to catch his horse, while the young men went to the spring for the purpose of washing themselves. While thus engaged three guns were fired at them by the ambushed Indians, and Crawford and Wright were instantly killed. Harrison immediately fled, and arrived safely at the fort. Mrs. Pindall and her sister-in-law, Rachel, hearing the report of the guns, leaped out of bed and ran toward the fort, pursued by the Indians, who overtook, killed and scalped Mrs. Pindall, while Rachel escaped safely to the fort. In the month of June of the same year, another depredation was committed by the savages at Martin's Fort, on Crooked run. The majority of the men had gone forth at an early hour to labor on their farms. The women were engaged in milking the cows at the gate of the fort. The Indians, who

were lying concealed in the woods, made a simultaneous rush, and killed or captured ten of the females who were outside of the fort gate. They also killed James Stewart, James Smolley, and Peter Crouse, while John Shriver and his wife, two sons of James Stewart, two sons of James Smolley and a son of Peter Crouse were carried into captivity, a fate for the women more frightful than death. These two depredations were on the extreme southern boundary of Greene county. Let us now notice another murder on its northern border. In the month of September of the same year, Nathan Davidson and his brother had gone on a hunting expedition up Tenmile. They left their camp one morning intending to meet there at a certain house, and then they would return home the same evening, (which home was near Davidson's Ferry). At the appointed hour Josiah arrived at the camp, but Nathan never came back. In the following March his body was found by John Reed where he had been shot and scalped. But the sneaking perpetrator was not known to have committed any other crime. This same Tenmile region had previously been stained with the blood of the whites, shed by the murderous hands of their implacable foes, the Indians. In the month of February, 1780, several families had gathered into Harbert's Block House. On the third of March while some children were playing with a crippled crow in the yard, they espied several Indians coming toward them. They immediately gave the alarm, when John Murphy looked out at the door to ascertain the nature of the danger, when he received a shot from the gun of an Indian (who had just come round the house), and fell back into the house. The Indian, eagre for his scalp, sprang into the block house, the door still being open. Here Harbert, a brave man, laid hold on him and threw him on the floor. A shot from the outside of the house wounded Harbert. Still he maintained his hold on his savage antagonist, trying, in the meantime, to dis-

*This is probably  
Ten mile in  
N.Y.*

patch him with his tomahawk, when he received another shot through the head and immediately expired. His wounded antagonist then sprang out at the door which was partially open. Another active young warrior sprang in, carrying in his hand a tomahawk with a long spear at the end of the handle. Edward Cunningham raised his gun to shoot this savage, but it missed fire and the two grappled in a dreadful struggle. At length Cunningham wrenched the tomahawk from the hand of the savage and buried the spear end of the handle in his back. Mrs. Cunningham now struck the Indian in the face with the edge of an ax, wounding him severely, when he loosened his hold of her husband and staggered out of the house. A third Indian now ran in, and aimed a murderous blow at the head of Miss Reese, which did not kill her, only inflicting an ugly wound. Her father, who was a Quaker, seeing his daughter thus brutally beaten, seized hold of the Indian, but was soon thrown to the floor, and would have been killed but for the opportune interference of Cunningham who had been released from his struggle with the first Indian just in time. Seeing the danger Reese was in, he drew out the spear end of the tomahawk from the back of the first Indian and instantly sunk the bit into the head of the second Indian as he was about to dispatch Reese. The door was now shut and firmly held by the women, although the Indians on the outside made desperate efforts to force it open. They now killed and scalped, or captured, all the children in the yard. When disengaged of being able to do any more mischief, they departed, leaving the whites in possession of the stronghold they had so valiantly defended. Of the whites in the house only one (Halbert) was killed and four wounded, while seven or eight children in the yard were killed or captured. One Indian was killed and two desperately wounded, showing it to be a draw battle in which savage valor of one sex was met by equal valor on the part of

both sexes of the whites. When the third Indian aimed his deadly blow at the head of Miss Reese, the girl's mother rushed forward and caught the warrior by his false horns which came off in her hands, and, although her interference did not entirely protect her daughter from injury, it no doubt turned aside the murderous weapon sufficiently to save the girl's life. If Reese had laid aside his Quakerism at an earlier period in the struggle the probabilities are, that the two wounded Indians would have been incapacitated forever from participating in another such battle, and yet the Quaker owed his life to the man whom he at first refused to assist.

While on the subject of Indian barbarities I will add one more sad chapter to the list that might be indefinitely prolonged. That is the murder of the two sisters by the name of Crow, on Wheeling Creek. Jacob Crow had settled here in 1770 or 1771; he was the father of five daughters and at least one son. As these were "times that tried men's souls," so, also, did they try the nerve and muscle of the bodies of their women. Hence one of the daughters had been working for wages for Mr. James Davis near Ryerson's Station and had returned home on Saturday night for the purpose of spending the Sabbath at her father's house. A colt belonging to the old man had broken out of its enclosure and ran off up the creek. A son, whose name was Michael, had gone in search for this colt up above the mouth of Wharton's run. Upon finding it he returned down the creek until he was again opposite the mouth of this run, near which at a few rods distance from the creek lay a sand stone rock probably twenty feet square. Behind this rock, in concealment lay the notorious young Spicer and two Indian warriors who might easily have shot down the boy on the colt but he was permitted to pass in safety as the Indians evidently had designs on other parties close at hand. These parties were the five daughters of old Jacob Crow and sisters

to the young man Michael. Four of these daughters had accompanied their older sister (on her return back to her weekly work near the Station) and were now engaged cracking walnuts under a tree preparatory to separation. Here they were met by their brother who told them they had better go on as it was getting late and there might be "Injuns" about. The girls then separated, two of them staring to the creek, the others to return home. At this moment two guns were fired from behind the rock and the two girls in the creek both fell fatally wounded. The other three fled with all possible speed, pursued by the savages who threw a tomahawk striking Taner in the back between the shoulders near the spine, and bringing her instantly to the ground. The Indians kept up the pursuit until the remaining young woman was captured, to whom they made offers if she would go with them as a companion that they would save her life. These offers were refused with contempt and disdain, when in hateful rage the scalping knife was applied and her luxuriant head of hair was torn off to grace an Indian's belt and she was left to die a lingering and horrible death that occurred about nine days after, partly from starvation and partly from exposure and loss of blood. During this parley in making these offers and having them rejected Taner (who had been knocked down apparently dead by the stroke in the back) had revived from the shock and had secreted herself so successfully that even Indian vigilance failed to find her and she lived to be an old woman as the wife of —— McBride, and the mother of ten or eleven children. The mark of the tomahawk in her back was distinctly visible at the time of her death and was seen by one of my informants. Mary, the little sister, who had "scaree entered her teens," out-ran all parties and was taken up behind her brother on the colt on which they both made their escape, first to their father's house, where, after alarming the remaining inmates, all parties made their escape

that night to Ryerson's Fort, where this same infamous Speer and his savage allies had committed another depredation the same day about a mile above the station in the slaughter of the Davis family. This little girl, Mary Crow, who made such a narrow escape was afterwards married to Hiram Gray. She lived to be 104 years old and was the mother of fifteen children. This Michael Crow had already had a distressing Indian experience when he was only five years old. An Indian alarm had come; those who were older were started to run to the Fort while those who were smaller were carried in the arms of their parents. This boy was too large to be carried and too small to run, hence a puncheon in the cabin floor was lifted and he was pushed down "*nolens volens*" and directed, under all circumstances, to keep quiet, which he certainly did, as the Indians soon entered the cabin in their work of pillage and held high carnival immediately above him while he maintained a profound silence even long after the departure of his, foes from which unpleasant position he was finally released by other members of the family, after remaining under the house for three days with nothing to eat and no companion but a large dog. These statements I have received from Mrs. Ann Rickey, wife of William S. Rickey, and grand daughter of Michal Crow, Sr. Robert Dinsmore, John Dinsmore, and David Braddock, Jr., also concur in substantially the same statements. I am aware that there are other versions of the affair, but these descendants and relatives think that this chapter is about as near correct as we possibly can have it at this late day. Another of these Indian depredations occurred in the month of March, 1779, on Dunkard Creek. The heroine was a woman whose name was Experience Bozarth, who seems to have been a woman of unusual courage, and was recognized as such by her neighbors, two or three families of whom had taken refuge at her house, deeming themselves safer in her company than they

would be at their own homes. On a certain day some of the children thus collected together came running in, saying that there were Indians coming. One of the men in the house walked to the door to see and found the report was true, when he received a ball in the side of his breast which caused him to fall back into the house. The Indian rushed in after his scalp, when he was met by a very stout man who was unarmed at the time; he, however, seized the Indian and threw him on the bed and called loudly for a knife to kill him with. Instead of hunting for a knife, Mrs. Bozarth seized an ax that stood in the corner and with one blow let out the Indians brains. At that instant a second Indian ran in and seeing the man leaning over the body of the Indian on the bed drew up his gun and shot the white man dead. Mrs. Bozarth now attacked this second Indian with her already bloody ax inflicting several wounds, one of which let out his entrals, causing him to bawl out murder. This brought out a third Indian to his relief who had only stuck his head a short distance into the door when the murderous ax (wielded by the stalwart arm of this American Amozonian) clave his skull in two, stretching him lifeless on the floor. A fourth Indian now seized the bellowing fellow by the leg and drew him out at the door, which was immediately shut and barred by the woman and the white man who was first shot, and who by this time had partially recovered. Here they were compelled to remain for several days with the dead white man and dead Indian both in the house. They were finally relieved by the arrival of several hunters who drove away the Indians who still continued to besiege them. This affair was in the bounds of the present Greene county, although it was then called a part of Westmoreland county. But I have already mentioned the murder of the Davis family, of which I have obtained the following additional particulars from Eze-  
kiel Grandon, a grand nephew of old man Davis. This mas-

sacre was done on the morning of the same day that the Crow sisters were killed. The oldest daughter of the Davis family had risen early and went out to milk the cows. While thus engaged she saw two Indians and a white man stealthily creeping along the fence of the field in which she was milking. Without showing any signs of alarm, she walked deliberately to the house and told what she had seen. This her father and brother refused to believe, as so many rumors had been started that had proven untrue, and derided her declarations as the result of fear. Soon after the family sat down to a breakfast of bread and milk. But scarcely had they begun to eat when in rushed the two Indians whom the girl had said she had seen, and instantly shot down the old man and his full-grown son. They handed their empty guns to the white fiend who accompanied them, and he immediately proceeded to re-load the same, while the Indians, with their tomahawks, soon dispatched the five younger children, taking the mother and her infant captive and leaving seven scalpless, bleeding corpses lying on the floor. This constituted the entire family, except the daughter who had first spied the savages; who was on the look-out, and, although her report was not credited, still she could not disbelieve the testimony of her own eyes, and as soon as the massacre commenced, (she having refused to sit down with the family), she sprang out of a low window and fled to the fort. Another full-grown son had gone out hunting, and when he heard the report of the guns he concluded that it was the settlers at the fort killing a beef. The bodies of the murdered family were burried in one grave on the bank of Thomas' Fork of Wheeling creek, about three hundred yards from the spot where the massacre occurred, on lands lately owned by the late Armstrong Grim.

About three miles from this place, on the other branch of Wheeling creek, about forty-three years ago, a murder occurred

which involved the whole community in a state of the most intense excitement. An old man, whose name was Samuel Venatta, who owned a large tract of land on the Thomas branch of Wheeling creek, had also bought a settlement right on the South branch. A man whose name was Jesse Pettit had purchased the same land—as part of the Cook or Lieper lands—and insisted on having possession of the same. This Venatta refused to give, when a posse of some ten or twelve men attempted to forcibly eject Venatta's tenant. The old man came to their assistance and was very much abused by them; but still he and his tenant held the "fort." On the next day they returned, armed with a warrant, in the hands of Nathaniel Pettit, who was the Constable of Morris township. This warrant the Constable attempted to serve, and was refused admittance on the ground that Venatta was afraid to risk his life in the hands of the men who had torn his shirt off his back the day before, as well as otherwise bruising and kicking him. The Constable then attempted to break open the door, when Venatta warned him from the inside that if they persisted they would do it at their peril. This warning was unheeded; the posse from behind pressing the Constable on against the door, which yielded and flew open, when the Constable rushed in and was met by Venatta, who held a butcher-knife in his hand. He instantly thrust the knife into the breast of the Constable, who immediately exclaimed, "it is all over; let him alone!" and turned to go out at the door, when he received another thrust in the back, and after walking a step or two, fell dead on the porch. Either of these wounds would have proved fatal as the knife in both instances had touched the heart. A warrant was procured the same evening from Squire Lazear for the arrest of Samuel Venatta for murder. This warrant was immediately served by George Stroup, the Constable of Richhill township, to whom Venatta peaceably surrendered himself, and was

taken to Waynesburg the same night. He was permitted to file a bail bond, endorsed by Francis Gray and John Conkey. He was eventually tried, and acquitted on the ground that the killing was in self-defense.

About two and a half miles from the place where the Davis family were murdered is a spring known by the old settlers as the "Panther Lick." This name is derived from the following circumstance: Edward Grandon was out of meat, and was anxious to procure a supply. For this purpose he resorted to a salt spring or "lick," at a time when the deer were accustomed to procure their supply of salt by imbibing these salient waters during the darkness of the night. The usual method was to get the exact range of the spot where the animals drank during the day light, then stake the gun in that position and await the arrival of the expected game, when the hunter had nothing to do but draw back the hammer of the old flint lock gun, pull the trigger, and away went the ball, bringing down the denizen of the forest (providing the ball hit.) On this occasion Mr. Grandon arrived at the "lick" about sundown and was engaged in staking his gun in the proper position, when his attention was diverted from his work by a piece of bark, falling from a tree. Casting his eye upwards he was horrified at the sight of a large panther, within easy springing distance of him, which evidently was also awaiting the arrival of the deer. Mr. Grandon now discovered that he had other use for his gun, and profiting by the hint he did not wait to "stake down his piece" in the range of the panther, but raising it to his shoulder he drew a "bead" on the intruder and drove a ball through his heart. Had it not been for that falling bark, some luckless deer might have been shot, and the hunter would have found it difficult to make an equitable divide with his rival in a struggle over the corpse of the animal that both parties would no doubt claim as their lawful prey. While

the hunter might insist that he alone had done the killing, the panther might demur on the grounds that he was there first and consequently had "preemption" rights. Not far from this panther lick an affair occurred "in early day, as poets say," that was somewhat amusing to the spectator, but full of deep serious earnestness to the parties engaged in it. William Grandon (the son of the same Edward Grandon who shot the panther at the lick) was out on a bear hunt, and finally succeeded in bringing down a mammoth bruin of the feminine gender. Without the usual precaution of loading his gun, he ran up to bleed his victim. Just as he was within easy reach he made the discovery that her bearship was not yet ready to part with life, and thinking, no doubt, that she had been basely maltreated by an intruder on her rightful domain, she determined to resent any further indignities, and just as he applied the knife to her hairy throat she struck her ponderous paw into the back of his hunting shirt, giving him a hint that "one good turn deserves another." The idea seems to have been suddenly impressed on his mind that "prudence was the better part of valor." In order to carry out this new impression he suddenly departed from the place, leaving a small patch of linsey in the claws of Mrs. Bruin as a memento of his kindness. In these efforts to break the "last link" that bound the friends together, Mr. Grandon was very much indebted to the timely interference of a large dog, that seemed to have had somewhat peculiar ideas of "fair play," and in order to carry them out, just as Mr. Grandon applied the knife to the throat, he applied his teeth to the hind leg, which divided the affection of the gentle female between the two friends to such an extent that they both escaped from her tender embraces. But although foiled this time she is apparently determined that she will not "waste all her sweetness on the desert air," and consequently she renews the pursuit, again extending an open paw, and in-

serts it not only in the hunting shirt, but in something more tangible beneath it. Her prospects are good for a renewal of the previous proximity, but here the "pesky" dog again interferes and she is compelled to let go. But this thing is becoming monotonous, and as Mr. Grandon is a lover of variety he determines to change the program. Not a single ball is found in his shot-pouch, but there is plenty of powder in his horn. A charger full of this is poured down his gun, and as Mrs. Bruin approaches for a final "hug," the ungrateful man, who failed to appreciate all this intended kindness, thrust the muzzle of his gun down her open mouth and yawning throat and then discharges his powder, which was more potent in its effects than his bullet had previously been. Her bearship dropped helpless on the ground, and after several convulsive throws of anguish, expired a victim of unappreciated kindness. Now, gentle reader, after this panther and bear story, which occurred at different periods of time, please listen to one more in which the two animals were combined, as follows: Out on Fish creek, about eighty years ago, a famous hunter who was known as Killhim Gothard, was out hunting without success. The shades of evening were beginning to fall and the humiliating thought was momentarily impressing itself on his mind that he must return home without game. He was almost ready to curse his day, at least his luck; but there is no alternative. Reluctantly he turned his steps slowly towards the spot where he knew he could cross Fish Creek on a tree that had fallen across the stream. When he came in sight of this bridge he saw that there were other parties about to cross, and their growls and screams indicated that they intended to be cross about it. A panther on one side and a bear on the other side, both seemed insisting on their right to preempt the bridge. As no compromise could be effected they both started on the log at the same moment, and met in the midst of the stream.

The old maxim, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," is now to be tested. The panther, with his superior agility, might have leaped safely over his clumsy antagonist; but no, he was anxious for a fight. The bear, however, seeing his opportunity, raised his awkward foot and striking his antagonist on the side of the head, hurled him headlong into the boiling stream below. No doubt bruin congratulated himself on his easy victory. But alas! his laurels are destined soon to fade, for his incensed enemy can never forgive such an insult as that. He swims nimbly to shore on the same side, where the exultant bear has just arrived, and now with growl and yowl, each angry monarch of the forest approaches the other. The deep chasms and towering hills of Fish Creek echo and reverberate with their mutual imprecatations, and when their rage has reached the highest sublimity, with one deep-lrawn, dreadful yowl, the conflict begins. The panther makes one high leap, and as he descends, lights on the back of the animal that had so recently insulted him. Vain are bruin's efforts to shake him off. His long, dagger-like fangs sink deeper and deeper into the neck of his luckless foe, until at last the jugular vein is reached, and the hot life-blood soon reddens the ground, and causes the previously victorious bear to succumb to superior activity. All this time our hunter has watched with intense anxiety to see the favorable time for him to interfere. It has come at last; he need not return home without having made as high a mark this day as he ever did any day of his life. Thus while the victorious panther triumphantly lashes his sides with his great eat-like tail, and commences to lick up the blood of his fallen foe, the unseen hunter wipes off his "frissen," examines his priming, carefully lays his rifle in a rest, pulls the trigger and the deadly bullet lays the panther low. Thus man, "to whom was granted dominion over the beasts of the earth," comes *not* to divide the spoil, but to retain

it all. I am still further indebted to my old friend Ezekiel Grandon for another story, which I have no doubt is true, as he is a man of unsurpassed memory, especially as regards occurrences fifty or sixty years ago. He has almost lived out his three score and ten years. He is a great Bible reader, a man of undoubted veracity, a zealous member of the South Tenmile Baptist Church, and in short just about the right kind of a man, (only in your conversation with him, reader, you must just let him have his own way on the mode on baptism,) as I do. But now for the narrative. It occurred almost sixty years ago in the bounds of the present Richhill township, Greene county. At that date game was abundant, especially in the upper end of "Little Greene." There were a few Nimrods, whose daily avocation was scouring the woods in search of deer, elk, bear, wolves, panthers, etc.; and woe be to luckless animals that came within range of their deadly rifles, which discharged a ball, forty-five of which made a pound avoirdupoise. There were also abundance of men to whose palate a roast of deer meat, a slice of jerk or a hunk of venison tasted just as sweet as it did to the regular hunter. But alas! they cannot procure it; although they can draw a fine sight at a mark, or can knock down a squirrel from the tallest tree, yet such game as we have named above, is too large for them. They meet it in the woods, but that strange disease known as "buck fever" at once attacks them, and trembling similar to Bellshazar, unstrings their nerves; the gun refuses to remain in one position; they fire, but the untouched deer bounds away, showing them his heels in a way that seemed to say, "I guess you didn't." The regular hunters, proud of their success, were not by any means backward in ridiculing their less fortunate neighbors who now determine to act the "dog in the manger." If we *can't* the hunters *shan't* feast on the corpses of the buck and the doe. For this purpose they got up the most extensive

circular hunt ever known in these western counties. Marshals are selected with great care, not only from Greene but Washington and Fayette counties; the Pan-Handle and West Virginia respond to the invitation to join in the extermination. The lines of circumvallation were not precisely the boundaries of old Richhill township, but were about equally extensive. The place of rendezvous is carefully selected, which is a circular valley near Kineaid's mill. The long expected day arrives. From all quarters horsemen and footmen, armed with guns, may be seen hastening towards the spot where their respective lines are to be formed. But not a dog, neither mongrel puppy, whelp, hound, nor curr of low degree can put in an appearance that day; although it is said "every dog has his day," yet that was not *their* day; if they must bark, they must lay in their kennels or at the end of their chains and bark at their fleas. But the stalwart men press on; the lines are formed, and the blowing of horns and the firing of guns announce that the deadly march has begun. Nearer and nearer the formidable lines approach the place of the anticipated slaughter. But alas! the line from Morris township is behind time. The game find the gap, and away goes the stag, the wolf and most of the young reynards; but there is one old fox that seems to have had an inkling that as there were to be no dogs present, consequently not much danger, even if some of his descendants had said the Nimrods are in the line, he might have replied in fox parlance. "what of it; they are all on our side," which was true. Although the force of circumstances almost compelled the regular hunters to take their places in the line, they did it unwillingly and whenever they saw an opportunity of doing so with impunity, they stepped aside and purposely let the game escape, virtually bidding it go in peace. But the old red fox could not be thus dismissed. Being of an inquisitive disposition, he determined to go on and see what will be the result at the com-

ing-out place. Finally that place is reached; it is advantageously chosen; a circle of trees are blazed around the crest of the hill so as to allow no human biped to enter the dark valley where the congregated thousands of quadrupeds are to be slaughtered without mercy. When the thousands of eager men began to crowd thickly together on the hills overlooking this Golgotha, what a sight met their expectant vision. But I draw a veil over the scene of slaughter. A large number of deer were swung behind the saddles of the horsemen. Some few wolf scalps were taken. But now the grand exhibition commences. The same old fox is not satisfied with the day's performances. He has been at many a hunt, but none without dogs before. Why, he has had no exercise at all. This will never do; and as he seems to know that the Nimrods are on his side, and that only the men who are afflicted with buck-fever will shoot at him, he makes his appearance and describes one flaming circle around the ring. Unhurt he runs the gauntlet again and again, while hundreds of rifles are fired at him. The guns of the Nimrods contained nothing but powder, while the bullets of the masses go almost everywhere else than into the hide of this celebrated racer. Sixteen complete circles had been made, when esteeming this glory enough for one day, he finally yielded to his fate and fell pierced by several bullets which seem to have struck him about the same time. Several persons claimed the honor of shedding the blood of this brave red fox that certainly did enough to immortalize his name if he only had been fortunate enough to have had one.

After having taxed the patience of our readers thus long with old Indian, panther and bear stories, I will now proceed to give some brief biographies of some of the old settlers in the upper end of the county of Greene. James Burns was of Scotch descent, (somewhat distantly descended from the same family of which the old Scotch poet was a member). He set-

tled at an early day on the waters of Owens' run where he became the owner of several tracts of land, which had previously been part of the Thomas Leiper lands. He was an expert hunter, whose deadly rifle was almost sure to bring down any animal on which he drew a bead. About sixty-five years ago Richhill township had only two Whig voters, Mr. Burns being one, and Francis Braddock the other. The descendants of these men, to a considerable extent in their numerous affinities, make up the Republican voters of Richhill township to-day. When Mr. Burns became old he divided out his extensive tracts of land among his children, entailing those lands to them and their children after them, as far as the constitution of the State will permit. However praiseworthy the intentions of the grantor in making this entailment, it has always been a question in my mind as to whether there are not more evil than good consequences resulting from it, as its direct tendency is to constitute the children of any given generation nothing more than tenants for life, thus destroying that mainspring of enterprise which is found to result alone from ownership, and as man must have his support from some source, it is evident that it must either be obtained by his own exertions, or be filched from the community in which he lives. My own observation is to the effect that man will do more by way of improvement and aggrandisement when he is the sole owner, and when every acre of land is at all times liable for the fulfillment of all his contracts. Yet I have known instances in other localities where insolent rascalities were practiced just because the parties were shielded by entailment. Although there may be exceptions, as there are in the Burns case, still I am disposed to think that the few shielding exemption laws we have the better for all parties. Possibly an instance may occur occasionally in which a rapacious, cold-blooded creditor may cruelly strip a most worthy but helpless debtor. Yet the instances of wrong-doing will

not be more than one in twenty of what there will be if all debtors can bid their creditors defiance and laugh them to scorn when they attempt to secure their just dues. When the debtor is protected by a law that exempts everything below a certain value, by this means a double wrong is done: first, to the creditor by depriving him of his dues; secondly, to the debtor who must carefully calculate lest accidentally he might come in possession of more property than the law will exempt, thus tying his hands and destroying his earnings to that extent that he often deprives himself of the comforts of life rather than run the risk of paying what he honestly owes. About six miles from the place where Mr. Burns settled there lived, about eighty years ago, a very singular old man of the German persuasion, whose name I will not mention, as he has some very respectable descendants. This old man was afflicted with that singular disease called hypocondria, and the particular type of it was that he imagined himself to be made of glass and was continually cautioning those around him to be careful lest they should break off some of his limbs, or otherwise deface him. His family protested and scolded and derided his notions, but all in vain. The more his opinions were controverted the more firmly he became convicted of their truthfulness. Some one advised the family to humor his whims in all particulars until a favorable opportunity should be presented of convincing him of their absurdity. At his suggestion the sons procured a cart to which they attached a yoke of quiet oxen; they carefully placed a feather bed in it, on which they placed the old man in a position, partly sitting, partly lying and partly standing, very exactly complying with his most minute wishes. Thus carefully equipped, the oxen, the cart and the sons started out to give the old invalid the benefit of the fresh air. One of the sons drove the oxen slowly along the bank of Wheeling creek, until they had arrived at the mouth of Crab Apple run—

occasionally stopping to let all parties rest—when the young man who walked behind as a kind of rear guard, seems to have conceived the idea that there was something wrong with one of the wheels of the cart, at least he had something to do with the linchpin which he was seen carrying in his hand, and it evidently was not put back in its proper place, as the cart had only proceeded a short distance when just above the steepest part of the bluff, Oh! horror of horrors, the wheel came off, down went that side of the cart, away went the feather bed, and worst of all, down went the man who imagined himself made of glass, over the bluff, over the rocks. Surely he will share the fate of Nebuchadnezzar's image—he will "become as the small dust of the threshing floor." But no! from the bed of the creek up comes, first horrid imprecations, then stones hurled from a giant arm, then an enraged man who gave chase to the undutiful rascals who with difficulty made their escape. The sequel of this story, which I have from undoubted authority, is that the man was cured of his foolish delusion, drove the oxen and cart home himself, after putting on the wheel and gathering up the feather bed. But it was long before he forgave the boys who played him such a mean trick. As troubles seldom ever come single-handed, so delusions often make their appearance near the same localities and about the same dates. Hence not far from the date when the dutchman was tumbled out of his cart, a man moved over from Washington county, that "land of learning, where the people all believe themselves smart; where they never tire of glorifying their ancestors, whose sons, find them where you may, whether on the boundless prairies of the western States, in the fastnesses of the Rockey Mountains, or on the Pacific slope, always arogate to themselves the chief places in assemblies, and although they may searcce be able to tell who made them, yet they will place their thumbs in the arm-holes of their vests, teter themselves

up and down on their toes, and exclaim with an air of superiority, "stand back here; let me see. I am from Washington county. How must the benighted inhabitants of Greene have rejoiced to see such a light as this settling on the State Road, within two miles of the present Jacktown. What grand anticipation must have lit up the darkened imaginations of those primitive settlers when this luminary of the first magnitude, condescended to squat among them. But alas! their air castles are destined to crumble around them, for it is soon found that he is laboring under a delusion almost equal to the Dutchman who was dumped into the creek, the difference being the German was content to think himself glass, while the other, (because he came from Washington county, of course must imagine himself something superior), consequently imagined himself Porcelain China. He was very fearful that, in his contacts with the rough masses among whom his lot was cast, that he might be broken, maimed or dashed to atoms; consequently he was always cautioning all who came in to see him to be ware how they handled him, as he was composed of the most costly kind of China ware. These men, rough as they were, could not have "the wool pulled over their eyes" in that way. They were in possession of good "mother wit," and concluded that this newcomer was only flesh and blood, created out of the same dust as the rest of mankind, therefore could not look upon him with that degree of veneration that he seemed to claim as his due, and in the abundance of their benevolence they concluded to dispel the delusion under which he was laboring and cure him for all time of his belief that he was a helpless invalid. With this determination in view, some four or five of them called on him one morning and insisted that he should take a ride for his general health. After much persuasion he was induced to allow himself to be lifted carefully on the sumit of a saddle, the stirrups and girth of which had been almost cut off

immediately under the skirt so that he could not make the discovery.' This saddle was placed on the back of an antiquated but spirited nag that would by no means bare the whip. Two kind-hearted neighbors, mounted on more sober horses, were to accompany the sick man in his morning ride, while the remainder were to act their part on foot. All things being ready, one of the irreverent footmen picked up a thorn bush previously prepared, and struck the spirited horse on which the porcelain man was mounted, a severe blow. The consequences were immediate and alarming. The horse sprang forward with a desperate leap ; the invalid thrusts his weight into the stirups, one of which immediately broke, throwing him on one side of the saddle; the girth now gave way, dropping both man and saddle on the ground, where it might be supposed the man would have gone to fragments, and that those who had so kindly assisted him, would have had a busy day in placing the different pieces in something like respectable shape for burial. But no. The breaking of Pandora's box could not have produced a more frightful aparition than was seen to rise up from the spot where that man fell. Without stopping to reflect that he was only China and certainly must be dashed to hopeless nonentity, he immediately appealed to stone after stone, and finally the thorn bush, which was as potent as the scourge of small cords in driving the money-changers out of the Temple. With this weapon he cleared the ridge from the intrusions of his real but, in his opinion, false-hearted friends. The halucination was broken and dispelled. But the man became the butt of ridicule to such an extent that he returned to Washington county where the people were sufficiently advanced to appreciate properly the refined feelings of a man made of porcelain China. While writing of delusions and halucinations, I will mention just one more, which used to exist in the bounds of Greene county, that was perhaps equally absurd with any thing that ever did occur

in any locality, and yet no names dare be mentioned, from the fact that the man was respectably connected then and has left behind him descendants of high respectability. This man was evidently dispeptic, and as he suffered greatly in the region of his stomach he came to the conclusion that that important locality was occupied by a shoemaker whose incessant pounding gave him all his acute misery. He would often invite his friends to listen, saying "don't you hear him pounding on his lapstone," "now he is sewing up the eye-seam," "now he is driving in his last," &c. His friends adopted the following plan to disabuse his mind of those ridiculous notions; hence one of them procured some lobelia which was made into tea, and the man was induced to drink it. It soon produced vomiting, and the suffering man beheld an awl which a bystander had dropped down before him, which he thought he had ejected from his mouth. Presently a shoemaker's knife, then the different parts of the "kit" were thrown down before him, and finally a small man with a leather apron on sprang past him and ran for the woods. This he believed to be the veritable shoemaker who had given him so much pain, and as his emetic had caused him to disgorge the contents of an overloaded stomach, his health was much improved and the ailment gone.

In Centre township there lived for many years a man who had a grieved crime laid to his charge, and that crime was no less than the murder of one Polly Williams at the White Rocks, in Laurel Hill Mountains, in the year 1810. In the year 1846, in company with my father-in-law, Hon. Samuel Nixon, of Fayette county, I visited the mountains for the purpose of exploring Delaney's Cave and also of seeing the spot where this murder was committed. We arrived first at the cave where we only made a partial exploration in consequence of the lateness of the hour, having consumed considerable time in gathering huckleberries. About four o'clock, p. m., we arrived at the

White Rocks. After hitching our horses, we started to walk across a level bed of moss, and soon were stopped, and I was startled by finding myself standing on the ledge of a smooth rock, perhaps eighty feet in perpendicular height. My father-in-law said "this is the White Rock." The day was excessively hot, hence he started, saying "follow me." He then led the way through the bushes by a surpentine course down to the base of the rock. Then stooping down and creeping under a projecting rock, he said "there is where the body lay when we found it. "Turning a little to one side, we sat down in the cool shade of the rock, where he told me the following story, viz: "This girl, Polly Williams, lived with Jacob Moss, about eight miles from the foot of the mountain, near McClellandtown. There she became intimately acquainted with Philip Rogers, who seems to have brought himself under obligations to marry her. He then began to frame a great many excuses, until his conduct became so suspicious that Mr. Moss forbade him coming about his house. Having found means to communicate with the girl, he invited her to meet him at Boyd's mill, near New Salem. The girl arrived first, but having had her fears excited by what Mr. Moss had said, she climbed into a tree. Rogers soon arrived, but acted so suspiciously that she concluded he intended to drown her in the deep waters of the mill dam, and she remained concealed. Some time after this she received a letter from him, inviting her to meet him at his uncle's, who lived on a farm near the foot of the mountain, which farm is now owned and occupied by Alfred Stewart, brother of the late Hon. Andrew Stewart. Here they met. After some conversation, they started, saying they were going to get married. All was quiet from this time (Thursday afternoon) until Saturday evening about sun-down, when two children arrived at Nixon's mill, informing those they met that while hunting their cows in the mountains their dog had commenced barking

furiously at something at the foot of the White Rocks; that they had ventured up until they had seen the body of a dead woman. Some believed the tale, while others did not. As soon, however, as breakfast was over next morning (Sabbath), several men had collected at Oliphant's Furnace and Nixon's mill for the purpose of ascertaining what truth there was in the report. After climbing the mountain side they came to the foot of the rocks, and there, sure enough, lay the body of Polly Williams. The moss on the top of the rock showed signs of a severe struggle. There lay one of her slippers and one of her gloves, while perhaps thirty feet down the face of the rock there grew out of a crevice a laurel bush, part of it was broken off and held in the hand of the murdered girl. On the remainder of this bush that still clung to the rock, lay her other slipper and handkerchief. The murderer fearing his work was not accomplished by the fall, had descended by about the same path that we had, and inflicted three distinct blows with a sharp stone on the head of the dying girl, leaving the stone besmeared with blood as evidence of the fact. A messenger was dispatched to Uniontown for the Coroner. The body was lifted from the place where it lay and attached to a long pole by numerous bands of hickory bark. A path was then cut down the mountain to Nixon's mill, where the inquest was held. The neighbor women dressed the body the best they could and about sun-down a large procession followed and laid it to rest in Hayden's grave yard, where a sand stone marks the spot, and this verse tells the sad tale :

"Remember man as you pass by,  
Here doth the bones of Polly Williams lie,  
Who was cut off in her youthful bloom,  
By a vile wretch, her pretended groom."

This stone I have seen, and this verse I have read. A small piece of this stone I have in my house, and the verse is said to have been made by Samuel Little, Sr., editor of the *Genius of*

*Liberty*, at Uniontown. Although no human eye had seen the dreadful act performed, though no human ear had heard the frightful screams that doubtless rose from that lonely spot when the girl found what his fiendish intentions were. Yet suspicion immediately pointed to Rogers as the man. He was arrested, tried and acquitted, although his subsequent life seemed to contradict the verdict of the jury. This man became a citizen of Greene county. He married a wife who is said to have left his home either from real or imaginary noises and apparitions that were heard or appeared there. Rumor says the bed clothes were frequently withdrawn from the bed by an invisible hand. He was a stone mason by trade, yet he would not take a job more than two miles from home, and would always return at night, lest during the hours of sleep he should betray the fatal secret which seemed like a burning fire shut up in his bones. His sleep was broken and disturbed, he often uttering the most distressing groans, loading the midnight air with reproaches and blasphemies, and on at least one occasion calling out the name of the girl that was supposed to be his victim. Thus if all that tradition has recorded be true, there surely is such a thing as "a hell on earth," completely depriving the guilty man of all happiness here, and leaving him nothing "but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall destroy the adversaries."

But the reader will think it high time that our history should give some of the manners and customs of the early settlers. One word would describe them to a great extent and that word would be "rude;" but if they were rude they were cheery, because they were well meant. Families could not afford to be bad neighbors, because they were to a great extent dependent upon each other. They could not roll their logs without the assistance of one another, and as their harvests were cut with the sickle, it

was a lonely business for one man to go into his field alone, and as many hands make light work, they soon adopted the plan of "neighboring," or sometimes of having a "frolick." These frolics were exceedingly common. Their clothing for summer was procured by sowing a patch of flax, and if there was any Dutch blood in the veins of the settler this flax was sure to be sown on "Good Friday." It was ready to pull about the "heels of harvest," and those who were invited were about an equal number of both sexes of young people who pulled the long stalks of flax up by the roots and tied it up in small sheaves four or five inches in diameter. When these sheaves were sufficiently dried they were threshed out on the puncheon floor of the little log barn. The seed was gathered up very carefully, and after laying aside enough to sow, the balance was sold at the oil mills that began to exist at an early day in this county. The stalks of flax were then spread out in the little meadow to rot. "This must be done when the moon was pointing down." When it was completely rotted it was raked up, bound in large bundles and was then ready to "break." This was often done by natives of "the Emerald Isle," as the "regular bog trotters" claimed it as their prerogative to break the flax. Now comes the scutching frolic, where men, women, boys and girls would meet and scutch and shout and sing and wash the tow out of their throats with a little old rye whisky ; and when night had come and they had washed and put on their "meetin clothes," they would take a few rounds of regular break-down dancing on a puncheon floor. It often happened however, that at this great frolic the "folks" were divided—the young men and the young women scutched the flax while the mothers quilted a quilt for "the woman of the house;" while the fathers hewed house logs, or perhaps made rails. The next process through which the flax was put was hackling, done by drawing it slowly through long steel teeth, firmly

clinched in a hard board and called a hackel. One of these was deemed enough for five or six families, provided they all kept good neighbors, and it was no idle threat that was sometimes heard—"if you don't mind I won't lend you my hackel." The next process through which the flax went was spinning. The hackel has separated the fibers into two parts, one of which is called tow. The day's work for adult girls and women was twelve cuts of flax or "a dozzen." Of tow, eight cuts was a day's work. The woman or girl who could not spin her dozzen was considered much under par. The weaving came next. While every one was expected to have a wheel for every spinner, looms were only found alternately, where a woman done the weaving for her neighbors and they in turn did her spinning, the usual mode of exchange being to spin one dozen of flax for the weaving of two yards of either flax or tow linen. It often happened that some dainty house wife was not content that her "dear old man" and boys should wear plain tow linen pants (trowsers), but she wanted them to be a little ahead of other people, and so she must have enough of "copperas check" for at least one pair of "trowsers" for each of the men and a "check apern a-piece for me and the gals," and in that case the weaver must have one cent more on each yard for the weaving. A part of the flax was spun into stocking thread, which was doubled and twisted and knit into "meetin stockings." These stockings the females would bleach until they were quite white, and then they would carry them under their arms, rolled up in a big "hankercher," along with their home-made shoes until they were almost to the "meetin house," then they would turn aside, sit down on a log, dust off their feet, put on the stockings, and also the shoes, and walk up to the church, feeling that they were as well equipped as the times and circumstances required. But how did our fathers and mothers procure their winter clothing? is a question that comes

in right here. It was about as follows: A man who had twenty-five acres of cleared land was expected to keep ten or twelve long-wooled, coarse, "mottled-faced" sheep, that would shear about three pounds of wool each. This wool was always cut off without washing and was washed in a tub. Then, oh! then came the wool picking, and as this was in the spring of the year, what a grand old time it was for the interchange of news that had lain dormant all the long winter and had almost spoiled for want of ventilation; but now the memories of those good old dames brought to the surface those almost forgotten items of intelligence, which were bartered off at par for an equal quantity received from the lips of their eager listeners. While the old and middle-aged women were picking the wool to remove the burs and dirt, as well as to "tease" it apart, the men often had an independent frolic in the woods by themselves, making rails and peeling tan bark. I knew one of these old mothers to get so excited that she got her sentences wrong end foremost. In describing the great frolic at her house, she said they had a "pick-woolen and a maul-railing at their house, and they "killed six hens, two turkeys, and a half of a veal." What they done with the other half of the veal she did not say, but said they killed half of it. When this wool was picked 80 years ago it was almost invariably carded with hand-cards. Fifty years ago it was sent to the carding machines, which were generally driven by water power, sometimes by a tramp wheel on which horses or oxen were placed. The rolls were then taken home and the music of the "big wheel" began. The yarn was then colored with white walnut bark, making an ugly butternut brown color. Some people however, could afford to buy a few ounces of indigo and a small quantity of madder and thus make red and blue cross-barred flannel. But this was generally confined to the aristocracy of those days, and consequently they were ob-

jects of envy to their less fortunate neighbors who had to wear their walnut brown. But it often happened when "the frugal house wife" made her annual calculations and weighed out her wool (with the steelyards that did similar duty for five or six families) she found that it would not reach all around the family and make them two garments each, consequently it must be supplemented by a quantity of cotten yarn for chain, and then the goods was called linsey, the filling being wool. This was made up into pantaloons (without lining) and hunting shirts surrounded with fring of red and blue. A part of it was made into garments called a "wamus," which had just one button up at the neck and was tied in a knot around the waist. The portion of goods falling to the females was generally made into skirts, it being the great ambition of every adult female to wear at least one "flannen frock." The linsey skirt was often surmounted by a body and sleeves of calico and was called a "short gown." But I must not dwell too long in describing costumes of our ancestors, as I promised to write about *customs*. One, the grand "galla day" of the year, was the "big muster," generally coming off in May. There was a laudable ambition on the part of almost every boy to get his name on a muster roll, which could be done at eighteen years of age, yet he was not subject to fine for non-attendance before twenty-one. On the first Monday in May all enrolled militia of the State of Pennsylvania met at the places of holding township elections, appearing in the earliest times of training with their ever-present rifles on their shoulders; but when fear of Indians was gone the old gun was often left in its accustomed place in wooden hooks on the rude joist of the cabin. As the militia man found his way to the muster with a cane, sometimes a corn stock, he came not to drill but to save fine. Here he was eighty years ago met by some man who had served in the revolutionary war and now possessed a State commission as C<sup>o</sup>., t<sup>r</sup>., & of

militia. This man was in serious earnest, deeply feeling the want of military training on his own part as well as on the part of his comrades, when compelled to stand up face to face with well-drilled British Grenadiers. This Captain wanted men committed to his care better qualified for active service than he was when required to enter it.

How different was the situation fifty years ago. In a second struggle with Great Britain; our nation was victorious, not only over the "red coats," but also over Indian allies. These were the only recognized enemies our ancestors ever expected to be in their way. As these were again defeated, it was deemed unnecessary to continue a system of general military training, so an effort was made to turn it all into a burlesque. Captain's commissions were accepted by only two classes of men; first, persons loving money so well they were willing to bear every sneer and scorn heaped so abundantly upon them, for the sake of obtaining the small pittance paid by the State; secondly, by a class of men always having an eye to honor, in whose ears the name of Captain, when applied to themselves, reached the very summit of earthly greatness. It was easy work mustering under the first class, a corn stock being equivalent to a gun at any time. If the men could succeed in getting themselves into anything like a "straight row," just once, and would respectfully answer to their names, they were dismissed with thanks. But wo! to a militia man having one of the latter class of men for a Captain--with an old blue coat ornamented with numerous rows of "bullet buttons," closely set together, with its broad philactory of red facings, its epaulettes of sheep skin, with the yellow wool still adhering to it. This "limb" of the law was also surmounted by a hugh leather hat, greased and varnished to an extent wonderful to behold. Added to all this he generally carried a sword that usually represented some legend. It was said to have belonged to Marion,

Sumpter, Greene, or Morgan; or it was picked up at Brandywine, Princeton or Lundy's Lane. Put all these awe inspiring things together and it would seem sufficient to fill the minds of the most wayward with veneration for the man who undertook to train them. But alas! such seems not to have been the case; it frequently occurred that some luckless soldier had the misfortune to be placed under guard, because he had called in question the infallible wisdom of the man whom the law had placed over him. But now a new trouble arose; the guard recognising the affair as a burlesque, generally needed another guard to take care of them. But this difficulty was peculiar alone to the "little muster," on the first Monday in May. The batalion musters began the next week where the parade came off, generally at some town or village. A large proportion of the marriagable young women of the neighborhood had imperative business in town and if they had a relative there this was the day to visit. Then if any daughters of the village had eaten a meal or spent a night in the country, as a matter of course on their departure they said "you must be sure and come over to see us." How quickly did the answer come back from the oldest daughter, "yes, I am coming the day of the big muster." But oh! there was another class of persons—the "small boy." For many days and weeks he has had muster "on the brain." It has haunted his waking hours with the question always recurring, but seldom answered, "how shall I get my fip?" And even when sleep, "sweep, balmy sleep, tired nature's fond restorer," came to his relief it was often disturbed by visions of enormous piles of ginger bread, which he had no ability to purchase, rendering grief almost intolerable. He has asked for a "fip" long ago, but a hard hearted parent has made the condition of its reception to depend on his diligence in business and general good behavior. Poor fellow! his lot is a hard one. How can he work when

his mind is set on the muster and ginger bread. He knows his own follies; how can he behave himself well when there are so many things to distress him. But time has rolled on and brought round the long expected day. At four o'clock the sullen boom of a cannon at the distant village brings the small boy to his feet and also wakes up the "buxom lass" who has over-slept herself in consequence of having set up so late the night before arranging her finery by the flickering light of a twisted rag laid in an old sancer about half filled with grease. Both parties cast their first glance towards the eastern sky, and to their great joy it is clear. The boy seizes his pants; but instead of drawing them on, he dives his trembling hand deep down into his pocket to find if his long-looked-for "fip" is there. "Yes here it is," is his involuntary ejaculation. It was given to him the night before and has slept safely at the bottom of the pocket of his new "pepper and salt" cotton "trousers" all night, wrapped round in three or four thicknesses of paper; he is happy, he will never be richer the longest day he lives. But what is our "buxom lassie" doing all this time? The cows are to milk; the breakfast is to "git," for "mam" is about half mad about her going and can't be expected to help much. Do all these considerations cause her to run to the spring house and get the bucket to do the milking in, or even to stir up the coals and put on a few sticks, and hang the kettle over them so as to have a cup of sassafras tea before she goes? No, none of these things move her. On the contrary she quickly opens the drawer and takes one more peep at the ornaments to see how they will look by day light. Satisfied, she inwardly exclaims, "I know he'll like it." She shuts the drawer and hastily begins to work. But there are other parties who have no pleasing prospects before them this day. A whole year's difficulties are to be settled up to-day. These parties have been at the raising, the rolling, the corn-husking and the wood

chopping, and at all these places they have had the company of a famous fellow in those days. He is known as "Captain Whisky." He has unlimbered their tongues and persuaded them that they were stout, and while they felt this and believed that, they have very unwisely commenced a quarrel with some good-natured fellow who on sober reflection they are compelled to admit is their superior in point of strength. He was a man of but few words and only replied, "I will see you at the muster." A great deal was meant by this threat; hence the muster day to such was fraught with forebodings that are everything but pleasant. I must either take back what I have said or engage in a fight in which I almost know I will come out second best. But the day is advancing; it is time we were there and soon, in imagination at least, we are there. What a concourse of high and low people. The street is filled with the rougher sort, while on the side-walk the candidate is shaking the friendly hand with men "whose farthers he would have disdained to have set with the dogs of his flock." But see! there is a field officer. Ah! it is the Major with his cap resembling two half moons sewed together on the circular edges, and open on the almost straight side, into this part his head is thrust. He has epaulets on his shoulders, but they are small, with a great deal more tinsel than gold about them. Yes, and there is the Colonel with heavier epaulets, and his "Shaberdebraugh" (cap) turned up at one side. Hark! who is that calling out. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! "by companies fall in line!" It must be an Aid-de camp or an Orderly; but no difference, the men are already falling in, some already a little weak in the knees from having looked through the bottom of a tumbler at the landlord. Soon the starting order, "march!" is heard; and such a march—each keeping his own step and following those before. Somewhere not far from the middle of the road they proceed to some neighboring field, where for a

time the young man must try to keep his place in ranks, which he was utterly unable to do while the lines stood in town, from the fact that every window and porch were filled with those "buxom lassies," that divided his attention to that extent that he could not hear the words of command. But once in the field the lines are formed, the rolls are called, when many persons, fond of hearing their names repeated, do not answer until the third call, when they respond "here" in tones that seem to say, "I have been trying to make you hear me this long time." The men are worked back into line again as straight as possible, when yonder comes some body, indeed. Who is it? Why, it is the Colonel Commandant, the Brigadier-General, the Brigade Inspector, the Surgeon, etc. Now, the boy who has spent the whole amount of his muster money has a chance to make another fip if he can only get an officer's horse to hold while those officers accompany the Brigade Inspector through the lines, which must be done on foot, the law not allowing the Inspector to examine a man's corn-stalk while he (the Inspector) is on horse-back, lest he should be mistaken with reference to the good order in which it was kept. It is now time for recess; the lines are broken, and soon the locality about the sake wagons is crowded to that extent that the small boy is in eminent danger of being trodden under foot. But now a new scene begins; the man who came here with those forebodings (that were founded on the threat that a man would meet him here), has seen his old acquaintance, Captain Whisky, and after imbibing a portion of the Captain's spirit, his fears are all gone, and he is anxious to have the burden off his mind, and he starts off to seek the man who dared to threaten him. This man has not forgotten the threat he made and is on the look out. Soon they meet; a few words and a good many oaths and the hunting shirts or coats come off with a vim worthy of a better cause. The crowd begins to break away

from the enraged men. A ring is formed, two "bullies" appear as seconds, a blow is struck and the men are down. While biting, gouging, scratching and striking are the alternate business in which the beligerants engage until one of them calls out "enough," the seconds pull them apart. Water is procured at a cake wagon (where it is kept in readiness, knowing that it will be wanted), the men wash their hands and faces ; their wounds are bound up, when the seconds bring them up to the cake wagon, and there they "drink friends," shake hands and that quarrel is at an end. But there are other chaps in the crowd who are as base cowards as ever existed, and they seem to feel that others think so too. This will not do ; they must get up a reputation for courage, hence they secure two or three good friends on both sides, whom they know "won't" let them fight. With this kind of "backing" they meet, and the hair of the pious man almost stands straight upon his head to hear the awful blasphemies that proceed from their profane lips : yet their friends, true to their instructions, hold them fast and seem to try to get them away. But no ! they will hear no explanations, and "will just mash each other into the ground," etc. Sometimes, however, their friends become wearied holding them and agree on both sides to let them at each other. The crowd form a ring and wait for the fight to begin ; but no, they are ready to explain and take back everything rather than enter the ring and fight it out. Other cases occur where men would lay a chip on their shoulder and go around, politely asking some one to knock it off, which was generally done, and the fight began that instant. Others would go around dragging their coats after them, and requesting some one, as an act of kindness, "just to please to tread on the tail of this ere coat." If any one was anxious to try his muscle, here was his chance, which was often accepted. So that from these various causes the crowd was generally entertained with several fights. I

well remember seeing no less than seven in one day in the year 1831.

Now let us turn to another interesting feature of our ancestors, namely, weddings: From what has been said about the brawny la-sie and young blood who could not hear the word of command at the muster, it might be inferred that Cupid was not a stranger among the early settlers of this country; indeed our ancestors were much more likely to contract agreeable matches than their grand-children are, from several causes: First, there was more equality then than now. Parents seldom ever interfered because their children were not marrying "their equals." Secondly, the love of money and money distinctions were almost unknown. In those days the question was not asked, "has he sufficient money to keep you in splendid idleness all the rest of your life?" On the contrary, if it was known he possessed an honest heart, two willing hands and two brawny arms, these were considered sufficient recommendations, and the consent was mutual. Thirdly, educational distinctions did not exist then as now. The fathers, when they consulted that great store-house of common sense laid up in their uncombed heads, concluded about one in one hundred of the great mass would be needed to expound the civil law, to enforce the precepts of the Gospel, or to cure the ills suffering mankind was heir to. These must be the brightest stars the community could furnish. No thought then of sending a boy to college because he was good for nothing else. If he were considered a fool, they never thought of sending him to a high school to learn common sense. The country was not cursed then as it is now with a miserable host of literary lazaroni sporting Latin diplomas that they cannot translate. If there is an opening in a common school, one dozen applicants are on hand like hungry office seekers, clamoring for the position. These educated paupers of one sex, as a matter of course, must marry educated paupers

of the opposite sex. The talents of neither can find them employment. They cannot dig : to beg some of them are ashamed. As the community fails to discover their ability, it will not support them. They must consequently fall back on poor old father and mother, who, after toiling as long as they can to support this idleness, finally drop into the grave with a consciousness that their hard-earned accumulations will soon be like the "small dust of the threshing floor," driven away by the wind of literary smattering. Our ancestors had no trouble like this. Their sons could chop, grub, plow, make rails, build fences, &c. Their daughters were not like the lilies of which it is said, "they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Our mothers *could* spin, and the little education they got in the log cabin school house made them a match for the shrewdest sharpers of that day who tried to cheat them out of their hard earned pittance. This education was not visionary, but practical, preparing them for the stern realities of life. Consequently the young men and women who loved each other, saw no barrier in the way of their marriage, the parents on both sides saw none, and so the wedding day was set. This was to be no ordinary occasion. The kinsfolks and neighbors were to be there ; old Captain whisky usually came the day before; the sedate old minister, (with his buckskin breeches, long stockings fastened above the knees with silver buckles, and low slippers fastened in a similar way), must be there ; the bride must be as "fine as a fiddle," especially her cap ; no matter how abundant and beautiful her hair, she is done going bare-headed now. No Roman Catholic convent was ever more exacting in its demands that the young nun should wear her veil and brow-band of spotless linen than these old mothers were that their daughters should now begin to wear a cap, just because they had got married. Where they got the notion, I know not, but one thing is certain they had it; and

then the cap must be of a peculiar pattern, all crimped and frilled and ornamented with numerous bows and furbelos. How about the groom? Matters are becoming serious with him. Every time he calls to see the girl to whom he has plighted his faith and troth, the over-anxious mother-in-law (as she is soon to be) puts him through his catechism about what he is going to wear on the "weddin day." She knows he has no coat of his own. All the sparkling has been done while the groom was clad in his hunting-shirt. But now motherly pride rebels against the thought that her daughter must be married to a man "standin up before the minister with nothing but a hunting-shirt on." But one evening the intended groom comes in with a smile on his face and soon relieves the anxiety of all by telling what a clever man he has found who has consented to lend him his coat on the wedding day. He has lent it already eight times on similar occasions; all he "axes" for its use is a share of the good dinner and a dance at the wedding. All parties are happy now. This coat that has been married so often, deserves a minute description. It is made of sky-blue cloth, with a very short waist and an extreemly long swallow-tail. It has just fourteen large brass buttons on it, with the words, "treble gilt stands color," on the inside of each one, but are simply for ornament and not utility. This is a self-adjusting coat—will fit either a large or a small man; hence the sleeves are made long with a cuff that can be turned up if worn on a short arm, or down if the man should happen to be long in the arms. But the most exquisite thing about this coat is the collar. It took a tailor a whole day to quilt it. No wonder, for it must be five inches broad—a complete foundation for a man's hat to set on, so if his hat must fall off it always falls forward, as it cannot fall backward. If the wearer is traveling away from the wind the back of his neck is completely protected. But while we have been describing the bride's cap and

the groom's coat, the wedding day has come. It is ushered in by the firing of rifle guns, for want of artillery. The females; oh! how busy are they. That wild turkey must be well "biled;" them buckwheat-cakes is "gitten" too "lite;" them corn-dodgers must be put to bake now, etc. All this time the men are gathering out in the yard. They have picked out two of the best riders to "run for the bottle" (old black Betty.) The signal for the start is to be the firing of a gun near a mile away, by the side of the road along which the groom's company is expected to come. Hark! that is it; now there is mounting in hot haste, and away go the two horsemen, "helter skelter," "neck or nothing"—best man foremost—who, when he meets the approaching company, receives from the hand of the groom's right-hand man, a well-filled bottle, with which he returns in triumph, the groom's first treat, of which all parties partake, even the minister condescending to take the head off the whisky by taking the first dram out of the neck of the bottle, all following him by drinking from the bottle, instead of pouring the liquor into a tumbler. The groom's company now arrive. Most of the young men are without saddles, while the girls are mounted on pack-saddles. Not a cloth coat in the assembly except the barrowed one that the groom wears, while the man who lent it to him acts the part of groomsman; for it is the condition of lending the coat that the owner shall be present, and as he has been to so many weddings he knows how to do, and in consequence of this superiority, he is selected as "second best." He is on this occasion arrayed in the nice new hunting shirt of the groom. The company dismount. The girls are clad in flannel and linsey skirts, surmounted by bright colored chince calico short gowns. Most of the boys have buckskin moccasins on, while the girls generally have coarse cow-leather shoes. It is now time for the services to commence, which is with prayer about five minutes

long, then an exhortation about ten minutes in length. Now all the questions that are found in the statutes of the State and also the canons of the church, the holy man telling the parties how Adam and Eve were married in the garden of Eden, etc., another long prayer and the twenty minutes ceremony is over, except kissing the bride, in which the preacher leads off, and is immediately followed by the groom, and then by all present —both male and female. Dinner is now ready, during the eating of which the adventures of the morning are recounted—how a brush fence was built across the road; how near one of the girls was to being “threwed” by the firing of a gun, by a fellow hid in the woods, who was mad because he was not “axed” to the wedding; how they had to turn out into the woods because some body had tied grape-vines across the road, etc. Dinner over the minister departs, after receiving one dollar for his services. Then the fun begins. A game of “corner ball” is the first thing in order, by the boys alone, while the “gals” are helping clear the tables and wash the dishes. When this is done, “prisoner’s base” is introduced, which is engaged in by both sexes. Running foot races, hop, step and jump, all claim a place in the afternoon amusements. The shades of evening are now beginning to fall, and what was left from dinner is now handed round as a piece for supper. The young people have paired off for the dance. The fiddler has his violin in order, and the dance begins, the bride and groom always taking part in the first “set.” About ten o’clock the newly married couple retire, while the rest keep up the dance. Those who are not dancing are sitting on benches around the wall, and in order to make the seats go as far as possible they make each one carry double, the young man sitting down first, taking his girl on his lap. Some would become so enamored with their position that when they were requested to take their places in the next set, instead of complying they would roar

out, "Oh ! dear mother my toes are sore, dancing on your puncheon floor!" About twelve o'clock the dancers are treated to another piece, and are permitted once more to kiss old black Betty's lips (take a dram). Some one suggests that the bride and groom must be hungry, and a committee is appointed to carry them some of the roast pig, corn bread and pumpkin pie up the ladder into the "bridal chamber" immediately under the clapboard roof. "Don't forget to take old "Betty" (the bottle) along with you," shouts one of the thoughtful swains as the committee is about to start, which is accordingly done. The committee on refreshments having discharged its duty, return and make their report, when the dance is renewed with vigor. Some of the party grow weary and secrete themselves for a nap, but they are soon hunted up and hauled out on the floor, and the fiddler is requested to play, "We'll dance all night till broad day-light, then go home with the girls in the morning," or another piece, "We'll all hold out till morning." By this time morning has come. The tired dancers readjust their delapidated finery preparatory to their departure for the "in-fare," where another day of fun and frolic comes off. But just as the "sun retires to rest in his wigwam behind the western waters," the company breaks up, the chivalrous beans see that their various sweet-hearts don't fall off the pack-saddle on their way to their fathers' houses. The tired swains return to their various places of abode, esteeming this quite "glory enough for any two days" of their lives. About two weeks after the wedding the whole neighborhood is invited in to build a house for the couple hereafter to be considered an independent family. The two old men have met, and looked out a place near a good spring. When the morning of the appointed time arrived, men on horseback and on foot come shouting through the woods towards the place indicated in the invitation, with axes on their shoulders. See, there comes a yoke of oxen attached

to a log sled. Yes, there is another team of oxen drawing a large sled on which are seated three women, bringing Dutch ovens, skillets and lids, pewter dishes, knives and forks, to assist in getting dinner down in the "big woods," using the water out of the new spring for cooking. This was called "christening the spring." But all hands have come to work, not to talk. Men with axes are coming in from all directions. More women arrive bringing bear and deer meat and pork. The small trees are falling all around. The first log is hauled. A large tree is cut near the spring for clapboards for the roof, the stump of which is taken for one corner. Large short logs are laid in for the other corners. Then the old rough carpenter, who acts as "boss," begins to call loudly for four men by name to come forward as corner men. Now one log is on, now another, now "up it goes." Against dinner is ready the lower story is up and the "jice is on." Dinner is eaten amidst great hilarity, and many a joke is at the expuse of the recent groom and bride. But all must hurry for four rounds of logs are to go on besides ribs, weight-poles and gable-end timber; yet many hands make light work. Log by log, stick by stick, the balance of the materials go up until just as the sun is beginning to cast long shadows through the tree-tops, the roof is on. The puncheons are ready, but cannot be put in yet because of "a mortar hole," which, for the sake of convenience, must be under the house. A few men are busy removing soil and digging up clay, and boys are equally busy carrying water from the new spring to mix the clay. What is this coming in at the new door-way? Ah, I see, it is an ox and his mate coming to tramp the clay into mortar for plastering the new-made home. "Come to supper," are the glad tidings uttered by a woman's voice. The tired men dispatch this meal more quietly than the previous one, and now all who have family cares of their own to discharge, take

tools, oxen, horses and dishes and depart for their own cabins, leaving the young men and boys to daub the house before coming home. The oxen have been kept going round and round all this time; the clay and water, under pressure of their feet, is a glistening batch of sticky mortar. The faithful oxen are turned out to eat a half-bushel of nubbins that awaits them in a trough before the door. The bare-footed boys now roll up their buckskin linsey or tow trousers and leap into the mortar hole, where they gather up double handfuls of mud and throw it into the cracks between the logs, in which one of the heart pieces out of the clap-board tree has already been inserted and is called "chunking." These mud throwers are followed by the young men with wooden trowels, made out of a waste clapboard, who smooth the mortar off and close all the crevices so well the summer rain and winter wind are compelled to stay on the outside. Against 9 o'clock, P. M. the house is completely daubed inside, and the sleepers are laid in. The lights used are old gourds half filled with grease into which a twisted rag has been inserted, the end hanging over the edge of the gourd and is set on fire. The next day three or four old men came back to fit down the puncheons in the floor, make the door and build the chimney. The door is made by pinning two broad puncheons together with large wooden pins driven into cross pieces, which project about eight inches on one side. Through this projecting end a hole is bored and an upright piece of wood is dressed small at the top to fit this hole and then pinned fast to the door cheek for a hinge. A wooden latch is made to drop into a wooden catch and in order that it may do so easily, both catch and latch are copiously greased. Now let us have the chimney built and we are done. The fire-place is about ten feet wide, for our new beginner does not want to spend all his time chopping wood; he expects to put in his winter days clearing land. The logs that are sawed out are split in two for

jambs. Logs are laid across these to support the back-wall. This then is built up as high as the mantel, and then small sticks are built on it intersected with mud, into which straw cut about two inches long is mixed, giving the whole thing the name of "eat and clay." When the chimney is thus carried up above the roof and large stones are set in for the jambs to keep the fire from burning the wood-work, the cabin is done, and is left to dry for a few days, when the mothers on both sides do their best to rig out the young couple for house-keeping. If the bride is twenty-two years old, she most likely has a feather-bed of her own; but women were scarce in those days, and were not often allowed to arrive at that age, unless they were outrageously ugly. In case they were married at seventeen or eighteen, the two mothers generally managed to get them a feather-bed, but sometimes they went to house-keeping on straw. Some kind of a dresser must be made to hold in a conspicuous way the new set of pewter plates that "dad" has bought for his daughter. The six pewter spoons are hung in notches in the edge of the lower shelf of the dresser, while the mush dish and little porringers are stood up on their edges, just behind where the knives and forks are laid. The bed-stead is made by boring two holes in a log and two more holes in the puncheon floor. Into these holes in the floor the lower end of a small forked stick is driven, which fork is about two and a half feet high, so as to be on a level with the hole in the wall, into which hole another pole is tightly driven and allowed to rest at the outer end in the top of the fork. Two poles are now laid lengthwise, one in front and the other back against the wall. Across these poles, clap boards are laid and the stead is ready for the bed. Now for the "house-warming." The first evening after the moving, those young men who worked so hard at building and daubing the cabin, are now invited to bring their partners and enjoy some of the

hospitalities of the new home. The new dishes are to be eaten off of the first time as they set so nicely on the new puncheon table. After the homely meal is over, all hands engage in five or six reels or jigs, and then go home. They must not dance all night as they did at the wedding.

Another of the gatherings of our ancestors at a later date than the times I have been describing, say about fifty years ago, was the "corn-husking." I never saw corn cut up and husked on the stalk in Western Pennsylvania until within the last forty years. Previous to that time the farmers pulled the ears off the stalks, which they left standing in the field. The corn was then hauled and thrown in a long ridge about four feet high. The neighbors were invited in on a moonlight night. Two young men or boys were nominated as captains, who requested two, sometimes three old men to divide the heap for them. This was done by carefully stepping the heap, asking which end was hauled first, etc. They then laid a large rail across the pile and declared it ready. The captains had previously tossed a board or a stone, having a wet and dry side to it; the one who got the wet side twice, had the choice of hands, and as soon as the rail was laid, he called out his favorite's name, requesting him to come to the rail. As fast as the hands were thus alternately chosen, they set in to husking with all their might, each one making as much noise as he possibly could. Whenever one side found themselves sure of victory, they picked up their captain on their shoulders and began a most frightful screaming—this was called "hoisting the captain." But it often happened that both sides claimed the victory. In that case both captains were hoisted. They were often thrown against each other by men under the influence of liquor. A ground scuffle and sometimes a fight was the result. If any unfair play was shown by any person in favor of one of the captains and against the other in this

scuffle, it was immediately resented, sometimes leading to two or three fights during the same evening. When all things had become quiet again, the husks were thrown in pens previously prepared. All hands then proceeded to the house where supper was smoking on the table. This supper consisted principally of chicken pot-pie washed down with an occasional tin of sweet cider; this course was supplemented by several pieces of pumpkin pie. I have gone to as high as six of these huskings in one week, in the moonlight nights in the fall of the year, and I believe to-day that it was the surest and quickest way of getting corn into the crib. The cattle and hogs were turned into the corn-field while the ground was still dry. They eat most of the fodder, gathered up all the corn that was missed in pulling. The stalks were then left where they ought to be on the field, and not in the barn-yard, where they are only a nuisance, besides a man can husk three ears to one where they are pulled off the stalk. While our fathers were about right in getting in their corn, I think they made several mistakes in their methods of farming, first as regards the rotation of crops. They had the corn field where they expected to raise their corn from year to year, although almost all the nutrient suited to the grain was gone, and their crop would not exceed fifteen bushels to the acre, yet with all their good common sense they failed to see what the difficulty was. They also had the wheat field where they expected to raise their wheat for numbers of years in succession, never allowing the land to rest a few years under a good coat of grass. They would have thought a man insane who would have spent a few dollars of his hard-earned money for a bushel of clover or timothy seed. They also had the narrow strip of land along the spring run or some larger rivulet which they denominated the meadow, so called just because it happened to be level and smooth. The stones were picked off it, and although it

was mowed with a scythe for ten successive years, although scarcely a timothy head was to be seen, yet they persisted in mowing that small undergrowth, which required a scythe so sharp that it must literally shave the mossy sod, else the mower would leave but a light swath behind him. About the only rotation that I have any knowledge of was in the new piece of ground of about one acre that was just cleaned out last spring, and named the "potato patch." Next spring, on good Friday, it must be sown in flax, and a new piece cleared for potatoes. There was also the truck patch which was to be *omnibus*, from the fact of its containing almost every thing—pumpkins, squashes, beans, peas and onions, garlic, red peppers, shives, etc., with quite a large space left for setting out the tobacco plants and cabbage plants, with just room enough for two or three hills of Jerusalem apples (tomatoes) which were only raised to lay in the window for ornament, the children being cautioned under penalty of death not to touch them, for they "are the baddest kind of poison." The tobacco was almost sure to be a good crop, provided the suckers were kept pulled off and the tobacco worm was carefully looked after. The cabbage was not likely to head very well as the land was too new.

Thus far we have said nothing about the religious habits of the people of Greene county one hundred, eighty or even fifty years ago. We hope no one will conclude that this silence is because our ancestors had no religion. Nothing could be farther from the truth than such a conclusion as this. It is true that some other localities had the advantage over some portions of this county, from the fact that there was more congruity among our early settlers, which enabled them to organize congregations, build churches and sustain ministers at a much earlier period than Greene county did. With the single exception of the Muddy Creek settlement, and South Ten-

mile. Presbyterianism did not get any footing for about forty years after the first settlements made in the county. Although this denomination was about abreast with the Baptists, yet the settlement of the former sect was more marginal than the latter, and when the thoroughfare that afterwards became the National Road was opened early in the present century, the line of Scotch-Irish emigration followed that road into Washington county instead of Greene, where they settled down on Chartier's, Pigeon, Mingo and Raccoon creeks. They were noble people, but have been eulogized too much by their descendants of the first generation, by covering up all their defects and hiding all their excellencies. While Presbyterians were thus found shying off from Greene county, the Baptists had come here to a great extent on account of Episcopal persecution in Virginia, and as the communications were kept open in the rear, there was a constant tide of emigration to this territory as long as there was public land to be taken up. Another reason for the increase of one denomination over the other is, that Presbyterians at a very early day introduced a long and expensive course of ministerial education, which, when acquired, compelled the man on which so much was expended, to demand more for his services than the man who had just stepped from his plow or shop into the ministry. In consequence of much of the roughness of the territory of Greene county and the lightness of crops, their salaries, as a matter of course, were small, causing all those who must have fat salaries to go elsewhere to seek them, thus leaving the few Presbyterians already here as sheep without a shepherd. Another difficulty that was found to exist was that inasmuch as it required so many long years to enter the Presbyterian ministry, anxious, pious parents did not often wait to see whether the Lord would call their sons as he did Aaron and Samuel, but concluding He would surely call them, seized

time by the forelock and sent on their sons to the academies and colleges almost before they had come to years of discretion. When those years were reached it was too late to send them to a trade or to the plow. Too much money had already been expended on them to be lost, and although the most sanguine friends could detect no existing qualifications for preaching the everlasting Gospel, yet the distressed parents hoped those qualifications would make their appearance in due season. The faculties of colleges were slow in telling those disappointed parents their "dear sons" could never succeed in the ministry, teaching with them was a "matter of bread and butter." The Presbytery also was hopeful that the talent that was *now* evidently buried in a napkin, would in due time be brought to light, and thus the dear boy was pressed on through college, through the seminary, and now sure enough he was through. The common people did not want to hear him; he could not look them in the face; he reads his little discourse from the manuscript that no doubt he wrote, but who composed it is quite another question—the probabilities are that he *did*, but there is a possibility that he did *not*. Along side of this one talented youth, there graduated a fine talented man—a star of the first magnitude; one that his Creator had endowed with all the qualifications necessary for his arduous work. But men of this kind are so few and far between that it is not likely that he will settle down on a salary of five hundred dollars, when there are abundance of places that are offering two or three thousand dollars; hence the brilliant men go to the large churches, while the men who depend on their diplomas as their only recommendation, were under the necessity of "stopping"—for a while at least—in Greene county, where they often become almost the laughing stock of the people who alternately listened to them, and then to men who had never spent a week in a college in their lives. These people would

and did draw the lines of distinction between these men, almost always deciding in favor of the uneducated man, thus doing great injustice to the educational institutions of our land, which are held responsible because they did not educate *brains* into the empty skulls of those placed under their care. Methodism of various grades and shades has been at times very successful in different parts of this county. A great diversity of talent and also education can be found among them. Their itinerating system seemed well adapted to the condition of the people of this region, fifty or eighty years ago; for although the masses were poor, yet there were men of wealth and liberality in the bounds of almost every circuit, who were not only able but willing to sustain the ministers and carry forward the work of the church. Thus Methodists became a power for good, especially on the frontier, where the temptations incident to poverty existed, for although the converts did often fall away, they were not treated as though they had committed the unpardonable sin, for a "door of hope" was left constantly open for their return, which was often entered and re-entered until either the man became possessed of sufficient stability to fall no more, or was treated as an incorrigible offender. The year 1807 was somewhat remarkable in a religious point of view, on account of the rapid growth of the church in numbers. The great revival of 1800 had about done its work in Western Pennsylvania, and a glorious work it was among the churches that were considered orthodox, building them up in "their most holy faith," and leaving such indelible impressions that they were never eradicated during the lives of those who had been the subjects of this great work. But as degeneracy and heresy crept into the primitive church soon after the days of the Apostles, so in this year and the years immediately succeeding; some of the strangest notions were found to exist in the upper end of Greene County, and in the

adjacent townships of Washington county. Permanent among these delusions was what was called Halconiteism. One of the principle leaders of this deluded sect was a man by the name of Sergeant. He claimed to have had a direct revelation from Heaven that it was all a mistake with reference to the existence of such a place as hell, and that there was neither such a locality nor such a state of existence. This doctrine was so palitable that many deluded followers gathered around him. His fame was so great that he was invited to preach in the town of Wheeling, where, among his numerous auditors, was a lawyer who, regarding the harangue as heretical, contradicted him. This enraged the false prophet to such a degree that he brought suit against the lawyer for disturbing a worshiping assembly. In due time the suit came off, when the defendant took the ground that this was not a religious assembly, and in order to make out his case, he proved many of the assertions that were made prominent; among them the oft repeated declaration—there was no hell. The lawyer was acquitted and the Courts decided the Halconites were not a religious society. This man seemed determined that his conduct should not be better than his creed, and in order to derive some profit from his convenient doctrine, he committed a forgery, and was imprisoned in Cumberland, Maryland. This put an end to his career as a preacher. But as his deluded followers looked around for a leader among those that had adhered to him, they found one in the person of Rhoda Fordyce. This woman was not content to adopt the creed of her predecessor—“*ex animo*”—without making additions thereto, one of which was that if a person would abstain from all animal food, live on parched corn and sassafras buds for a given length of time, his body would become so ethereal that he would be translated to Heaven without passing through the iron gate of death. It is affirmed that a man by the name of Parker tried the experiment, and

instead of ascending to Heaven, he starved to death. This infatuated old woman would not permit the body to be buried until after the third day, insisting that at the expiration of that time it would ascend to Heaven. When the time had elapsed the neighbors took it by force and buried it. This failure to ascend seems to have disabused the minds of the people to that extent that both Rhoda and the Rhodianites—as her followers were called—sank into merited oblivion. Soon after the extinction of this last imposter, a sect arose in the upper end of Greene and Washington counties call “New Lights.” They made converts by scores from the ranks of both the Holy Conites and the Rhodianites. They laid great stress on immersion as the *only* mode of baptism. They also denied the Divinity of Christ, maintaining that he was not from everlasting and was not equal with God, the Father. They also introduced the custom of feet washing into their assemblies, where men and women did literally “wash one another’s feet.” This sect became quite numerous in Marshall county, West Virginia; also in some of the adjoining parts of Ohio. But their day was almost as brief as some of the isms that had preceded them. I saw one of their preachers who came over to Fayette county about 1831. His name was Peter F. Lashlie, but he made only a few converts on the east side of the river. These people were, in their turn, destined to be absorbed by still another sect, generally known as Campbellites. This is, however, a name that they repudiate as a misnomer, and I see no right that any one has to insist on a people keeping a name that they dislike. As Alexander Campbell and his father, however, were undoubtedly the founders of this sect, a brief sketch of his history, and that of his father, will not, I hope, be deemed out of place here:

In the year 1807 Rev. Thomas Campbell emigrated to the United States from Scotland. He was a member of the “Gen-

eral Associate Synod." He was received by the Presbytery of Chartiers; his omnipresent theme was "the all-sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures, so that he was frequently led to denounce all creeds and confessions as were human inventions, tending to divide the church and mar the beauty of the body of Christ. Although he was raised with the catechisms of the Westminster divines in his hand and had their teachings carefully stored in his head, yet he could not be quiet for a single day with reference to the perniciousness of such teachings. As might be expected, such departures as this met with decided opposition by some of those grave old fathers among whom his lot had been so recently cast. The first public discussion seems to have been August 17, 1809 at a meeting held on the head waters of Buffalo creek in Washington county. An address and declaration was here presented by Mr. Campbell from what he is pleased to style "The Christian Association of Washington," for the sole purpose of promoting simple evangelical Christianity, free from all mixture of human opinions, and inventions of men. At a meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, held on the 4th of October, 1810, Rev. Thomas Campbell, formerly a member of the Associate Synod but representing himself as a member of the Christian Association of Washington, applied to be taken into ministerial standing. The record shows that Mr. Campbell was heard at length. The Synod resolved unanimously that they could not admit Mr. Campbell with his present views and feelings, deeming his plan as much more likely to promote dissension and divisions than unity. Their refusal to admit him was not on account of any alleged defect in educational ability, or any defect in moral character, but on account of his peculiar views being inconsistent with the standards of the Presbyterian Church. Finding no home among kindred spirits, either in the Associate, nor yet in the Presbyterian Church, he re-

solved to take the responsibility of originating a new denomination, and consequently on the 4th day of May, 1811, he constituted a few persons as a church with no other creed than the Bible. At this same meeting Rev. Thomas Campbell was appointed Elder; his son Alexander, who was a member of the first class in Canonsburg Academy in 1791, was licensed to preach the Gospel, and John Dawson, George Sharp, William Gilchrist and James Foster were chosen Deacons. The views of both father and son seem to have undergone a sudden change with reference to the mode as well as the efficacy of water baptism. Previous to this time they have, to all appearance, been the strictest kind of Pedo-Baptist. But now they insist that immersion is not only a mode but *the* mode of Christian Baptism. Two churches of this new denomination soon spring into existence; one at Cross Roads, six miles north west of Washington, and the other on Brush run, eight miles south-west of the same place. These churches were organized by Elder Thos. Campbell, who gradually retires from public notice in order to give place to superior genius and more brilliant talents of his son Alexander Campbell, who became one of the most eloquent and persuasive public speakers that ever preached in Western Pennsylvania. As a forensic debator, he had but few equals, perhaps no superior. The printed debates of "Campbell and Owen" and "Campbell and Rice" will remain monuments of the abilities and skill of those who engaged in them. This man was just in the prime of manhood and in the very zenith of his eloquence, at the time so large a part of Greene county might so justly be called "the burned district," as ism after ism had consumed it until there was eminent danger of infidelity and even barbarism spreading their sable palls over the minds of many. At this critical moment Elder Alexander Campbell came preaching among them. The preaching of John the Baptist in the wilderness of Judea was not much more powerful in its effects

than the preaching of Mr. Campbell. The flimsy hay, wood and stubble structures erected by the Halconites, Rhodianites and New Lights fell before his eloquence like grass before the scythe of the mower. In some instances, I am told, entire congregations of New Lights abandoned their Arianism and adopted the views of Mr. Campbell, which was certainly a long step in the right direction. Although many of the professed followers of Mr. Campbell are but little better than Unitarians, having loose views of the Divinity of Christ and doctrine of the Trinity, yet many of them are much more orthodox than any of the preceding sects could possibly be. As proof of this, many of the disciples of Mr. Campbell, as they have become more enlightened, have united with orthodox Baptist denominations.

The coming of Cumberland Presbyterians fifty years ago seemed to be a necessity, from the fact that coldness and luke-warmness so generally prevailed. This young church had its origin in the great revival of 1800-10, when its first Presbytery was formed. Its ministers, although often destitute of classical education, were evidently called of God to preach. This was especially true with the ministers who arrived in Greene county in 1831 and 1832. This assertion is abundantly proven by the success that attended their labors at Hewitt's Grove, Jefferson, Waynesburg, Milliken's Camp Ground, &c. Whether this denomination will be perpetuated, is a question I will not pretend to decide. At first view it seems to possess advantages superior to almost any other denomination, as it occupies an intermediate position between Calvanism and Armenianism. It would seem capable of drawing recruits from both these extremes, which, no doubt, is true, and yet its disadvantages from its intermediate position are quite as numerous as its advantages; for the man who will make an acceptable Cumberland Presbyterian will, with a few modifications, make a good Methodist or Presbyter. About twenty years ago this denomination seemed

in great danger from certain belligerent parties then existing among them. But having grown wise by their own defects, they have, in many quarters, settled down into the conviction that ambassadors of the Prince of Peace ought to be peaceable, consequently I have heard of no prosecutions of any of their ministers by their brethren for many years, indicating a more peaceful and happy state of existence, which, if persisted in, will no doubt perpetuate their organization for many long years to come.

One of the most conclusive arguments in favor of the perpetuity of this denomination is the attention they have given to the subject of classical education. Scarcely were the great meetings at upper Tenmile, Concord, Milliken's, Jefferson, Hewitt's Grove, Hopewell and Nixon's camp meeting, near Uniontown, over, when John Morgan, who was undoubtedly the leading spirit among these missionaries, began to agitate the question, "Where shall we have an institution of learning?" I have been credibly informed that Rev. Morgan pressed this matter early upon the attention of the men of wealth in the neighborhood of Concord and Bethel, in Washington county, yet the indifference of the masses was such that the missionaries turned away disappointed but not disheartened. They are soon found pressing the same subject on the citizens of Fayette county, where, through the energy and liberality of a number of prominent men, they secured control of Madison College, at Uniontown. This institution had been under Presbyterian influences at the outset of its existence. The afterwards distinguished Rev. Robert Baird began his collegiate course in this institution. At a later period the Methodist Episcopal Church obtained a preponderating influence which they used so poorly as to induce the Board of Trustees to seek new affinities, which they found among the Cumberland Presbyterians, led on by Rev. Jno. Morgan, who

was then pastor of the church at Uniontown. Rev. J. P. Weethee, a graduate of the University at Athens, O., was elected President of Madison College, about 1838. A female department was added in 1839, which was presided over by Miss Eliza J. Hanmer, a graduate of Ipswich Seminary, Massachusetts. In the same year Rev. Jno. Morgan was made Professor of Moral and Mental Science.

In 1842 there was a serious rupture between President Weethee and some of the trustees, in which Jno. Dawson, Esq., took a very decided stand against Mr. Weethee. This rupture resulted disastrously to Cumberland Presbyterianism in Madison College. Who were the most culpable parties, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to inquire at this late date. I was acquainted with John Dawson, and knew him to be one of the leading lawyers at the Uniontown bar, who made up his mind slowly and deliberately; but when his mind was made up "he would do what he thought was right though the heavens should fall." Mr. Weethee was a man with whom I had but little acquaintance. He no doubt had his exalted excellencies, but his greatest infirmity was that he was so exceedingly sensitive as to his preogatives, so exceedingly fearful that some one would interfere with his supremacy. Be these things as they may, the prestige of this denomination was at an end in that institution. Defeated, but not destroyed, this denomination began to cast about them for other fields in which to cultivate their educational interests. Some hopes of carrying out their cherished educational policy was presented by casting in their lots with Beverly College, in the State of Ohio. Yet the different elements were so heterogeneous that the labors of these zealous pioneers of this young denomination were under the necessity of turning elsewhere. And where did they turn? To Greene county, Pa., in many respects the most hopeless of all the fields they had hitherto sur-

veyed. But the lapse of time, that great interpreter of human events, has proven that sometimes the most unpromising soil finally yields the largest increase. Such has pre-eminently been the case with the educational interests of this denomination as far as Greene county is concerned.

The first success of this denomination, as patrons of education, was at Greene Academy, located at the village of Carmichaels, twelve miles east of Waynesburg. As the original settlers of this locality were mostly from Virginia and Maryland, the Episcopalian element largely predominated. Among the instructors we find the names of Messrs. Ely, Wakefield, Whipple, Loughran, Miller, Horner, Ross, Martin, Long, Baker, Crago, Orr, Larkin and Nickeson. During the time that Joshua Loughran was Principal of this academy, the Cumberland Presbyterians were largely in the ascendant. A number of young men, who afterwards became influential ministers, received at least a part of their education there; among this number were several whom I personally knew, viz.: Jas. McFarland, A. B. Brice, E. F. Baird, Luther Axtell, A. J. Baird, A. B. Miller and J. S. Gibson.

Much as Greene Academy had already accomplished, yet there was no chartered connection between it and the denomination that had furnished a considerable amount of its patronage. Any sudden freak of the trustees might place it beyond the control of this denomination, and, therefore, the Pennsylvania Presbytery, at its meeting in Greenfield, Washington Co., Pa., in April, 1849, appointed a committee of which Rev. J. H. D. Henderson, General Jesse Lazear and Samuel Moredock, Esq., were members. This committee was charged with the duty of making and receiving proposals from different localities with reference to the amount of aid each would contribute towards the erection of buildings and endowing of professorships in a new institution, to be placed under

the care of the Pennsylvania Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The competing localities were Carmichaels and Waynesburg. Although neither locality contributed as liberally as was hoped, yet Waynesburg contributed much the larger sum, which at once decided the locality. Application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a charter, which was granted in March, 1850. The 3d section of this charter reads as follows: "That Jesse Lazear, Jesse Hook, W. T. E. Webb, Bradley Mahanna, John Rogers, Mark Gordon, R. W. Downey, Wm. Braden, A. G. Allison, Wm. W. Sayers, Dr. A. Shaw, John T. Hook and John Phelan are hereby appointed Trustees of said corporation, to hold their positions until their successors in office are elected in the manner herein-after provided." This section provides that *three* out of the seven Trustees shall be annually elected by the stockholders of the building, and *four* by the Pennsylvania Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. By the provisions of this charter the control of Waynesburg College was to be exercised exclusively by this denomination, on the condition that three professors should be constantly maintained. In the autumn of 1849, Rev. Joshua Loughran left Greene Academy, and located in Waynesburg, where he commenced a school in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The citizens of Waynesburg subscribed about five thousand dollars towards the erection of suitable buildings, which were commenced in the spring of 1850, and were completed in the autumn of 1851: when on the first Tuesday of November the new College went into formal operation in the new building. This day might be regarded as an epoch—not only as the first day of teaching in the new building—but also from the fact that on that day Alfred B. Miller entered this institution as a student, and has been continuously connected with it from that time until the present day (August 1882.)

In the autumn of 1850 Miss Margaret K. Bell was employed to take charge of a school of young ladies with the design of founding a female seminary in connection with the College. A separate building was proposed, but never erected. A seal and diploma were engraved, and several classes of young ladies were graduated and received diplomas under the seal of "Waynesburg Female Seminary." The opening of the spring term of 1852 witnessed a large increase of students, the number in all for this first year being one hundred and thirty. The end of the year was marked by the graduation of the first class in the Female Seminary, consisting of Miss Elizabeth Lindsey, now Mrs. David Crawford, Miss Caroline Hook, afterwards Mrs. Edmiston, and Miss Martha Bayard, now Mrs. Howard, of Brownsville. At the close of the second year, 1853, another class of young ladies was graduated, among whom we find the names of Miss Lucy Lazear and Miss Virginia Morgan. At the same time the first class of young men were graduated, consisting of A. B. Miller, the distinguished President of this institution, W. E. Gapen, now a prominent lawyer in Bloomington, Ill., Clark Hackney, now of Washington county, Pa., and James Rinehart, of Waynesburg, Pa. This being the first commencement day, occurring September 28, 1853, was a day of intense interest to all parties concerned. The Presbytery and Synod were present as well as many distinguished visitors from abroad; among whom are found the names of Hon. Andrew Stewart and Hon. Samuel Gilmore, of Uniontown, Pa. A. B. Miller delivered the graduating oration, being the first delivered in the new building, consequently he is justly entitled to the name of "first born" of the numerous sons of this *Alma-Mater*. Soon after this date the college was received under the care of the Pennsylvania Synod. At a meeting of the Trustees held October 14, 1853, I find this resolution, viz: "*Resolved*, That Rev. Alfred Miller be employed as Professor of Mathematics

at a salary of \$150 per session." But my sketch is growing to proportions entirely too large for the space allotted it in the History of Greene County, and I propose to close it by giving some brief biographical sketches of some of its instructors, some of whom I have personal knowledge, but the principal source of my information is obtained by consulting a very interesting history written by Rev. A. B. Miller, D. D., as I find it in a column entitled, "Theological Medium," a copy of which the Dr. has sent me:

*Rev. Joshua Loughran* was educated at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa. A great reader, a great thinker; with almost boundless ability to illustrate, he could hold his classes spell-bound for an hour without weariness. *Prof. Thomas C. Lazear* was elected to the vacant chair of Languages at the same meeting of Trustees that accepted Rev. Loughran's resignation. He served in this capacity for one year, at the close of which he resigned, and is now a leading practitioner at the Pittsburg bar. *Miss Minerva Lindsey*, now the wife Rev. Azel Freeman, of Concord, Washington county, Pa., taught as assistant in the female department during part of the time that J. P. Weethee was President of the institution. *Rev. Samuel H. Jeffrey* was elected to the chair of Natural Science which he occupied for one year, when he fell a victim to consumption and died in November, 1859. He was born in an old log house on Montour's run, Allegheny county, when no theological seminary was in existence; consequently when he completed his collegiate studies he commenced to study theology with old Rev. George M. Scott, of Mill Creek church, near the spot in Beaver county where Hookstown now stands. During the time of his theological studies he contracted an alliance with Miss Jane Scott, daughter of his preceptor, and at the close of his term, they were married. After various removes, they arrived in Waynesburg, where he became pastor of the Presby-

terian congregation, also the Church of Unity at Graysville, fourteen miles distant. His widow still survives him, and resides in Waynesburg, revered and respected by all who know her. *Rev. A. J. McGlumphy* entered on his duties as Professor of Mathematics at the same time Rev. Jeffrey entered on his duties as Professor of Natural Science, resigning at the close of one year, telling the President he "believed the college hopelessly environed with financial difficulty." *Prof. M. E. Garrison* was a graduate of Allegheny College, Pa., and was a most faithful and zealous worker in Waynesburg College, which he served for ten years, when declining health compelled him to give up his position. So highly was he esteemed by President Miller that he accompanied him to the Hygienic Home at Danville, N. Y., where, on April 7, 1870, he peacefully fell asleep. *Prof. W. G. Scott* was placed in the chair of Mathematics in the spring of 1860, being a graduate of the class of 1857. He served the College very acceptably, and was, like many of his co-workers, compensated with a very "moderate pecuniary reward." *Prof. J. M. Crow, A. M.*, a member of the senior class of 1871, was in the autumn of 1872 made Professor of Greek and Latin, and proved one of the most useful men in the faculty. After teaching for one year, he went to Europe where he spent two years at Liepsic, Germany, and at Basel, Switzerland, extending his knowledge of the classics and also the German language, returning to America in the fall of 1875. He resumed his place in the College and became exceedingly popular in his department. To the regret of all concerned he felt compelled at the close of the year, on account of insufficient salary, to resign his position and accept a more lucrative one. In 1881 he returned to Germany, and resumed his studies in the University at Berlin; September, 1882, he went to Athens, Greece, to attend an institution of learning. After a tour in Palestine he will graduate at Berlin, and return to America in 1883.

*Rev. H. K. Craig* acted as professor of Greek for three sessions and was then called to the Presidency of Monongahela College at Jefferson, Pa. *Profs. J. C. Gwynn, D. S. Williams, H. D. Patton, Albert McGinnis, Jno. F. White, Z. X. Snyder, R. V. Foster, —— Shepard, R. V. Atkisson and Geo. S. Frazer, D.D.*, have rendered valuable service in their respective places. But of all the persons that were ever connected with Waynesburg College, none occupied so important a position as the Principal of the Female Seminary, Mrs. M. K. B. Miller. This lady was a daughter of Andrew Bell, and was born in Washington, Pa., where she graduated quite young. In 1850 she was invited to Waynesburg with a view of building up a school for young ladies, to be known as "Waynesburg Female Seminary." In the spring of 1855 she was united in marriage with Rev. A. B. Miller, with whom she spent the remainder of her life, discharging all the duties of wife and mother with the greatest fidelity. And yet there was one paramount object for which she lived and for which she died—the best present interests and ultimate triumphant success of Waynesburg College. In order to show the readers of this history that I am not a mere panegyrist, I will insert from memory part of her address to the graduating class about the year 1859, viz: "Do not, I beseech you, young ladies, allow yourselves to think that your education is completed; on the contrary, permit me to anticipate fondly that you will be life-long students, for I assure you your education has just commenced. I have borrowed you from your mothers for the few years that have passed so pleasantly by. I now propose to return you to the source from which you came, that you may there in your mother's kitchen, dining room and parlor still pursue your education, for be assured of this one thing, that every young lady, be she high or low, rich or poor, ought to know how to make and mend, wash and iron, bake and scrub, and if she is ignorant of all these

important duties, an essential part of her education has been omitted." She was possessed of a large amount of physical as well as mental vigor, that enabled her to endure an amount of hardship that would have prematurely crushed more feeble constitutions. Such must have been pre-eminently the case if we allow ourselves to retrospect the labor she performed: Usually she taught six hours each day, and in addition to this, did a great amount of work for her family and home, where she entertained, almost every day, some of the numerous friends of the students and visitors of the college. Misses Grace Oviatt, M. C. Foote, S. V. Abbott and Mary A. Hume have, in the order named, served as Principal of this department the present worthy incumbent being Miss Bell M. Day.

Among the ladies who have from time to time contributed their influence and time in the department of music, I find the following: Miss Mary Fisher, Mrs. Laura D. Jacobs, Miss Fannie Lazear, Miss Anna Moore, Miss "Charlie" Pettigrew, Miss Lucy Morgan, Miss S. Virginia Butler, Miss Lucy Inghram, Miss Lide C. Miller, Miss Lizzie N. Day, Miss Williams, Miss M. A. Hume, Miss Ida V. Blake and Miss Maie Close. Miss Emma J. Downey, of the class of 1864, was a number of years teacher of French, a position she filled with entire satisfaction to her pupils.

Having spent this much time in writing something of the religious history of this county, I will now introduce a biography or two as a means of relieving our history of all tendencies to monotony. I spent the evening of January 15 1882, and the forenoon of the 16th with Anthony Trip who has long resided in Morris township, Greene county. He was born in 1815 on the bank of the river "Weiser," where he lived until October, 1840; when wearied with the constant demand made by the Prussian King (whose subject he was) for military service, young Mr. Tripp applied for a passport to the Uni-

ted States of America. His application was rejected. The authorities would dismiss old men, women or children, but would not grant passports to young men in any instance to the United States, and only in a few instances to any other country. Fully determined to emigrate, Mr. Tripp applied at another window for a passport to England, which was granted. Armed with this permit he arrived in safety, as he supposed, at the free city of Breemen where he learned a vessel was about to start from Bremerhaven for the United States. This vessel he determined to board, but just as he stepped into the boat to be conveyed to the ship, his passport was demanded. Finding that it read to England instead of America, he and his companions were arrested and turned over to the tender mercies of the police whom King William had employed to arrest any of his subjects who were about to escape to the United States. Learning the boat would return again in the evening, the young men determined to take the matter coolly, inviting the officers to drink wine at their expense, hoping as they were kidnapped the wine would kidnap the officers. The wine was supplemented by large draughts of lager beer which soon had its effect on their captors who began to curse King William, declaring he only paid them a small fee for returning his subjects, when our young men, taking the hint, presented the officers with a thaler, a price in connection with the wine and beer rendered them entirely oblivious of all their duties. The boat was about to depart again, and one by one the young men were finally all aboard the ship, standing out into the North Sea on their way to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." November 22d, 1840, they landed at New Orleans where Mr. Tripp spent the winter working at "whatever his hand found to do," which he did with his might. When spring came he concluded that, as he was a native of as high a northern latitude as Prussia, it would be imprudent for him to remain as far South

as Orleans, hence he started northward. After a short sojourn at St. Louis, he eventually arrived in the vicinity of Washington, Pa. His first service was rendered at the nursery of Hugh Wilson, immediately north-west of the borough. He next hired with William Gabby, one mile west of Washington. Here he became acquainted with Mariah Johnston, whom he married in 1841. His first experience in housekeeping was on a rented farm on the north fork of Tenmile, close to the Greene county line, where he commenced keeping sheep on the shares for Jas. G. Strain. It was not long until he found himself in possession of enough money to make the first payment on the farm on which he now resides, to which he removed in 1856. The farm was in a deplorable condition when he arrived on it. What little cleared land there was had usually been plowed about two inches deep. What few fences there were were covered up beneath a tangle of sprouts, vines, elders and grape-vines. Not a peck of grass seed had ever been sown on this land, which required a very good season to produce fifteen bushels of corn, or eight bushels of wheat to the acre. So the predictions of poor Anthony's neighbors seemed likely to be verified, that he would "soon starve out." Nothing discouraged, however, he went bravely to work; turned over the soil eight inches deep instead of two; grubbed out the thickets, and planted them in corn and potatoes; cut off the saplings, and turned his sheep in to keep down the sprouts; carefully husbanded all the manure, and with it top-dressed his crop of winter wheat, on which land he sowed a bountiful supply of timothy seed. His wool was the finest that had ever been produced at that date in this part of Greene county. Such was his care and such was the adaptation of his locality, that after keeping the same stock of sheep on the same farm for twenty-five years, he has never had a single case of "foot-rot." He now owns two hundred and forty acres of land that was

thought dear at the ten dollars per acre which he gave for it. And for this land he can obtain fifty dollars per acre any day he wishes to sell it. We often hear persons urged to invest money in western land with the understanding that it will increase so rapidly in value. I have some knowledge of the rapidity of these increases. A brother-in-law of mine went to Iowa thirty-four years ago, and purchased four hundred acres of land at four dollars and fifty cents per acre. He has made just as expensive improvements upon it as Mr. Tripp has on his Greene county farm. My brother-in-law can only get thirty dollars per acre for his farm at this time, so that after a lapse of thirty-four years, his land has only increased twenty-five dollars and fifty cents on the acre, while in twenty-five years, Mr. Tripp's land has increased forty dollars per acre. Verily, there is such a thing as advance on the price of Greene county land, the opinions of others to the contrary notwithstanding. So that in the plain, unvarnished history of this man, we have several lessons. 1st. Industry and economy will secure a man a livelihood any place. 2d. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." 3d. That some men ought to be prosecuted for slander that they bring on the soil they pretend to farm, which, by proper treatment, would now be bearing a good instead of a bad name. The last thing that I will write about Mr. Tripp is that he is a man of peace. He became a professor of religion many years ago in a congregation of Cumberland Presbyterians, where he would certainly have remained, had it not been that for some cause or other there was constantly on hand some quarrel, from which it was often with the greatest difficulty that he could keep clear. When he removed to his present location, he united with another congregation of the same denomination, where from some cause the same ecclesiastical dissensions were found to exist, when disgusted and disheartened he withdrew, and

united with the Presbyterian Church of Unity, where he has ever since led a quiet and peaceable life. When an effort was made three years ago to build a new church, Mr. Tripp gave two hundred dollars towards its erection, notwithstanding the great distance that he lives from the church prevents him in unpleasant weather from being present, yet it seems to afford him satisfaction to know that he has assisted in giving other people comfortable church accommodations. In this same township of Morris there lived for many years, even down to old age, William Stockdale, a man of considerable prominence in the community in which he lived forty years ago. He was one of the men who signed the letter of invitation to the Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, asking them to send missionaries to this neighborhood, who made such a revolution in some of the affairs of the old churches. Mr Stockdale was for many years an elder in the C. P. Church of West Union, (situated close to the side of the Waynesburg & Washington Railroad). His children were very anxious to have an education, in which their father gratified them, and they seem to have profited vastly by the money expended on them. John M. is the able editor of the Washington *Review & Examiner*, after having spent a number of years in the South. James Stockdale was for many years a prominent business man in Baltimore, Md., while Sarah married a Mr. J. B. Wise who recently resided near Ullery's Mill. But I am admonished that I cannot write a history of every person in Greene county, including their ancestors and descendants, hence some of the present generation must be content with merely the brief mention of the names of their ancestors in certain communities. One of these communities I find right along the dividing line between Greene and Washington counties, in the vicinity of North Tenmile Baptist Church. Although the house of worship is in Washington county, a large

portion of the worshipers are, and always have been in Greene since the counties were divided. I have already said in this history that Goshen Baptist Church, on Whiteley, was the first organization within the bounds of the present Greene county. The date given to that organization is October 7, 1776. Yet here we find an organization some four years older than even Goshen. I am fortunately saved from making a mistake by the fact that the present house, as well as the two buildings that have preceded it have all just been across the line in Washington county. I cannot give the exact date of the organization of North Tenmile, but Dr. J. C. Milliken says, "its history runs back as far as the year 1772." Some of the earliest settlers around this spot on both sides of the present line were John Rutman, Dennis Smith, William Gordon, Russle Rees, John Sorrison and John James. These men seem to have taken time by the forelock, and were not content to wait until the Penns had purchased this land at Fort Stanwix from the Indians, but being bold adventurers they purchased the land directly from the savages themselves, trading them a few guns, trinkets and notions. It was not long, however, before they had reason to repent their folly in placing those firearms in the hands of the Indians to be used so soon against themselves. The two first named, however, escaped all the horrors of the wilderness, dodged every Indian bullet and tomahawk, and lived to an unusual old age, the former reaching 99, while the latter attained to 104 years. These settlers seem to have located here as early as 1770. Soon after this other settlers began to arrive who took out their patents in the regular way, so that between the years 1770 and 1790, I find the following persons had located here, most of whom I presume from the location of their descendants, were on the Washington county side of the present line, viz.: Nathaniel McGiffin, David Evans, James Milliken, Abel McFarland, George Cooper

and John Bates. This last named, I presume, was a Greene county man who gave name to Bates' Fork of Tenmile creek, where we find another Baptist church as the off-shoot of the old parent church of North Tenmile. Also another Baptist Church on Ruff's creek as descended from the same old fruitful vine. A history of these two daughters I propose to give as soon as I am better informed, and will now redeem my promise in part, made at the outset of this history, by giving some further details of the history of the old mother north Tenmile church. About the time of its organization in 1772 the settlers far and near were called together for the purpose of erecting a log cabin church. But where were their resources? Where the long subscription papers each containing their thousands of dollars as a basis on which to begin to build a forty thousand dollar temple for the worship of Jehovah? Ah! these were questions not asked, not even thought of by those hungry pioneers who had fled from persecution from the old Dominion to enjoy the benign fruits of liberty under the Quaker banner of the Penns. If there were one doubting Thomas present that bright morning who presumed to ask the question, where are your resources with which to build? I think I hear the responses, here they are! Look at these beautiful oaks, see here are the axes, here is a log-chain brought over the mountains or a pack-horse, and here is a log-sled I made yesterday on purpose to haul these logs; here is the very tree for clapboards for the roof; look at these little chestnut trees for ribs, and these straight maples for wait poles. But ho! come on! we have waited too long already. So saying, the speaker seized an axe and sunk its glistening edge into a small tree near at hand. The action is contagious, and soon the trees are dropping in all directions. The log-sleds and oxen are at work; the best axmen are called out to carry up the corners. The old men are riving out the clapboards. The sisters and mothers are present with

the homely dinner, and by sundown the house is up and covered. The floor was a superfluity that crept in in after years—it was not needed now. Those hardy old fathers and mothers could sit on a round log and listen to the long sermons of those days with nothing but the earth beneath them ; for although it was deeply frozen, they were not troubled with that modern luxury, fire, which would have at least partially thawed out the ground and subjected them to the inconvenience of mud. I will mention the names of the majority of those who have preached the Gospel to this people first in this rude cabin and then in the two succeeding edifices which improved in their materials and superstructure as the country and its inhabitants advanced in wealth and refinement. Rev. James Sutton seems to have been their first regular pastor. He was elected February 4, 1774, and served in this capacity for seven years. He was succeeded by Rev. John Corbley who served two years. From the dates and Mr. Corbley's own words at the commencement of his letter written to Dr. Rogers, I would infer that he alternated between this church and Goshen, for he says, "being near one of my meeting houses." Mr. Corbley was succeeded by Rev. David Sutton who, I infer, was brother of the first pastor, for I find Judge Veech speaking in general terms of the Baptist churches here, says : "Old Virginia had, for a long time, made a special business of persecuting Baptists. Hence they took refuge on Muddy creek, Whiteclay, [this is his way of spelling Whiteley,] and Tenmile and on Pike run and Peters creek at an early day where they were ministered to by Elders Corbley and the Sutton brothers"—Veech's secular history in Presbyterian Centennial, Memorial column, page 328. How long David Sutton preached, is not known, as this part of the record is lost. Rev. Charles Wheeler became pastor in 1831, and served them for five years. He was succeeded by Rev. A. B. Bowman in 1836, who remained only three years, as I find

Rev. Levi Griffith was elected in 1839, who resigned in 1842, when Rev. William Whitehead succeeded him for one year and a-half. The next pastor was Rev. S. Kendal Lenning, who remained with them six years and a-half. Rev. F. C. Gunford now took charge of this church for one year; Rev. W. Scott for six months, Rev. B. P. Ferguson for two and a-half years, Rev. I. Boyd for three years; after his departure Rev. W. B. Skinner supplied them for two years. In 1868 Rev. Samuel Kennall was elected pastor, and was followed by Rev. C. W. Tilton who completed the labors of the first century of the existence of this old church, in the history of which we may learn several lessons: 1st, those who are compelled by persecution to form independent societies, often make the most enduring associations; 2d, we are sorry to learn that, as the generations roll on, the people become more fastidious in their choice of ministers, and hence although preachers of late years were no doubt much more refined and better educated than those who first preached to this people, yet there is a constant shortening of pastorates until in late years they only amounted to a few months, and this thing is by no means confined to this congregation nor denomination; for it is a notorious fact that in numerous instances where the fathers, with their large stock of common sense well supplemented by Scriptural knowledge, could listen for forty years to the same man and be edified all the time, their grand-children, with a mere smattering of classical knowledge rattling about in their empty skulls, are done with many of the best ministers in two or three years, and instead of trying to get some knowledge as a kind of ballast for their air castles, they are often heard to say, with disdainful squeamishness, "oh! he is too prosy. Too much redundancy about him." Bah! I say, and sensible people say amen. Let this thing go on for a few years more and it will be necessary for ministers to build their habitation (like the photographer)

on wagons, so whenever they detect discontent, they can move on before they are kicked out and the boots come thundering after them. Oh! that the millenium would soon come, or that our sages could invent some way to teach their descendants common sense, which Mark Twain says is about the most uncommon thing he has any knowledge of. The worshipers at this old church were often compelled to leave their rude sanctuary on account of the incursions of the Indians who were exceedingly troublesome during the first few years of their existence. On such occasions they were accustomed to have their preaching and other services either in Fort McFarland or Fort Milliken, and as "eternal vigilance was the price of liberty," they were accustomed to place sentinels at a considerable distance in the woods around their log cabin churches during services for the purpose of giving timely notice of the approach of the savages for whom they were always prepared by having with them their trusty rifles, even on the Sabbath day.

On the 2d of February, 1882, (ground-hog day) I started out in search of more material for my history, arriving in the evening at the house of George M. French at Lindley's Mills, a station on the W. & W. R. R. This man is eighty-three years old, and has resided at this spot for upwards of fifty years, close to the Greene county line just over on the Washington county side. On this farm there is a deep well in which the water is remarkably cold. About sixty years ago John Fulton resided on this farm. He had been plowing corn on a very hot day, became thirsty, went to the house for a drink and found the bucket was at the bottom of the well. Being an impulsive man he determined to climb down the wall and bring it up. His wife protested against his rash resolution, as he was dripping with sweat; but her cautions were unheeded. He descended to the bottom, hooked on the bucket, arrived safely at the mouth of the well, drew up the water, took a large draught of

it and was almost immediately taken with a chill from which he never recovered, and in a few days he was laid in his grave. My old friend, assisted by my own recollection, gave me some items of interest along the valley of Ruff's creek from forty to fifty years ago. Crossing over the dividing ridge the first farm on the right was occupied by Phillip Archer at that date. In this same old house a few years ago, Rev. John Thomas, a Welsh Baptist preacher died. He was widely known throughout Greene and Fayette counties as an earnest, faithful laborer in the vineyard of his Divine Master. Descending the stream a little farther you come to the farm of old Timothy Ross, father of Benjamin and Thomas Ross. Mrs. Hannah Ross long outlived her husband. During her occupancy the locality was known as the "Widow Ross' farm." Benjamin Ross located on a fine farm further down the creek. He was a man of considerable prominence both in the church and also in the affairs of the county. He became a leading member of the Baptist Church, of Bates' Fork in the early part of his life. The distance from his residence was so great that he entered into consultation with his neighbors and friends with regard to the propriety of asking an organization nearer the places of their abode. Finding their views agreed with his own, on the 16th of September, 1843, at a regular congregational meeting of the Bates' Fork Baptist Church, he and the following persons were regularly dismissed for the purpose of organizing a new church on Ruff's creek, viz: James Huffman, Jacob Meek, Absalom Hedge, Shadrack Mitchel, James Boyd, George Huffman, Isaac Sibert, Rebecca Huffman, Jane Meek, Rebecca Iams, Nancy Hedge, Elizabeth Mitchel and Phebe Sibert. In due time the church was organized and a house of worship built not far from Benjamin Ross' residence, in which he continued a faithful worker until the day of his death. But Mr. Ross' neighbors concluded he could serve his

county without interfering with his duties to his family, farm or church, consequently elected him one of the Associate Judges, which position he occupied for several years. Between the locations on which old Timothy Ross and his son Benjamin resided, there were three old settlers, viz: Daniel Cary, Jacob Johns and —— Boyd. Of the history of these old men I have but little information, causing regret that descendants are not more careful to preserve the family records of their ancestors. About twenty-five years ago I had the pleasure of uniting Sylvester Cary (a descendant of Daniel) to a Miss Cooper, a daughter of old John Cooper, of Washington county. Descending Ruff's creek below the farm of Judge Ross, we come to the splendid farm of Benjamin Shirk. On this farm, near thirty years ago, the barn was struck with lightning and totally consumed. Between this locality and Waynesburg many years ago there lived a singular genius whose name was Peter Fitzer. It is said of him he would "rather fight than eat." To say the man was rough, could never be construed into a slander, and yet in that great rough man there beat a heart as tender as a child's, which could not resist a tear of sympathy when a case of suffering humanity was presented. He was kind of a stereotype constable for Franklin township in those days when it was lawful to imprison a man for "suspicion of debt." Then money was almost as scarce as "hen's teeth." Many persons who were even considered good livers, would be for months without a single "fip" ( $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents) in their pockets. In view of a lack of the "needful," it was common for officers to take their costs in such articles as beeswax, ginseng, yarn, home-made linen, hanks of tobacco, &c. This constable had made an agreement with the old Squire from whose once most of his business came, that he (the Squire) would take his portion of the costs in the same kind of pay the Constable accepted for his services. It so happened that an execution was placed in the hands

of Fitzer against a poor man in the upper end of the county, duly directing him, in the absence of goods and chattles, to bring the body of said debtor and place it in the county jail. The Constable arrived in due time at the humble home of this poor man, found him working for a neighbor in order to procure a little bread and meat to keep the souls and bodies of the wife and children, whom he loved, together a little longer. The debtor made no attempt to escape, but declared (what was already self-evident to the Constable) that he was utterly unable to pay, and consequently must go to jail. They came to the cabin in order that the man might make some preparation for remaining, perhaps, several weeks inside the gloomy walls of the debtor's prison. But what a scene was now presented to the eye of the tender hearted-officer. There was no bread, no meat, no wood, almost no clothing. The wife had hoped when evening came her husband and father of her children would return home with some provision for the next day, but now her hopes are blasted, but above all the man to whom she had given her heart and hand at the hymenial altar, must go to jail. Oh! it is more than she can bear. But when the word "good-by" is said and the father lifts his little toddling babe to imprint a farewell kiss on its cheek, it is too much for the manly officer who turns away his head and brushes the falling tear from his eye. Gloomily and silently they start toward the jail. A lonely spot is reached in the woods, the Constable breaks the silence by saying, "I don't want to take you to jail to leave your family to starve. I like to fight; what do you say, we will fight right here, and if you whip me I will pay the debt." To this the man replied, "I have nothing against you, you are only doing what the law commands you." After considerable parley the man however consented to fight, and after a well contested battle the Constable sang out "enough," his opponent immediately let him up and said, I recon now I can go home

to which Fitzer replied, "no, I only agreed to pay the debt, how about the cost? Now if you will fight me as manfully as you did before, I will pay the cost." After a second battle the debtor who fought for liberty again came off victorious and was immediately released agreeably to agreement. But this was not the end of it; the debtor joyfully returned to his home. The Constable wended his way back to the Squire's office and paid over the amount of the debt. He was about to put away his purse when the Squire said, "how about the cost," to which the Constable replied, "Didn't you agree to take the same kind of trade that I had to take mine in?" to which the Squire replied, "yes." "Well then, take that," said he, delivering a blow that sent the Justice sprawling into the far corner of the room, who angrily demanded an explanation, when the Constable related the above story, substantially as I have written it, which information I received from no less a personage than W.T.H. Panley, himself. Some young persons will perhaps say I don't believe it. But the men of sixty, seventy or eighty years of age who were familiar with the "times that tried men's souls," will have no hesitancy in believing this narrative which I find is remembered by at least two individuals besides my first informant. After this long digression, let us again return to Ruff's creek, and pay our respects to some other parties there, though it may only be to mention their names, which is about all I can at present do. Among these men that live close to the highway from twenty-five to fifty years ago, was Hugh Montgomery and John Bell. These men both owned large tracts of land; that portion of it lying in the valley could scarcely be surpassed for fertility, and that portion of it which extended to the tops of the surrounding hills was covered with magnificent groves of timber and when cleared out the land affords fine pasturage for the numerous flocks of sheep that have begun to spread themselves over the

"thousand hills" of Greene county. Not far from the State road near the mouth of this creek, a man whose name was Husk, owned and operated a mill where a large business was done, the mill being a substantial structure. Near this mill fifty years ago there stood an old Baptist Church at which the Rev. Barnabas Whitlatch ministered. I have never been able to fully comprehend the exact difference between these people and the regular Baptists that are so numerous in many parts of this county. I have never known but three ministers of this particular denomination. One of these was Rev. William Brownfield of Uniontown. Another was Rev. Adah Winnet, of Washington county, and the other was this man Whitlatch. All these people claim to be Calvinists and yet they are not agreed. I have heard the enemies of these people who worshiped in the old church call them Antinomians because they did not abound in the multitude of good works that some others were engaged in, such as Sabbath Schools, prayer meetings, and missionary work in general. My own private opinion has been that those people were so rigidly Calvinistic that it might be said of them they were "so straight that they leaned backward."

On the morning of the 4th of February, 1882, I arrived at Sycamore Station on the W. & W. Railroad. Here I called on old Jacob Smith, who was born in 1811, within three miles of the spot where he now resides. He was married in 1834, to Miss Nancy Hill who was also born in the immediate vicinity. They have raised nine children, four of whom are dead. One of the sons was a soldier in the war of the rebellion, was taken prisoner in one of the battles of the Wilderness, and sent to Andersonville, from which fatal spot "no tidings ere came back," leaving those bereaved parents during the last seventeen years, to imagine almost everything. But they have finally settled down in the conviction that in that "prison-pen,"

he died, and that his is one of that long line of graves marked "unknown," the recital of which probability still brings a tear to the eye of both father and mother, as I witnessed myself. Jacob Smith, Jr., who still resides with his father, is the obliging clerk of the Baptist Church of Bates' Fork. He produced the church book at my request, and also gave me a copy of the minutes of the Association of Tenmile, for the year 1869. From these two sources, I gain the following facts viz: This church was organized on the 29th of December, 1842. The present site is near Sycamore Station, on the W. & W. Railroad. The ministers that superintended the organization were, Isaac Pettit, T. Richards, Levi Griffith and William Woods. Fifty-one persons were received by letter, who were members of an old organization some two miles further up the creek, which society had been gathered by the labors of Rev. Matthias Luce and others at an early day, but had now been depleted by removals and death, until the house of worship was no longer in a central position, hence the removal and new organization, at which time Thomas Taylor, Lewis Ketchum and John Pettit, were elected and set apart to the office of deacon. The ministers who have served this church are as follows: Isaac Pettit, Simeon Sigfried, John Pool, Wm. Ellis. Elder Richards also served one year. A licentiate whose name was Cammonson served as a supply from August, 1852, until April, 1853. In 1853, Elder Charles Tilton became pastor. He was succeeded by Elder S. Parcell. Elder J. Rossel continued with this church two years. After the close of his labors, Elder William Scott served three years. He was succeeded by Rev. Morgan Tilton, who remained seven years, his pastorate ending in April, 1869. Rev. Job Rossel was then chosen as pastor. For want of time I did not pursue the record further. Rev. Charles Tilton was expected to commence a protracted meeting at this new church building, the same day that I obtained this

information from Mr. Smith, February 4th, 1882. Near the site of the old church building, about the commencement of the present century, Nathaniel Pettit took up his abode in the almost unbroken forest. Here he raised ten children—eight boys and two girls. One of these sons, "Nat," was the unfortunate constable who undertook to arrest Samuel Venatta, and lost his life in the attempt. Of this numerous family, all are dead except Jemima, who was living a few weeks ago in Columbus, Ohio. Leaving the house of Mr. Smith, I proceeded up Brown's Fork as far as the house of Dennis Iams, where I was kindly entertained, treated to a good dinner, and furnished with a large amount of valuable information as follows: Richard Iams emigrated from the State of Maryland, about 1780, and settled on a large tract of land near the present village of Nineveh, part of the land being now owned by the widow Wolf. This old man removed to a farm on Bates Fork, near the first building of the Baptist Church, and finally died on the farm recently occupied by Elias Cary. Here his son Thomas was born, who fell heir to this particular part of the old man's possessions. Here in 1806, Dennis Iams, my informant, was born, being the son of Thomas, and a grandson of Richard Iams. This Dennis has been a quiet, even going, industrious man, not one of those who wait for something to turn up, but one of the class who persons who turn something up. Consequently, he is now the owner of eighteen hundred acres of land, on which his numerous descendants are now settled, and which they will no doubt inherit. Mr. Iams has been for thirty years a successful wool grower, having gone somewhat extensively into the fine grades of wool, and has purchased from the Vermont dealers animals ranging all the way from twenty-five dollars up to two hundred. He has moreover given his time and attention to the church, as well as the world. I find by reference to the minutes of the

Baptist Association, that he was elected deacon in the Bates' Fork Baptist Church, in 1863, where in conjunction with Nathaniel Parshal, John Pettit and Deacon Taylor, the affairs of this church have been successfully carried forward. John Pettit was the first clerk and was succeeded by Deacon Taylor in that office, and he in turn is now succeeded by Deacon Jacob Smith. While the leading object in writing this book is to give at least a partial history of Greene county, yet a few moral reflections from time to time will not I hope be deemed amiss, hence when looking over the old church book, which I regard as a public document, I found a few things to which I invite attention. First, a resolution declaring that any member of this church, who shall be present at three communions and shall refuse to commune shall be considered "disorderly" and shall be dealt with accordingly. With all my heart I say Amen. I have so often met with this stereotyped excuse, "Oh! I can't commune while you keep that man or that woman in the church!" Ask them to prefer charges against this designated person in order that this stumbling block may be removed out of the way, they coolly reply, "oh, no! I don't want to make any fuss," and so neglect not only their duties to the church, but also towards that offending brother or sister. My doctrine on this subject is that no human being can be better than Jesus, and since he condescended to commune with Judas Iscariot, surely the followers of Jesus may afford to commune with those who are far from being perfect in heart and life, and all manner of conversation. I think the very best of us ought to commune when we are invited to do so, although Judas and Simon Magus should both be seated at the same table. On the 7th of March, 1845 a woman was excluded from fellowship for communing with a Pedo Baptist Church. Now I believe in open communion, and it might be expected that I would at once condemn the action of this church. On the

contrary, I condemn them not. If I am asked the question, was it wrong for that woman to do as she did, I should unhesitatingly answer, yes. Whenever she became satisfied that close communion was wrong and open communion was right, she should have asked for a letter of dismission and gone and united with an open communion church. I have administered the communion a great many times during the last thirty years, and have always invited all professing Christians of other denominations in good standing in their respective churches to commune with us, provided your own church has placed no barrier in the way. If they have, I do not ask you to violate a rule of your own church.

Among the interesting reminiscences given to me by Mr. Dennis Iams were some of his earliest recollections about the years 1818 and 1820, when his grandfather, Richard Iams, would take him out with him on a hunting excursion. Although deer had become scarce they were occasionally met with, especially when they made their camp in the deep woods and would slip along in the morning twilight to intercept the timid buck or doe as they returned towards the dense forest after their nocturnal foraging raids. Then if one of them came within range of the grandfather's deadly rifle there was but one decree for him and that was he must die. During the day they hunted lesser game still abounding in the hills and valleys of Greene county, such as wild turkeys, pheasants, squirrels, rabbits, etc. A few bear still lurked in the woods along Bates' Fork; yet during the hunting season in the fall of the year these thieving bruins could live so well in the corn fields of the settlers where they grew so fat that it took many of the beligerant propensities out of them, so much so that they scarcely ever showed fight, and generally either ran away or took to a tree for safety from which they were usually dislodged by the unerring rifle of the old man who, though not fond of bear meat, delighted in stretch-

ing the hairy hides of those monsters around the walls of his cabin ; yet the grand-son could not remember a single instance in which there was a fight worth recording. A few wolfs still lurked in the woods, sometimes making night hideous, and almost curdling the blood of the boy of fourteen summers as he lay awake by the side of his slumbering grandfather in the deep woods far from the abodes of men ; yet there was a great deal "more noise than wool" about these night walkers ; their numbers had been so depleted by the hunters that they had not courage enough to attack the camp of even an old man and his grandson, consequently they never sustained any damage by them.

On the morning of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, 1882, I called upon James Hays, Jr., who kindly furnished me with the records of South Tenmile Baptist Church from which I learn that this church was organized on the 18th day of September, 1836. James Woods was Moderator of the meeting at which the organization was affected. The ministers invited as council were Revs. Bowman, Pettit and Semour. The congregation then adopted a creed consisting of fourteen articles of belief which I have carefully examined and which I pronounce orthodox, *ver batim et literatim*. If this creed was presented for my adoption or rejection I would ask leave to alter a few words. I have more fully learned than I ever knew before that the Baptists are strictly independent, hence I find a difference in phraseology in their different church books, and yet their doctrines are essentially the same, being at least modifiedly Calvinistic, and hence I am satisfied that these people have been grossly misrepresented in time past by their enemies. In order that my readers may understand what I mean by this, I introduce a circumstance that occurred in Fayette county, about the year 1842. I have no minutes of the trial and only write from memory. During the last century a Baptist church

was organized at Uniontown, then known as "Beesontown." The land on which the church was built was deeded to the Trustees and Deacons, (naming them) of the "regular Baptist church," and their successors in office forever or so long as it should be occupied by the above named denomination. This land had previously been part of a tract of land belonging to Rev. Wm. Brownfield, who was at a later day regarded as the leader of a minority of the Baptist church who were deemed "ultra" Calvinistic. Among the prominent persons in this old organization were such families as the Wins, Suttons, Hatfields, Hutcheson, Troutmans, Brownfields and others. The affairs of this old church moved on smoothly until that unfortunate decade of years arrived between 1830 and 1840, during which time the Presbyterian church had been convulsed from centre to circumference and had been finally divided into "Old School" and "New School," both branches still subscribing to the same Confession of Faith. During this decade the Cumberland Presbyterians missionaries had also arrived, who were incessantly denouncing Calvinism on one hand and Armenianism on the other, all the time magnifying the beauties of the "middle way." Dr. Fairchild and Rev. Milton Bird had each appealed to his pen in order to defend his favorite theory. As might be expected these theological discussions would to a greater or less extent be felt by all the surrounding denominations, among the rest of the Baptists. Rev. Brownfield had become superannuated and did not act as regular pastor for any church, but almost always preached in this old church whenever a fifth Sabbath occurred in a month, which among Baptists is considered a kind of vacant pulpit day. Meantime Mr. Brownfield was an attentive and critical listener to almost all that was uttered from the pulpit during the other forty eight Sabbaths of the year, When he came to the conclusion that these younger men were certainly preaching at least partial Armenianism.

which was detested above all things by the righteous soul of this old man, so much so that he felt it to be his duty on his fifth Sabbath to denounce, in the most unmeasured terms, not only the doctrines but also all that held them, and especially those who preached them. As might be expected division at once occurred in the church and also in the community at least in sentiment, each defending his own theory to the best of his ability. Mr. Brownfield had the sympathies of the outside community with him to a great extent; so much so that he was called on to do the marrying for almost all the loose-rooted outsiders who had no church connections until his home became a perfect "Gretna Green." All these things put together encouraged the old gentleman until he brought suit to eject those from the premises who had departed from the original creed. In due time the trial came off, Mr. Brownfield acting in part, as his own attorney, making a speech three hours long. His assistant lawyer was old "Fox Alden," of Pittsburg, who, in making his closing speech, carefully reviewed the church records in which the creed was written, and compared it to the creed as written in the books of newer organizations. He reviewed the testimony of such witnesses as Rev. Milton Sutton, Rev. Isaac Win and others who testified they had not departed from "the old paths," but still adhered to the doctrines of the old regular Baptist Church. Alden strongly maintained Rev. Brownfield was the only Calvinist among them, consequently those differing from him must be ejected. He said, "Gentlemen of the jury, an effort has been made to prove Calvinism and Arminianism are synonymous terms and mean the same. As well assert black and white are alike. In my opinion the difference is as great between good old school Calvinism and the rank, green-eyed Arminianism as there is between the highest ridge pole of Heaven and the lowest mudsills of hell." I do not remember the precise words of the verdict, but

but the actual workings were that they all henceforth worshiped in the same new brick church building on the site of the old one, the young man chosen by the majority preaching all the time except the fifth Sabbath, on which the old pastor usually dispensed the Gospel of peace and good will to all men. The war was at an end. The old gentleman preached as long as he was able, and still continued to make the young people happy by uniting them in marriage, until finally he sank down in a good old age to sleep in an honored grave, respected and beloved by at least a large majority of those who knew him. I introduce this long incident to throw all the light I can on the question, what is the real point of difference between the old regular Baptists and the present regular Baptists, and am disposed to say, as far as doctrine is concerned, it is a "distinction without a difference;" the difference is in practice.

After this long digression, please permit me to return to the history of Sonth Tenmile Church. The organization was effected at John Goodwin's house. Jno. C. Hughes was the first clerk. The constituting prayer was made by Rev. Abraham Bowman. Rev. Isaac Pettit, by invitation, held the first communion for this church on the last Lord's day in October, 1836. At a meeting October 22, 1836, Thomas Hendershot and John C. Hughes were ordained as the first Deacons. November 26, 1836, William Throckmorton was elected moderator. A resolution was passed at this meeting, fixing the time for the regular congregational meetings on the Saturday previous to the fourth Sabbath of each month. December 24, 1836, Thomas Hendershot was elected Moderator. On March 18, 1837, Father James Seymour was elected as first pastor of this church. At a meeting April 15, 1837, a resolution was passed, asking admittance into the Monongahela Association. Daniel Throckmorton, Ellis Hughes and Jno. Goodwin were elected as first messengers to the Association. At a regular meeting on

December 16, 1837. This church granted a license to Jas. Woods to preach, and also declared "that they could have no fellowship with slavery in any of its bearings." On the resignation of Father Seymour, Rev. Bowman was called as pastor February 23, 1839. March 14, 1840, Rev. James Woods was called as their pastor. About May 1st, 1840, the congregation seems to have first occupied their new church, as on May 16 they passed a resolution that their "monthly meetings be moved to the meeting house." An election was held February 13, 1841, at which John Goodwin and John Ridgeway were elected Deacons. September 7, 1842, the Association met with this church for the first time. December 3 Bro. Sowers was elected singing clerk, Rev. Isaac Pettit being pastor at this time. July 6, 1844, J. C. Hughes was elected first Sabbath School Superintendent. October 5, 1844, a resolution was passed declaring it the duty of all church members to abstain from dealing in or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage. April 4, 1846, Rev. John Thomas took charge of this church as pastor. Thomas Hendershot was appointed church clerk Feb. 6, 1847. Rev. James Orr served as supply for a brief time. Rev. William Whitehead was elected pastor January 1st, 1848. Rev. Chas. Tilton was elected pastor Feb. 3, 1849. Samuel Harvey was ordained Deacon March 15, 1850. May 15, 1852, Robert Bradling was elected Clerk. William Clutter was received as Deacon, which position he formerly filled in Beulah church, February 18, 1854. Edmond Smith was elected church Clerk on April 15, 1854. June 16, 1860, a request was made by the church at Enon that the South Tenmile Church take the usual preparatory steps for the ordination of Morgan Tilton. This church granted the request, and set August 16 as the time, when the services were as follows: Reading the Scriptures by Rev. William Scott; sermon by Rev. H. K. Craig; ordination prayer by Rev. I. Sharp; charge by Rev. J. Rossel; hand

of fellowship, Rev. C. Tilton; address to the church, Rev. S. Kendall; benediction by Rev. Morgan Tilton. Rev. A. J. Collins entered on his duties as pastor of this church in May, 1861. Rev. Zook was called as stated supply July 15, 1865. Rev. Samuel Kendall was elected pastor May 18, 1867. October 17, 1868, this church licensed Bro. A. Sharpneck to preach, and on January 16 it also licensed James C. Heaton. February 20, 1869, Rev. Morgan Tilton was selected for stated supply for one year. April 15, 1871, Rev. Foulks was elected as supply, Morgan Tilton's time having been extended up to this date. September 23, 1871, the following persons were elected Deacons: M. Burrows, Seth Goodwin and A. J. Scott. February 17, 1872, Thomas Smith was elected Clerk of the church. July 20, 1872, Rev. Job Rossel was invited to preach as supply until April next. March 22, 1873, a call was presented for Rev. J. R. Foulks. Rev. J. B. Solomon was unanimously chosen pastor March 14, 1874, but in consequence of his numerous duties as President of Monongahela College at Jefferson, he was constrained to decline the call. November 18, 1877, Rev. Sigfried was invited as a stated supply for four months. May 18, 1878, Rev. Burwell was elected pastor, and here the old records of this church came to an end as far as calling pastors is concerned. Rev. James Miller is the present pastor, a zealous, earnest, peaceable man.

Among the prominent members of this South Tenmile Church none were more so than Samuel Harvey, who is a son of Thomas Harvey, who settled on the farm where his grandson, Charles Harvey, now resides, at an early day, Samuel Harvey having removed to Waynesburg a few months ago. Two brothers, Robert and George, made up the balance of his father's family. His uncles were William, Joseph and Samuel, and his aunts were Maria and Prudence. His grandfather emigrated from Philadelphia among the earliest settlers of this region.

William Harvey (uncle to the present Samuel) settled on the tract of land now owned and occupied by William H. Cook, who is his nephew. The descendants of William Harvey were quite numerous, consisting of Norwood, Robert, Joseph, William, Jane, Elizabeth, Sarah, also Mary, married to James Throckmorton, Margaret, married to John G. Dinsmore, and Amanda, married to David Gray, now of Burnt Ranch, California. This old gentleman, William Harvey, was a man of considerable prominence in the community in which he lived, being the first Post Master in this section of country, giving his name to the office, "Harvey's." He was educated for a Presbyterian minister, but from some cause was never inducted into that position, yet he was a diligent instructor of youth in the church, said to be the best Bible class teacher the whole neighborhood could produce; but he was destined to come to an untimely end, by two wounds inflicted by an ax in the hands of an insane boy whom he had raised. Mr. Harvey had been frequently cautioned by his neighbors with reference to the danger he was in from this boy, but the old man turned a deaf ear to all the warnings, took the crazy boy with him to the barn to assist in grinding an ax, where his body was found by other members of the family, the lunatic having immediately fled to a dry well on the farm, where he concealed himself so successfully that no trace of him could be found until the day of the funeral, when just as the broken-hearted relatives were about taking leave of the corpse the frenzied lunatic broke through the crowd, up to the side of the coffin where he stood with a vacant stare until arrested and taken to the asylum. In this same locality has existed for many long years a very numerons family by the name of Throckmorton, which is descended from Daniel Throckmorton, who builded his cabin on the waters of South Tenmile, almost in a howling wilderness, and died near the same place at nearly one hundred years of age, leaving Daniel, Jr., Isaac, William,

Phoebe, Polly and Jane as heirs to his large estate. A distant relative of this old man, Joseph Throckmorton, was the father of the following children : James, Joseph, Daniel and Job were his sons; while his daughter Sarah was married to Samuel Harvey ; Mary Ann was married to Isaac Throckmorton ; Elizabeth was married to John Kegley ; Catharine was married to John Reese. Morford Throckmorton's children were as follows, viz.: Samuel, Morford, John, Dr. William and J. Reed. His daughter Margaret was married to Caleb Grimes ; Alice was married to Jesse Lazear. The children of James Throckmorton were Job, James and Westley, sons. His daughter Mary married James Braddock ; Nancy Married Washington Ferrel ; Jane married William Elder ; Unice married Jesse Braddock ; Catharine married John Cole and Elizabeth married Samuel McCullough. The children of Isaac Throckmorton (son of old Daniel) were Spencer and Isaac, while his daughters married the following men: Catharine to Jonas Jacobs ; Rachel to John McCullough ; Sarah Jane to Josiah Cathers ; Elizabeth to John Woods ; Ursula to Jones Doran, while Eva and Spencer died single, in Illinois, with milk sickness. Daniel Throckmorton, Jr., was the father of Axtel, Oliver and Judson. Another extensive family in the same neighborhood was the Hendershots, of which Peter Hendershot seems to have been the ancestor. His sons were Thomas, Jacob, Isaac, David and Abram. His daughter Mary was married to Sylvanes Sutton ; Harriet was married to Darius Sutton. Of these sons of old Peter, Jacob and David still live. The sons of Thomas Hendershot were Peter F., Isaac B., Dr. John T. His daughter Mary became the wife of John Hiskey : Parnel became the wife of Mulford Burrows, while the daughter Sarah has long since been dead.

The Tenmile Baptist Association held its first meeting at Mt. Hermon Church, Washington Co., Pa., October 1, 1859. The following Churches are or have been in connection with that asso-

ciation: 1st Goshen; 2d, North Tenmile; 3d, South Tenmile; 4th, Bates Fork; 5th, Bethlehem; 6th, Fish Creek; 7th, Beulah; 8th, South Wheeling; 9th, Enon. \*

GOSHEN CHURCH.—In giving this brief account, we regret to say that we cannot avoid some omissions in the statistics, as some part of the records have either been lost or the proceedings not registered in the Church Books.

The Goshen Baptist meeting house was built in Greene township, Greene county, Pennsylvania, in the year A. D., 1771, and the church was constituted by Revs. Isaac Sutton and Daniel Fristo, November 7, 1773. The constituent membership was 30. The first deacon chosen was Jacob Vanmeter, on the 11th of December, 1773. At this time Rev. James Sutton was called to the pastoral office of the church, and continued his labors with the church until 1775. About this time Rev. John Corbly was received by letter from the Mill Creek Baptist Church, and was ordained to the Gospel ministry June 10, same year, and called to the pastoral care of the church, and continued his labor with them until the year 1803, making 28 years. Rev. Thomas Harvey succeeded Bro. Corbly, and continued this relationship until 1808; during part of this time he was assisted by Rev. Amos Mix; then Bro. Stone was called, who continued for about nine years. Bro. James Seamor was then called as a supply, and continued until 1821. Bro. Jacob Myers was then invited to preach in connection with Bro. Seamor, as often as he could. On April 21, 1824, Bro. Seamor was recalled and continued to serve as its pastor for nine years; then Bro. F. Downey was invited to preach for the church once a month, and continued for ten months. On December 25, 1830, he and Bro. Seamor were called for one year. On March 24, 1832, Bro. James Seamor was recalled, who continued to serve the church until March 2,

\* These brief histories of these churches are taken from the minutes of the various associations, without re-writing. Some contradiction in dates and in the different ways of spelling the same names will be found. That I cannot account for.—AUTHOR.

1834, when they called Brother Seamor and Rev. Benoni Allen; who labored for them in conjunction for one year. At this period the church called Bros. Milton, Sutton and William Wood, who served them in conjunction for one year. They then recalled Bro. H. Sutton for one year. On February 25, 1837, the church called Rev. J. W. B. Tisdale, who continued with them for three years. On July 25, 1840, Rev. Jno. Curry was called and continued for one year. Feb. 5, 1842, Rev. Levi Griffith was called to the pastoral charge of the church, who continued his services for four years. The pastorate of this brother was greatly blessed of the Lord, to the good of this people, in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in the ingathering of many precious souls. Bro. William Wood succeeded Bro. Griffith in the pastoral charge of this church, and continued three years. The church then called Bros. William Whitehead and John Thomas, who labored in conjunction for one year. Bro. William Wood was then recalled and served the church for three years. At the expiration of this term the church extended a call to Rev. S. Kendall, who continued for eighteen months. The Rev. G. W. Hartzog was called as a supply for one year. After this Rev. Joel Greene served the church as its pastor one year. Bro. S. L. Parcel was called to the pastoral charge of this church, and continued his labors with them for two years. J. B. Sharp followed Bro. Parcel and continued for two years. Brother S. Kendall was recalled to serve as pastor of this church, and continued for the period of twenty-one months. Bro. C. Tilton, the present pastor, commenced his labors with them April 1st, 1864, under whose labors the church has been blessed of the Lord. The whole number of pastors and supplies from the constitution of the church until the present time is 23. In connection with the regular ministrations of the pastors and supplies, this church has enjoyed the valuable labors of many ministering brothers in protracted efforts and visitations. Num-

ber of deacons since the constitution of the church, 17, four of whom are still living, and are in active service. Whole number of membership from beginning, 845; whole number dismissed, 343; whole number died, 177; whole number excluded, 131; left without letters, 6: present number, 188.

**BETHLEHAM CHURCH.**—The Bethlehem Baptist Church was constituted September 22, 1843. The recognition council consisted of Revs. L. Griffith, Wm. Wood and James Woods. Number of constituent members, 26. The first deacon, Brother James Huffman, has been dismissed to the North Tenmile Church. Since the organization the following brethren have been elected deacons: John R. Hughes, Abijah Heaton, Jesse Craig, John Regester, Benjamin Shirk, Jacob Weaver, Solomon B. Wise and John Ross; the last four are surviving at present. The first clerk was Brother James Boyd, succeeded by Brother John Regester, and he succeeded by Brother Solomon B. Wise, the present clerk. Brother Amos Pratt was called to the pastoral care of the church in October, 1843. He was succeeded by Rev. Simeon Sigfried, Sr., who served for one year, he being succeeded by Rev. Charles Tilton, who continued to serve the church until April, 1850. During Brother Tilton's pastorate, Brother J. A. Pool acted in conjunction with Brother Tilton as a supply for a short time. Rev. Wm. Whitehead was called to the pastoral care of the church in April, 1850, and served until April, 1851, when Rev. Wm. Ellis was called, who served until April, 1852, when Rev. C. Tilton was recalled to the pastoral care of the church, and continued until April, 1868, making the whole pastorate of Brother Tilton twenty years. The next pastor, H. K. Craig, commenced serving the church in April, 1868. The whole number of persons having their membership in the church is 349, of which 57 have been dismissed by letter; excluded, 88; deceased, 40; leaving at present 363 members.

The pastors were assisted during these years by Revs. Wm. Wood, Sr., Samuel Kendall, A. J. Collins, Solomon Parshel, C. Tilton and William F. Burwell in protracted meetings. While the church has had her seasons of adversity, she has also had many seasons of rejoicing. Our trust is in God, looking forward to the time when "they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more."

SOUTH WHEELING CHURCH.—The South Wheeling Church was constituted September 19, A. D. 1840. The ministers present were James Woods, Isaac Pettit and Levi Griffith. The visitors were Phillip Axtel, Daniel Throckmorton, Mr. Bane and others. This interest seems to have begun especially through the divine blessing upon the ministerial labors of Rev. Woods, who was chosen the first pastor. The first Deacons chosen, four in number, were Francis Baldwin, Ezekiel Braden, Henry Bane and Mordecai Bane, one of whom, Ezekiel Braden, still lives and is recognized in an official character; but he is quite infirm, and destined soon to follow those who have gone before. Wm. Gray was chosen first Clerk. The Articles of Faith adopted were eleven in number, upon which the Church united with the Monongahela Association, continuing with it until the formation of the Tenmile Association, with which it has since been connected. About 420 members, for a longer or shorter period, have had their religious home in this church, about 100 being the present membership at the writing hereof. During these thirty-seven years of its history ten ministering brethren have served as pastors, varying as to time from three months to thirteen years, generally one or two years being the length of pastoral engagements, Bro. Job Rossell serving the longer period. Changes, by reason of death and other causes,

have been made in the offices of deacon and clerk. Ezekiel Braden, Daniel Lewis, Isaac Booher, H. R. Sherrick and F. W. H. Baldwin are the present deacons, and W. R. Barnett the present clerk. In the early part of its history, church sittings and privileges were comparatively few in this community. A great change has been wrought in this respect through the labors of other denominations. We find the names of twenty-eight ministers upon the church book, who have kindly visited, aided in seasons of protracted worship, or served as pastors. At times its prospect for usefulness has been small; but it has realized many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, who has been better to it than it deserved. Some three years since we erected a new house of worship, located at Ryerson's Station, being about a mile from the former place of meeting, and the second house erected; and though not entirely paid for, yet arrangements are such that a full discharge of the debt is expected soon. The church has co-operated in general objects of benevolence, but perhaps not to the full extent of a faithful steward of the manifold grace of God, whose goodness endureth continually. Rev. J. Y. Burwell is serving in the pastoral relation at present. May the Lord of the Harvest render fruitful the soil, water from clouds of mercy, and give increase as shall be for His glory and gladden the hearts of His people.

ENON CHURCH.—The Enon Baptist Church was constituted September 22, 1848. The recognition council consisted of Rev. Wm. Whitehead and Rev. Chas. Parker. Number of constituent members, 13. The first deacons were Brothers Morris Jones and John Feaster. Brother Feaster was dismissed by letter to some other sister church. Since the organization the following brethren have been elected: James Allum, in the year 1853; Joshua Ackley, 1856; Wm. Clutter, 1868 (by letter from South Tenmile Church). These four are still deacons.

Brother Geo. D. Jones is the present clerk. Rev. Wm. Whitehead was called to the pastoral care of the church at its constitution in 1848. He was succeeded by Rev. John West, in 1850. Rev. Wm. Whitehead was recalled in 1851 and 1852. Rev. John Edmonson supplied in 1853; succeeded by Rev. Lewis Sammons, in 1854; succeeded by Rev. George W. Hartzog, ending in the year 1857; Rev. John Henderson for 1858; then Rev. Lewis Sammons was called as a supply for the year 1859; then Rev. Morgan Tilton was called April 1st, 1860, ending his labors in 1863; Rev. Lewis Sammons was recalled for the year 1864, ending in 1865; Rev. David G. Zook was called September 1st, 1865, ending his labors in 1867; Rev. Morgan Tilton was recalled in 1868, who served as pastor. We omit giving the number of excluded and deceased, for want of correct dates. We find many omissions. The present membership is about 96. In connection with the regular ministrations of pastors and supplies, this church has enjoyed the valuable labors of many ministering brethren in protracted meetings and visitations. Our trust is in the blessed Savior. May his Holy Spirit dwell in our hearts.

BEULAH CHURCH.—About the year 1823, Lewis Ketcham moved where the meeting house now stands, and had preaching at his house as often as he could obtain it, which for many years before the constitution of the church was every fifth Sabbath, by the pastors of Tenmile (now Mt. Hermon) Church, and sometimes by visiting ministers. Several times three days' meetings were held at other points near. Elder Isaac Pettit was the principal laborer at this station, but was assisted by Brethren Matthias Luce, Charles Wheeler, Wm. Wood, Levi Griffith, and others. In January, 1843, Brother Trevor Richards, of Virginia, commenced preaching once a month at Powers' School House, not far from the present location, and continued his meetings about once a week each visit till April, when it was resolved

by Tenmile, Bates' Fork and South Tenmile churches, to constitute a church on the first of May next, which was accordingly done by Brothers I. Pettit, E. T. Brown, and T. Richards, acting as officers for the occasion. A building committee was appointed, who superintended the construction of the meeting house the same year. The pastors who preached for Beulah Church, and the time they served are as follows: Elder Trevor Richards, three years, once a month, from the 1st of April, 1843 to the 1st of April 1846; Elder John Thomas, two years, once a month, from 1846 to 1848; Elder Wm. Whitehead, one year, twice a month, from 1848 to 1849; Elder Charles Tilton, four years, twice a month, from 1849 to 1853; Elder Caleb Rossel, six months, and S. L. Parcell, licentiate, supply, six months, from 1853 to 1854; Elder Job Rossel, four years, twice a month, from 1854 to 1858; Elder H. K. Craig, ten years, twice a month, for six years, and every Sabbath for four years, 1858 to 1868. No pastor from April 1st, 1868, to July 1st, 1869, in which time the church repaired their house, at a cost of six hundred dollars; Elder W. F. Burwell, from July, 1869, to April 1st, 1871; Elder Patton, supply, four months, and Elder C. Haven, supply, one month, during the year to April, 1872; since then no pastor. S. L. Parcell, one of the members, was licensed to preach in the year 1853, and ordained to the Gospel ministry in January, 1854, and was an acceptable pastor of two or three churches.

FISHCREEK CHURCH.—The Fishcreek Regular Baptist Church was located in Springhill township, Greene county, Pa. It was constituted on the 31st day of July, 1844. The council consisted of Elder Simeon Sigfried, James Woods, Benoni Leonard and A. J. Bowman. The exact number of constituent members is not known; but when received into the Monongahela Association in the following September, 1844, 22 were reported. The pastors and the time they served the church are as follows: Elder James Woods to April 1st, 1845; Elder Charles

Tilton to April, 1847, two years, once a month; Elder Benoni Leonard to April, 1848, once a month; to April, 1852, the church was without a pastor for three years; Elder Thomas Rose, to April, 1854, two years, once a month; Elder Solomon Parcel, to April, 1845, one year, once a month; Elder Lewis Sammons, to April, 1859, four years, once a month; to April, 1860, Elder John West, one year, once a month; to April, 1863, Elder Lewis Sammons, three years, once a month; to April, 1864, Elders Job Rossell and Lewis Sammons, each one year, once a month: to April, 1870, Elder Sammons, six years, two Sabbaths in the month; to April, 1871, the church was without a pastor one year; to April, 1872, Elder F. Morrow Sturm, two Sabbaths in the month. It was during this year that the name of the church was changed to New Freeport. Soon after this feat was accomplished, Brother Sturm went over to the Southern Methodists, and had his name changed. To April, 1873, Elder Rossell, once a month, one year; to April, 1874, Elder Milton Owen, a supply, once a month, one year. For eleven years the Church was destitute of a house of worship, and met in the school house. But through the aid and lead of Brothers C. Tilton and S. Parcel they succeeded in 1855 in building a neat frame church, 39x36 feet in size, in which they now meet for divine worship. During the thirty years of the church's existence about three hundred persons have been baptized into its fellowship, and of that number about two hundred were baptised by Elder Sammons. Springhill Valley and Belton were off-shoots from the parent stem. Belton from emigration and other causes has become extinct. Springhill valley still lives. The deacons, as far as the writer can learn, are all still living (with the exception of Brother Carl Moore, who has gone to the rest that remains for the people of God), viz.: Silas Ayers, Jacob J. Moore, Joseph Whitlatch, Isaac Bebout and Jacob Ayres. Brother Silas Ayres is near 85 years of age, is confined to his

home, and will soon have to lay his armor by and dwell with Christ at home. It is to be hoped the other deacons will be spared for many years to work in the Master's vineyard.

New Freeport is one of the most important centers in the Tenmile Association. Aleppo township has no Baptist church; Gilmore has none; Jackson has one near its northern border. Thus New Freeport has a surrounding population of more than four thousand souls. The question might be asked, why is the church so small—only seventy-five members? In reply I would say, many have moved away; some have gone home to rest from their toils; some have gone to other denominations, (for no pains have been spared to proselyte from our ranks;) and, sad to tell, many have gone back to the world—zealous in the service of Satan. Our trust is in Zion's King, that in years to come there will be a strong and prosperous church at New Freeport.

NINEVEH.—The Prophet Jonah, after his submarine voyage had been completed, wrote a partial history of the Ninevites. But that history is so old that perhaps many of the readers of this history of Greene county have overlooked it of late years. I come to this conclusion from the fact that I greatly surprised some of them a few Sabbaths ago by asserting that the book of Jonah does not say that he was swallowed by a whale. I would advise all my readers to go and read this old book of Jonah over again, and there they will find that the language used is “Now the Lord had prepared a *great fish* to swallow up Jonah.” After they have informed themselves on this subject, I respectfully invite their attention to the history of a small village of the same name, in Morris township, Greene county, Pa., a place which I visited a few days ago, and obtained from Amos Day, M. C. Lightner, Warren Mankey and his wife, the following information: This town is situated on a branch of Brown's Fork of Tenmile creek, at a point where three original tracts of land met; these tracts were known as the “Car-

ter, Barker and Iams tracts." In the year 1845 William Day purchased three acres of land about the center of the present town. On this lot he erected a small house, in which his son, Francis (Frank), commenced selling goods, which were furnished by Alexander Sweeney, of Washington, Pa. This three-acre lot was divided out into small lots, on which quite a number of good houses were erected; and also a Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which was built about 1850. This same building is still in existence, but after the lapse of thirty years it had become somewhat dilapidated and also antiquated, when the congregation resolved to extensively repair it, which was accomplished during the summer of 1881, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. A Methodist Episcopal Church of the most modern style of architecture, presenting a neat, chaste, tasty appearance, has been erected within the last three years. The leading spirits in the enterprise were Dr. Wm. Throckmorton and John D. Patterson, assisted by the community at large. Rev. W. D. Slease is pastor in charge; Rev. J. R. White is his assistant, who is located in the village. The present stated supply of the Cumberland Church is Rev. Johnson. Dr. William Throckmorton is the practicing physician of the place. There are two stores, one of them owned by J. W. Day, the other by J. S. Lewis & Bro. There are several persons in this place directly and indirectly engaged in the manufacture of light buggies and carriages. I claim to know something about the manufacture of these articles, having learned this business when I was a boy, and from the samples of wood, iron, steel, paint, varnish, duck and workmanship which I saw, I am satisfied that no man nor set of men can put up hand-made buggies of this style for sixty dollars, and yet this is all they ask for an "open top" buggy. Among the persons engaged in this business, I found Samuel Burroughs, R. B. McGlumphy, and others. I. F. Milliken is engaged in the cabinet and undertaking busi-

ness, thus giving assurance to the people of this vicinity that they shall not go unburied when they die, but on the contrary shall be decently laid in the tomb. This village also rejoices in the possession of a substantial brick school building, in which Prof. F. M. Nickeson teaches the small pupils in the forenoon and the larger scholars in the afternoon, and for the sake of variety he occasionally "teaches the young idea how to shoot," and when this thing becomes monotonous, he varies the exercises and teaches the youngsters how to shout. I took dinner at the hotel of Warren Mankey, where as good a meal can be obtained on short notice as anywhere else that I know of in the country, and then he is content with a reasonable compensation, and does not resemble some other landlords, who seem anxious to have your bottom dollar now for fear you will never come again. Mrs. Elizabeth Mankey was a daughter of Samuel Moninger, deceased. He was a brother to George, Henry, John, Ezekiel (Ake) and Jacob. These were sons of Jacob Moninger, whose parents emigrated from Ireland about a hundred years ago. These old people, like many in the day in which they lived, had their peculiarities, among which was this, that they did not put off all thoughts of death until it surprised them, but on the contrary, knowing that it is appointed unto all once to die, the old woman, long years before the death of either of them, scutched, hacked, spun and wove, then bleached, cut out and made a shroud a each for herself and her "dear old man," and when their deaths occurred their descendants and survivors wrapped them in their fine linen garments and laid them in the grave. Mrs. Mankey's mother was a daughter of James Fonner, of Fonner's Run, where he raised a large family, consisting of four sons and five daughters. The names of the former were William, James, Jr., Frederick and Philip; the names of the daughters were Laeinda, Christena, Eva, Elizabeth and Jane. The names of the old settlers who

surrounded this town of Nineveh when its first house was erected were partly as follows: Jesse Carter, who was of a family part of which now resides in Buffalo township, Washington county, Pa.; Jacob Mankey, who had five brothers, viz.: Eli, John, Isaac, George and Michael. Peter Mankey (their father), emigrated from Eastern Pennsylvania early in the present century, and was of German descent. Another old settler, immediately below this town, was Edward Barker, who was connected with a large family, of whom I could gain no information as to the survivors, except Lewis, who married a daughter of old General Dickerson, and now resides in Washington, Pa. George Lightner resided in this immediate vicinity forty years ago. He was a son of Henry Lightner, who came here from New Jersey some eighty years ago. Another old settler in this vicinity was Christopher Wolf. His son, George, settled on the old Iams farm upwards of thirty years ago. His wife was a daughter of John (Johnny) Day of Washington county; she still lives a short distance above Nineveh. The original stock came from New Jersey. Amos Day, my informant, is of the extensive stock of Days "whom no man can number," who are so thickly strewn along the line of the two counties partly in Greene and partly in Washington. The brothers of Amos still surviving are Frank and Hirain. Their father's name was William, who resided within a few feet of the county line. John Shape, Micheal Shape, Abraham Clutter and John Riley, are said to have made up the remainder of the cordon of old settlers by whom this locality was surrounded forty years ago. Just outside of this circle, I find Cephas Day, who is a living illustration of the truth of the Scriptural declaration that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." He purchased large quantities of land many years ago, while it was cheap. He has carefully and diligently improved it until it has become valuable. A great part of this improvement has been made by keeping

large numbers of sheep that are the most diligent of all agencies in subduing sprouts and briers and inducing abundance of natural grass by the fertilizers they leave on the top of the highest hills just where it is needed most. Mr. Day has been a very successful wool grower for many years. He is also an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian church of Nineveh. Mrs. Amos Day is a daughter of John Jennings, Sr., and was born and raised near the county line, near the Jennings school house. She is a sister of John Jennings, Jr., who now resides in the brick house on the State road, one and a half miles east of Jacksonville, Richhill township, Greene county, Pa.

A few evenings ago I met Peter Shape, Jr., at Deer Lick station. From him I received a history of his ancestors who settled near the present site of Nineveh fully eighty years ago, as follows: John Peter Shape was the father of John, Jr., George, Michael and Jacob. He had also three daughters, Catharine married Samuel Horn, Elizabeth married Samuel McCullough, Polly married John Horn. The children of John Shape, Jr., were Peter, Resin, George, William, Stephen, Katy, Polly, Julia, Betsey, Debby, Jennie and Minerva. These people, as their names indicate, are of German descent. Their ancestor resided for a short time in Eastern Pennsylvania previous to his emigration to Greene county.

At the same place I met Cephas Baldwin, whom I have known for the last twenty-five years, who gave me some account of the Brooks family, to one of whom he is at present married, as follows: Enoch Brooks settled at the head of Fonner's Run fully sixty years ago. He had four sons—Henry, William, Cephas and Enoch. Two of them were in the Union army during the late war. Old Mr. Brooks also had three daughters—Esther, Judith, (the wife of Mr. Baldwin) and Lydia.

At the same place I also met A. J. Barker, a son of George

Barker, who informed me his grand-father, Edward Barker, settled on the old homestead at Nineveh in 1802; also that his aunt Lucy Baker had married N. K. Lightner. He informed me of a sad affair that took place at the old Pettit mill, a short distance from Deer Lick. A young man named Sylvester Cary, son of Abel Cary, was at work in this mill, when he was caught by a revolving shaft, drawn in and hurled around until almost divested of his clothing, scalp, &c., and was crushed to death. Soon after this calamity the dam was swept away by a flood. The old mill house can be seen at Swartz's Station as a memento of the past and as a reminder of the misfortunes of many that were once connected with it.

A VISIT TO AN OLD GRAVEYARD.—During the summer of 1882, I arrived at Deer Lick, a station on the Waynesburg & Washington Railroad. Finding I would have to wait two hours for a train, I walked to West Union Church, situated in Greene county near the dividing line between this and Washington county. This church is in connection with the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, and was organized about the year 1832, soon after the missionaries, as they were called, arrived in this section of country. I was anxious to stand by the grave of my old friend, Wm. Stockdale, who, I suppose, was buried here. But I sought in vain for his name on the numerous head stones and monuments in that city of the dead. Yet I found many names of persons I once had known in the prime of life, which led my thoughts in a multitude of directions in a few minutes. The first was the name of Mrs. Sophia N. Hackney, who died January 24, 1866. This lady I had known as Miss Sophia Neeland in Fayette county in 1851-55, a daughter of John Neeland who resided in Luzern township, near Hiestresburg, in what was usually called the Bend of the river. I had never heard of her death until I saw it on the "cold marble." Another name was that of Rev. George Mattocks. This

young man was almost a graduate of Waynesburg college, a kind, obliging, pleasant youth, of considerable promise, who after he was licensed to preach, went on a tour in the service of the Christian commision. Soon after his return he fell a victim to disease which ended his earthly career in 1864. Going a step further, I read the name John Mattocks, once an elder in this church, with whom I was once acquainted. He died very suddenly in the prime of his life. On the largest monument in the enclosure was the name of Timothy Ross, who I believe was the father of Benjamin Ross. On the headstone of John Mattocks I saw an old ambrotype likeness which although it has occupied that niche for over twenty years it is still a striking likeness of the deceased. Going on through this city of the dead, I found the names of Rachel Dunn, Joseph Dunn, Daniel Dunn. I also found the grave of Walter Robertson, as strange a piece of humanity as I ever knew and yet it is admitted on all hands that he was a good man; and if so, his strangeness all departed before reaching that happy land. A step or two further brought me beside a head stone where I read the name Wm. Robertson. I knew a Rev. Wm. Robertson. Could this be he? was the question that presented itself to my mind. I had no means of deciding and passed on to examine the graves of Stephen McVay, Silas McVay and others. Desiring other information I called on old Mr. Meeks, immediately below the church, when I was informed that Wm. Stockdale and wife were burried at the Presbyterian church of Upper Tcnmile, with which they were connected before the coming of Cumberland Presbyterians to Western Pennsylvania. Indeed Mr. Stockdale was one of the four men who signed the letter of invitation requesting missionaries to be sent to this region of country. Still seeking further information, I proceeded to the house of Daniel Loughman, Sr., who resides within a few feet of the county line. His spring of water is one of the largest and

best, in the bounds of my knowledge, supplying the wants of his family, quenching the thirst of multitudes of horses and cattle that resort to the large trough by the side of the road; also filling to overflowing the water tank of the Waynesburg & Washington railroad. Mr. Loughman's wife was Miss Rachel Stagner, of German descent, who was born in the State of Maryland forty miles from Baltimore, from which place she came to live at the big spring, right on the edge of Greene county.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN THIS COUNTY.—While such diversity of opinion exists with reference to the question who was the first permanent white settler in Greene county, I might introduce another question, that may possibly present an equal variety of opinions, and that is who was the first white child born on the territory of this county? I answer this question by saying that the strong probability is that Abraham Armstrong is entitled to this distinction as his father John Armstrong was one of the very first men who settled on Muddy creek in 1767 before the Indian title had been extinguished by the treaty of Fort Stanwix. This first child Abraham was born in a temporary log hut soon after their arrival. The original John Armstrong seems to have been a man of considerable means and soon proceeded to erect a hewed log house, the first in the county, in which his remaining nine children were born. This house was undoubtedly the most commodious in the settlement and in consequence of this was selected as the place in which the afterwards renowned Dr. McMillian preached in the month of August, 1775. This old house stood until a few years ago, when it was superseded by an elegant and permanent mansion house in which the present Joseph H. Armstrong and his family still reside. Mrs. Armstrong, the lady of this house, is a grand-daughter of James Flenniken who settled in this immediate neighborhood between 1767 and 1770 in company with the

Swans, VanMeters, Hughes, etc. This hillside farm now contains one hundred and twenty five acres and is situated in Cumberland township.

On the 31st of May I was introduced to Daniel B. Jacobs, who at my request furnished me with a few items of the history of himself and family, as follows: He was born in the State of Maryland, on the exact location now occupied by the Loconing Iron Works, in 1809. When but two years of age his father removed to a farm now owned by Jessie Lazear recently owned by the late Armstrong Grim, on the Thomas fork of Wheeling Creek, about two miles above Ryerson's Station, near the spot where the Davis family was murdered by the Indians. Here as a boy Mr. Jacobs early met and contemplated the stern realities and hardships of frontier life, abounding in adventures, privations and trials too tedious to enumerate. One of his hair-breadth escapes was as follows: One evening while he and his little sister were hunting the cows, they had wandered a long distance into the forest, when the dog that accompanied them began to act strangely, now sniffing the air, now uttering a low whine, then raising his bristles to a ful-roach on his back, then running among the feet of the children until it was with difficulty they could proceed, until coming to an open place in the bushes they were horrified at the sight of a large panther with snarling teeth and arched back, lashing his sides with his tail, as though about to spring upon them, but the presence of the dog evidently caused him to hesitate. With great presence of mind the children stood their ground, while the dog, although trembling in every limb, showed no signs of retreat, but like the frightened youngsters stood looking the savage beast in the face, until that Divine declaration "the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth," was verified and the panther sullenly retired overawed by the human gaze, although it came from the faces of

two half grown children. Mr. Jacobs, although he began poor, is one of those men who verify the truth of Solomons declaration that the hand of the diligent maketh rich. In 1837, he removed to lands of Francis Gray on Archer's Run, and from thence to the four mile bridge near the site of the old Round school house. Two of his sons Francis and William own and occupy farms on the head waters of South Tenmile, near the line between Richhill and Center townships. His son Henry owns two farms usually called the McCracken and the Huston farm. His son Warren D. Jacobs still resides with his father four miles below Waynesburg, while his only daughter, Nancy is the wife of John N. Loar and landlady of the hotel at Graysville, known far and near as the Brick. Mr. Jacobs seems to have and always had a vein of dry humor about him that sometimes rendered him a kind of a practical joker, as the following will illustrate: He at one time had the misfortune of being compelled to live beside one of those men who might be justly denominated a "bad neighbor." As this man's fences were exceedingly bad, of course his stock soon became 'breachy' especially one large black mare which seemed to delight in trespassing on the premises of Mr. Jacobs, eating his growing corn, wallowing down his grass, wheat, etc. In vain he plead with his neighbor to keep her away, or at least to put a yoke on her, but all to no purpose, except that the man one day in insolent anger exclaimed, "yoke her yourself if you want her yoked." Mr. Jacobs replied "well, then I will." This declaration gave the neighbor no uneasiness as he knew an ordinary yoke would have no restraining effect upon her. But Mr. Jacobs knew "a thing worth two of that." He quietly caught the mare, led her into the woods, where he selected a small hickory sapling, shaved it off smoothly, bent it over in the shape of a yoke fastened it around her neck, and, after furnishing her with an abundant supply of grass, departed, leaving the hickory bush

of which the yoke was made, still growing in the ground. After long hunting the neighbor found his mare; he was very indignant, and talked loudly about whipping the man who had so successfully yoked the mare. However two considerations restrained him; first, he ordered Mr. Jacobs to do it; secondly, there was something in the appearance of the broad shoulders and brawny arms of Mr. Jacob's which seemed to intimate that prudence was probably "the better part of valor."

Near the western line of Richhill township still resides James Dailey who was born in Trumble county, Ohio, in 1801, where he remained for fifteen years among surroundings that were common at that day on all the extreme frontiers of civilization. Wild animals in abundance roamed through the unbroken forests, and were hunted by the settlers for the double purpose of obtaining the flesh for food and ridding the country of their depredations. One of these hunts is remembered by Mr. Dailey. He was a boy of some ten summers. His father came in one morning, saying there were bear signs just back of the barn. Taking down the trusty rifle from the buck horn hooks, he directed his son to follow him, which he did for considerable distance without seeing the object of their search. His father called out "stop;" and almost immediately the report of the gun was heard; and as yet the boy had seen no living object. The father dropped his gun, and ran forward with his hunting knife to bleed his victim which proved to be a young female bear. The wounded animal commenced a most piteous cry, closely resembling those of a young girl. The boy supposed they were the cries of a girl, and they would both be arrested for murder. He commenced running with all possible speed through the woods, in an opposite direction from home. When his father discovered this he gave chase, overtook and brought back the boy, whose fears were only removed by seeing that it was really a bear, and not a girl that was shot. In 1816,

old Mr. Dailey left the Western Reserve and removed to Washington county, where he was married to Miss Rebecca Applegate, near Williamsport (Monongahela City.) They removed to Greene county in 1847. These persons were the parents of thirteen children, all but two of whom grew up to adult age. Their names were Calvin, Robert, Mary, Sarah, John, James, Elizabeth, Susanna, Rebecca, Elisha and William. Of these Elisha, Sarah and John reside in Greene county, Pa., while Robert is in Idaho.

I have been favored by my old friend Rev. John McClintock, pastor of New Providence Church, with a history of the congregation over which he has so long presided, and of the people to which he has so long ministered. This church has been known by three names; first, as "Muddy Creek," because situated on the waters of the stream, and in accordance with a custom among the Scotch-Irish fathers of naming their churches after the waters on which they were situated. Hence the older churches in Fayette, Washington and Greene counties were Dunlap's Creek, George's Creek, Mingo Creek, Pigeon Creek, Raccoon, Chartiers, Miller's Run, etc. This old church was also known as the "Glades," in consequence of being situated on the verge of a smooth, level tract of land on which the water stood to that extent that the large timber died out, and in its place there grew up a tangle of hazle bushes, alders, etc. This was the "Glade." How it came to be called New Providence I am not informed, but suppose it was a name-sake of some church that might be denominated "Old Providence," or perhaps the fathers had reference to some special act of Divine Providence that they wished to commemorate. Be this as it may this church has a history almost coeval with the history of the territory that now constitutes the county of Greene. For in the year 1770 William Crawford is said to have become a resident of this immediate vicinity, Jesse VanMeter, James

Hughes and Charles Swan having arrived the year before. Mr. Crawford's wife was a daughter of David Kennedy, of Chambersburg, Pa., who was a Presbyterian of the old Scotch-Irish stamp, and was not disposed to adopt the maxim, "When you are in Rome do as Rome does;" but who, on the contrary, always carried their religion with them, and the more fiercely their opinions were assailed the more brilliant the flame of their devotion grew. The organization of this church, like many others at that early day, was no doubt effected without formality, and consequently the exact date cannot now be ascertained. But it was undoubtedly previous to 1789, for at that date we find this church uniting in a call with the South Fork of Ten-mile (Jefferson) for the ministerial labors of Rev. James Hughes, which call he declined to accept. It is evident from the Presbyterial records that supplies had previously been sent to this church—Rev. James Powers one day; Rev. John McMillin preached his second sermon west of the mountains, at the house of John Armstrong, one of the first Elders in this church. This sermon was delivered in the month of August, 1775. McMillin's first western discourse was delivered a day or two before at the Log Cabin Church, near New Geneva, Fayette county, which church was called "Mount Moriah." The names of Revs. Thaddeus Dodd, James Dunlap, Joseph Patterson and John Brice, appear on the minutes of the old Presbytery of Redstone, as occasional supplies. From September 1789 until 1790 these people were supplied with preaching by Revs. James Dunlap and James Hughes; also by three young men who were licentiates, viz: John McPherrin, John Brice and Robert Marshall. About this time Rev. Robert Finley from North Carolina, was employed as a stated supply. In the year 1791 Rev. Jacob Jennings was appointed to supply this church part of his time, up to April, 1792, at which date New Providence and Dunlap's Creek Churches were uni-

ted as a pastoral charge under the care of Rev. Jennings, who was descended from the pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower. He, himself, was born in New Jersey, where, after receiving a liberal education (for that day) practiced medicine for about twenty years, when he became a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church, from which he afterwards changed his ecclesiastical connection and became a member of the Presbytery of Redstone, in connection with the Presbyterian Church. His sons were Obediah, Kennedy, Ebenezer and Jonathan, the first-named being, for many years, a member of the bar at Washington, and afterwards a prominent minister in the Presbytery of Ohio, which was formed by the Synod of Virginia in 1793, embracing all the territory west of the Monongahela river, with all the Presbyterian ministers located upon it, which, as will be seen, embraced the congregation and minister of New Providence. In October, 1798, permission was given to this church to unite with George's Creek and Tent Churches in presenting a call to Rev. James Adams, which was accepted, and Mr. Adams was ordained and installed as pastor of these three churches on the 16th of October, 1799. In consequence of the intervening river that was often impassable, Mr. Adams was released from the care of the New Providence Church at the expiration of two and a half years. He continued his labors on the eastern side of the Monongahela up to 1814, when he was dismissed from his charge, after having served George's Creek, nine years; Tent, fourteen years, and Sandy Creek, eleven years. Personally, I am somewhat familiar with the history of Revs. Jennings and Adams, although I have never seen either one of them, but have seen both their widows. When I was brought to Dunlap's Creek in 1828, George M. French was just about removing from the old Dr. Jennings' farm, near Meritstown, to make room for Col. James C. Simonson, and right there and right then I saw old

Mrs. Jennings. When we removed to George's Creek in 1829, among the first calls my aunt received was one from Mrs. Bathsheba McClelland, wife of General Alexander McClelland, who was accompanied by Mrs. Adams, widow of Rev. Adams, deceased. October 20th, 1802, New Providence Church united with the church at Jefferson in asking for the services of Rev. Cephas Dodd as stated supply for one year. Again on the 19th of October, 1803, Mr. Dodd is appointed to supply the churches of New Providence, Jefferson and Ruff's Creek, the whole of his time, until the next meeting of Presbytery, when an order was passed for his ordination. Soon after his settlement over these churches Mr. Dodd was united in marriage with Miss Ruth Flenniken, daughter of James Flenniken, one of the first ruling Elders in this church. This woman and her husband I have seen, and also their children, Dr. Thaddeus, Dr. Elias, and two daughters—the wives of William Llewellyn and Dr. S. S. Strouse. A call was presented to Presbytery on the 20th of October, 1807, from the united congregations of New Providence and Jefferson for the labors of Mr. Moses Allen, who was ordained and installed on the 24th of the December following, and seems to have served until 1817. The next minister at this church was Rev. Boyd Mercer, who was appointed stated supply for one year. October, 1820, this church united with Jefferson in securing the labors of Rev. George VanEmon as stated supply, which application was changed on the 18th of April, 1821, into a call, which was accepted, and he was installed on the last Monday of September, 1821. This relation continued for fourteen and a half years. I have seen this man frequently and heard him preach: but alas! his messages have all been like the seed sown by the wayside, except the little incident recorded in the second chapter of this history. In October, 1835, Rev. James Baker was chosen as stated supply for two years. This man I seen

on one occasion when he assisted our old pastor, Dr. Fairchild, at the "Old Frame" (George's Creek.) Although I was but a boy I was struck with the peculiarity of his gestures and manner, such as bowing so low that his hand could have easily touched the floor, then raising both his long arms high above his head, etc. I had never seen such motions made by a public speaker before and only once since, and that was in 1840, when I listened to John Tyler, who was such a perfect *fac simile* of Rev. Baker that I concluded they surely must have been trained in the same school. How this was I do not know, but there is a probability of it, as they were both from Eastern Virginia. During the frequent vacancies that have occurred in this old church in the last hundred years, the pulpit was filled occasionally by Revs. Guthrie, Gillet, Henry, Bristol and Davis, also by four young men, viz: Robert Finley, Joseph H. Chambers, John M. Smith and Wm. McMichael, each remaining about six months. On the 3d of December, 1839, a call was placed in the hands of Rev. John McClintonck, a lieentiate of the Presbytery of Washington, asking that he might be ordained and installed as pastor of this church, which solemn act was performed on the 15th of January, 1840, at which time Rev. A. G. Fairchild preached the ordaining sermon, and Rev. Joel Stoneroad presided and delivered the charges. The time of the new pastor was to be two-thirds at New Providenee, and one-third at Jefferson; the salary at Muddy Creek, being three hundred dollars, and at Jefferson, one hundred dollars. This arrangement continued until 1849, when Rev. McClintonck was at his own request released from his charge at Jefferson, and commenced preaching on alternate Sabbath evenings at Greensboro, which arrangements have continued with but slight change until the present day. And now in contemplating a pastorate of upwards of forty years, how many things are there that may truly be said

to be both painful and pleasing. How painful to reflect that of the Elders then in active service, all are dead. Of the fifty-five unofficial members, twenty-six had died previous to the 8th of September, 1876. Many others had moved away and were dismissed to other churches until at that date there were but ten persons living who were members when the present pastor began his long continued labor. How many of these ten have gone since that date to that country from whose bourne no traveler shall ere return, I cannot tell, but on the day of the centennial celebration the names of these ten were as follows: Garret Mundle, Paul Rea, John Rea, John S. Flenniken, Hetty Ann Flenniken, Hannah Mundle, Elizabeth Jamison, Martha Davis, Catharine Davis and Helen M. Armstrong. The men that have served in this church as elders during the one hundred and six years of its existence, are about as follows: First elected at the organization, James Flenniken, John Armstrong, John Crawford and John Flenniken. Each of these men has a biography full of interest to the student of history, as follows: James Flenniken came from eastern Pennsylvania, and was of Irish descent. He was sent by his Presbytery in 1802, to the meeting of the General Assembly. He died August 25, 1823, aged seventy-six years. John Armstrong was of Scotch-Irish descent, exceedingly tenacious and firm in his adherence to the "faith once delivered to the saints." He trod in the good old way until a good old age, and then as a shock fully ripe, he was gathered into the garner. This man had two sons whose history has reached us. Their names were Abram and William. It was at his house that the youthful preacher McMillin delivered the first Presbyterian sermon ever listened to in Greene county, in August, 1775. Of the history of John Crawford, but little is known, only that having served his generation well, he fell asleep. John Flenniken came to the territory that now constitutes this county at a very early

period in its history. The place from which he emigrated was North Carolina, where he had already exhibited his patriotism by taking an active part in the convention that assembled at Charlotte, on the 19th of May, 1775, where he not only used his influence, but also signed his name to the instrument called the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, which paper antedates the one drawn by Thomas Jefferson, by about thirteen and a half months. From this declaration the sage of Monticello, drew some of his strongest and most patriotic sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, of July 4th, 1776. Soon after the erection of Greene county, Elder Flenniken was elected to represent it in the State Legislature. He was also for many years one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of this county. He raised a numerous family of children. One of his sons, I have often seen in Uniontown. He, in early life, had served an apprenticeship to the millwright trade with James Barnes; then studied law, and was a prominent member of the Fayette County bar; then elected to the State Legislature. I seen him, and heard him make a speech in 1841, standing on the stone portico of the National House, in Uniontown, at the close of which he introduced to the assembled thousands, James K. Polk, President-elect of the United States. He was afterwards appointed by President Polk as Minister to Denmark, and still later he was appointed a Judge in one of our Western Territories. His name was Robert P. Flenniken. Elder Flenniken's youngest daughter Hannah, was married to Rev. Asa Brooks. The next addition of Elders in this old congregation were Andrew McClelland, Henry Jennings, Robert Morrison, Josiah Lowrie, William McClelland, and Samuel Harper. The last mentioned was a man of considerable prominence in his day in Cumberland township. He was a son-in-law of Rev. John McMillin, having married Mrs. Jane Moorhead, who had

been left a widow. Soon after the erection of the county, Mr. Harper was elected Sheriff, and besides serving as a Ruling Elder, he acted for many years as a member of the Board of Trustees. Another man of considerable prominence in this church and county was David Beech with reference to whom I have already written a few things near the first of this history. He died in 1866, in the eightyfifth year of his age. A small Quaker Church existed at an early day about two miles south-west of Carmichaels, where remnants of a grave-yard are still visible. But the original worshippers have passed away, while their descendants have as a general thing united with other denominations. It has been fully fifty years since any service was held in this place by this people. Among the original settlers in this locality was the family of the Swans. Charles Swan came from England, during the last century. He had four sons, William, Richard, Thomas and Charles. Two of these, viz: Richard and Thomas removed to the vicinity of Uniontown, where they purchased some of the best situated and most fertile land in Fayette county, where after living long, peaceable lives, they died. I remember one of these old men. Of the descendants of Wm. Swan, but little is known. None of them seem to be left in the place of their nativity. Charles Swan was for many years an Elder in New Providence Church. He had seven sons, two of whom are dead, while Hugh, Henry, Thomas and Alexander are in the West. Only one son, Solon B. Swan, remains in the locality. He is at present a Ruling Elder in New Providence Church. He also has two sons. Alexander D., who is now an Elder in the Presbyterian Church in one of the Western States; Thomas D. Swan is still surviving; but I have no definite history of him. The Barcleys were also early residents in this neighborhood. Hugh Barclay was the ancestor of this family. I have been informed that he had four sons, but have only been able

to learn the names of three of them—Hugh, Henry and Solon. Hugh became an Elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Two of his sons—Isaac and Wm. Henry, still reside near the old homestead. Henry Barclay was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. He had three sons—Russel, Aretas and Alfred. Aretas became a member of the Presbyterian Church. All the family went West, where the father, Henry Barclay, died at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Hugh Barclay at one time represented Greene county in the Legislature, and finally died at home on Muddy creek. Some of the numerous branches of the Flenniken family of whom I have received information is as follows: Miss Rebecca resides in Waynesburg. So also does Mrs. Hannah Brooks, widow of the late Rev. Asa Brooks. John C. Flenniken also resides at the county-seat of Greene. Mrs. Brooks' son, Aretas, is an Elder in the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg. Her daughter Cordelia lives with her mother. Another of the ancestors of this large family was Elias Flenniken, Sr. His sons—John W., Joseph and Elias, Jr. are all dead. Four sons of John W.—James D., William, Elias and A. Stewart, now residing in the vicinity of Muddy creek, are married and have families. J. S. Flenniken, a son of Elias, Jr., is also living near Carmichaels. He has three sons, young men. William Flenniken, a grandson of James, the original settler, is still living in the Muddy creek settlement. Of the three brothers, James, William and Cyrus, the two former still reside in Greene county, while the latter is a resident of Iowa. But I must close my long history of this old church, and I cannot do it better than to refer to some of the religious customs of the times in which it was planted. First, their family instructions. To say that the manners of the ministers of the Presbyterian church one hundred years ago, were attractive and pleasing would no doubt be saying too much. Those ministers were learned, dignified and pious,

Yet the people did not go to the sanctuary then for the purpose of being fascinated and pleased ; but they went for the purpose of having themselves and their children instructed, and they did not regard their duty as being done without family instruction, consequently when the often long services at the church were over, all parties, parents and children went directly home. A very small portion of time was spent in preparing the Sabbath dinner, as most of it had been cooked the day before. When this plain meal was over, then all persons present, whether parents, grand-parents, children or visitors, formed the "circle round the ingle wide," and the well-worn Confession of Faith, or the John Rodgers Primer was produced, and the one hundred and seven questions were asked, and the one hundred and seven answers were given—the smaller children commencing at the "chief end of man," and answering as far as they could, and then dropping out and listening, while the older ones and parents continued on to the end of the "Petitions." Perhaps Fisher or Erskine, and always the Bible were present as the highest source of appeal. Another custom of Presbyterians and Seceders in those good old days, was that they made it a conscientious duty to sing the praises of Jehovah. They had no thought of selecting some half-dozen persons, and making them responsible for that part of the worship. On the contrary the Session chose a man who had the ability to read well and sing well, and they called him "the clerk." A grand description of one of these personages is found in the language of Rev. John McClintock, who has for upwards of forty years ministered to this old church on Muddy creek. The name of this singer was Francis McClelland, the pen-picture is as follows: "Courteous in manners of the old Virginia type, venerable for age, of commanding appearance and erect form, of genial temper and social habit." Nearly simultaneous with the

date of American Independence, he made his home in what was then called west of the Allegheny Mountains. A pleasure enjoyed by few persons now living—he once had the opportunity of seeing him whom the Americans delight to call the Father of his Country. Mr. McClelland was conversant with the stirring scenes and events of the Revolution, and could relate many thrilling adventures connected with Indian warfare. In the nineteenth year of his age, under the ministrations of Rev. Robert Finley, he united with this church, of which he continued to be a member for a period of seventy-six years. His pilgrimage on earth closed with the joyful hope of heaven at the age of ninety-five years. This man for many long years stood up before the congregation reading two lines at a time from Watts, then raising some one of the following tunes: Old hundred, Coronation, Mear, Pisgah, Portugai, Russia, Dunlap's Creek, America, or Coles Hill. The clerk usually beat the time, while *all* the people helped to raise the "joyful sound." The people and session of this old church have long ago pledged themselves to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; hence we find on their minutes this record, "Resolved that in the judgment of this session, no person can be regarded as a member of this church in good standing, who habitually indulges in the use of intoxicating drinks." In addition to this I fear dissultary history of some of the old families connected with this old church. I will append several names of persons not so immediately connected with the church, but dwellers in the neighborhood upwards of half a century ago. The list was sent to me by Mr. John H. Rinehart, an old Greene countian now living in Ashland Co., Ohio, who has not been in this county for fifty-two years. I sent the list to Rev. J. McClintock, who has appended numerous explanations. The first name is William Carmichael, proprietor, I suppose, of the town; James Londre,

Isaiah Cleavenger, father of Samuel Cleavenger, a member of the Waynesburg bar, and at one time a prominent candidate for Congress; Samuel Higinbothem is said to have no descendants in Greene, but several in Fayette county, Mathew Irwin, no descendants in these parts; James Hughes, numerous descendants about Jefferson and Rices' Landing; Jay Thompson, Justice of the Peace; James Seaton, Esq., descendants all gone from original neighborhood; Daniel Moredock has two sons, James and Ligget, near the place of their ancestors' settlement; Aaron Gregg has one son Aaron still in the vicinity; Alfred Gregg has several sons in the neighborhood. James Curl was the father of Thomas and Hiram; Thomas is dead. John Sharpneck has some children here yet. John Crawford was the father of John, William and Jefferson, all deceased. Charles Anderson has no children here except Mrs. John Hathaway. James Carr and Archie Carr are both here yet with many children, each family having a James, William and Archie. James Barnes, one of the most ingenious men in this county, came from Virginia at an early day and is still living. He also has two sons, William and Thomas. Philomen Hughes, a school-teacher; Benjamin West, a school-teacher. John Crago was among the early settlers of the Muddry creek region. His son John, of Carmichaels, is said to be in possession of some interesting reminiscences, which I hope to see before the history is closed. I learn there is also another John Crago, a carriage-maker living in the town, while "Jack" lives in the country. The Rea family were old settlers. James and J. H. Rea are sons of John Rea, who emigrated from Bucks county long ago. The Jamison family that once was numerous, has now only three representatives left—Jehu and two daughters of Henry Jamison, Abbie and Jennie. The McClellands came to Greene county shortly after the commencement of the present century and became

very numerous, but by emigration and death their numbers have been depleted until they are nearly all gone. The Cree family, which was once numerous in this vicinity, have now but three representatives left; these are Hiram Cree and two sisters. Their father's name was Hamilton Cree. The men who were at different times members of the Board of Trustees of New Providence Church, which was incorporated in 1804, are as follows: James Flenniken, John Flenniken, Josias Lowrie, Samuel Harper, John McClelland, William Moore, Andrew McClelland, Jr., Samuel Huston, Robert Morrison, Elias Flenniken, Robert McClelland, James Veech, Francis McClelland, David Veech, Abram Scott, George Davis, William Armstrong, Daniel Stephenson, Andrew Morrison, James Irwin, Charles Swan, John Rea, John N. Flenniken, Henry Barclay, James Flenniken, Russell Armstrong, William Crawford, Alfred Armstrong. Other extensive families are located on Muddy Creek in the direction of Jefferson and Waynesburg. Among these families are the Longs, the ancestors of which I have no information at present. Eli Long was a man of considerable prominence. His homestead was near the spot where the first court was ever held within the bounds of this county, at the house of Jacob Kline, in 1799, previous to the building of the log house on the corner of Greene street and Whisky alley, which was long occupied as a temple of justice. Another extensive family of this neighborhood was the Baileys. My information concerning them is chiefly confined to my own recollection during the last fifty years and is very imperfect, at that. Ellis B. Bailey and most of his family are Presbyterians. E. E. Bailey has been a minister and active worker in the C. P. Church a number of years. He visited the Indians in Indian Ter. as a missionary. I also knew a silversmith, Wm. Bailey, in Uniontown, who, I believe, was of the same family; also a Miss Louisa Bailey, who afterward became the wife of

Moses Nixon, of Fayette county. Another of the families of this immediate vicinity was that of the Gwynns. Upwards of a quarter of a century ago I preached several times at Gwynn's school house as one of the outposts of the Cumberland Presbyterian congregation of Carmichaels. Since this, however, a plain, neat church has been erected in order to accommodate the upper portion of this large congregation. I have been told that some of the ancestors of these people were of Quaker origin. Whether this and other facts relative to them are so, I propose to write whenever I am better informed myself.

FIRST WHITE MAN WHO SETTLED IN GREENE COUNTY.—As to who deserves the credit of being the first white settler in this county I find such a diversity of opinion that I can do no better than to give some of the various versions, and leave the reader to judge for himself. I have gathered the idea from Judge Vecch and others that Swans, Vanneters and Hughes, on Muddy creek, were undoubtedly the first permanent settlers. Lawrence Minor, Esq., of Waynesburg, insists that his father, Col. John Minor, and Jeremiah Glasgow who settled on Whiteley, were certainly entitled to this honor. L. K. Evans is fully persuaded that the Eckerline Brothers, who first pitched their "camp" on Dunkard creek, and then removed to "Dunkard Bottom," were unquestionably *the* pioneers of Greene county. I have this day (May 17, 1882,) received a letter from William Boughner, of Greensboro, claiming this honor for quite another man. As Mr. Boughner is a man of the first respectability and intelligence, and writes in a very easy, readable style, I give this part of his letter in his own words: "The first white settler in the present Greene county was Augustine Dilliner, who, with his wife, came from the valley of Virginia in company with the Swearingens, who founded Swearingen's Fort on the farm of Michael Crow in Fayette county, near Morris' X Roads. The six or seven families, including Dilliner's and

Swearingen's, emigrated before Braddock's defeat, and all settled in Fayette county, except Dilliner who settled on the farm now occupied by his grand-son, Jacob Dilliner, in Dunkard township, one mile below the mouth of Cheat river, at Dilliner's Ferry. There are four grand-sons of Augustine Dilliner still living near this place, viz: Samuel R. Dilliner, of New Geneva, aged over eighty years; Jacob Dilliner, at the old homestead above named; Ambrose Dilliner, one mile above Jacob on the river bank; and Allen Dilliner being a mile further up the river from Ambrose. These old men all concur in the statement that their grand-father Augustine Dilliner was the first settler on the west side of the Monongahela, and claim that he settled on the farm now owned by Jacob Dilliner, built his cabin and lived in it with his wife before "Redstone Old Fort" was built—long before. When he heard of Braddock's defeat in 1755, expecting an immediate Indian raid, he fled to Swearingen's Fort, across the river in Fayette county, and remained there for some days, returning to the east bank of the river daily to make observations whether the Indians had burned his cabin on this west side of the river, and only returned after being satisfied that there were no Indians about. These four grand-sons all live here in Greene county (except Samuel R., who lives in New Geneva, Fayette county,) are highly respectable people, good citizens whose word is as good as their bond. These traditions they have from their father, and they have not a particle of doubt as to their correctness. They claim also to have some family records in their possession to substantiate the fact that Augustine Dilliner settled on this homestead farm not later than 1754, and had his cabin on the same spot now occupied by the residence of Jacob Dilliner." I have often crossed the river at Dilliner's Ferry during the decade of years between 1845 and 1855. I have often been on the site of old Fort Sweringen, on the farm of Michael Crow

near Morris' Cross Roads, and am disposed to think there is a great deal of truth in the above statement, and yet it does not contradict the statement I made, which is as follows: "The first permanent community seems to have been on Muddy Creek, spreading out towards Tenmile on the north and Whiteley on the south." Taking for granted that Augustine Dilliner did settle on the west side of the river in 1754, his *one isolated cabin* did not form a "community," as his neighbors and place of retreat were always on the east side of the river, in what afterwards became Fayette county. In reply to the question who is right with reference to the orthography of the creek, Judge Veech who spells "White Clay," or others who spell "Whiteley," Mr. Boughner says: "I have in my possession an old map once the property of Albert Gallatin, printed in London in August, 1792, in which the name is spelled 'Whiteley,' the original settlers having brought the name with them from the valley of Virginia—same as did the first settlers of Whiteley county, Ky." This would indicate that Judge Veech stands all alone in spelling White Clay. Another of Mr. Boughner's suggestions is that "James Veech was not born in Cumberland township, but in Monongahela township, one mile south of Little Whiteley creek, on the old Veech farm now owned by Robert Hanna." This is all very true as the townships are now subdivided; but we must remember that at the time of the formation of Greene county in 1796, the entire territory embraced the five townships of Cumberland, Morgan, Franklin, Greene and Richhill. It is evident all the original townships have been shorn of their former greatness, and as Monongahela township had no existence at that day, the locality of this old farm must either have been in Cumberland or Greene township. I certainly was right when I said it was in the bounds of the old Presbyterian congregation of Muddy Creek. The last of Mr. Boughner's suggestion is with reference to the question who-

started the first successful steam engine in Greene county. I wrote what I did on the strength of the statement made in the County Atlas in the sketch of Mr. Barnes. When this was called in question, I received a letter from Mr. Barnes, dated May 8, 1882, in which he says, "I claim to have been the first in the county who succeeded with a steam engine." He then refers to the same effort to establish a steam engine that Mr. Boughner refers to, in these words: "About 1815 or 1816 a company was organized at the old glass works, just below Greensboro. They built a steam mill (house). But the canal not being finished to the East, they withdrew their stock as unprofitable for the want of trade, and it closed." After Mr. Barnes has given a detailed account of his own experience and success up to 1833, he says: "In the year following Esquire Stone put up a saw mill between town (Greensboro) and the mouth of Dunkard." He leaves the impression on my mind that this mill was driven by steam. These diversities of statements all go to prove that Greene county ought to have had an accurate history written long ago, and yet they will necessitate so many corrections that the present history, in many places, will resemble a piece of "patch work" which our readers must condone, as it is better to have patches even in this form than to have fiction, no matter how smoothly it may read. As to the conflicting statements between these men, I think one word will go far towards making an explanation, and that word is *successful*, which Mr. Barnes applies to his own adventures, but will not apply it to the efforts made by others.

At different times I have received communications from William Boughner, Esq., of Greensboro. One of them is as follows, with reference to the manufacture of the first glass made west of the Allegheny Mountains: "About the year 1790, Albert Gallatin, (who was the founder of the town of New Geneva, which he named after his birth place in Switzerland),

while crossing the Allegheny mountains on horseback, lodged at "Tomlinson's old tavern stand." Here he providentially met eight German glass blowers, the names of five of whom were as follows, viz: Christian Kramer, Baltzer Kramer, Lewis Reitz, George Reppert and Adolph Eberhart. The other three names are lost. These glass blowers had previously been settled on the "Monocracy," near Tyderville, Md., and were then emigrating to Limestone, (now Maysville), Ky., which State was then the great Eldorado of the west. The public spirit that always animated Mr. Gallatin, prompted him to try to induce these men to locate near his splendid farm and mansion at "Friendship Hill," at the mouth of George's Creek, opposite Greensboro. Agreeable to their promise, they left the main emigrant road at Mt. Braddock, at the foot of Laurel Hill, and came to inspect the site for a glass manufactory at the log cabin town of New Geneva. After a few days spent in prospecting, three of their number started in a canoe for Limestone, Ky., where, after carefully comparing the advantages and disadvantages of both situations, they decided in favor of the Monongahela. They then pushed the same canoe five hundred miles up stream to the place of starting. A glass furnace was soon erected, surrounded by log buildings, about three-fourths of a mile from the mouth of the creek where they manufactured principally window glass 8x10, which they sold for cash at fourteen dollars per box.

About the year 1816 these men decided to cross the river into Greene county, where they purchased the property and erected the buildings known as the "Old Glass Works," a short distance below the town of Greensboro where they soon commenced using stone coal as fuel for melting glass. A great amount of prejudice had to be encountered in introducing it, as all the fuel previously used had been wood. Albert Gallatin had furnished a large portion of the capital while they remained

on the east side of the river, but as they were now abundantly able "to stand alone," and as his duties in the Commonwealth and Nation were so numerous, he seems to have withdrawn from them with the greatest good will on all sides. Mr. Gallatin has furnished all the wood and sand without money or price while they remained on the east side. Mr. Boughner claims that these men were the pioneers of the glass manufacture, not only in Greene county, but in Western Pennsylvania, as they undoubtedly commenced here one or two years before the building of the O'Harra glass factory in Pittsburg. About forty-two years ago I formed some acquaintance with George Kramer and his son Lee (merchants), of Morgantown, W. Va., who, I suppose, were descended from this same original glass blower stock. I have paraded many a day in the "George's Creek Cavalry" in company with Adolph and Martin Eberhart, descendants of Adolph (Dull) Eberhart. This glass factory passed through numerous firms, and was not finally abandoned until some time between 1850 and 1860.

PIGEON ROOST.—Upwards of fifty years ago, one of these resorts existed on the waters of Fish Creek, not far from Freeport in Springhill township, one mile from White's mill on what is often called "Wagon Road Run." Near this same date John and William Lemons (whose father was one of the pioneers of this region of country) decided to make a visit, and spend the night at this famous rookery. They were accompanied by David and James Lemons, (sons of John), also by four young men who were neighbors, viz: Alex. Cox, Cephas Morris, Amos and John Minor. They arrived at the outer verge of the roost about sundown and built their camp-fire, and prepared for a night's rest. But in this they were sadly disappointed, for the flocks of pigeons had already begun to arrive, and as the shades of evening began to fall, those shades were rapidly increased by the vast multitudes of croaking, crying, flying

birds that filled the air. All thoughts of sleep at the camp were abandoned, for before their homely supper was ended, a neighboring tree became so overloaded with croakers that it turned out by the roots, and fell prostrate on the earth a short distance from their camp, crushing beneath many birds that had taken refuge among its branches. The torches of the visitors were at once lighted, and they sallied forth to gather up and bag the killed and crippled pigeons that were not able to rise with their companions whose discomfiture had added two-fold noise to their pitous complainings. The falling of this tree only seemed to be the harbinger to numerous others which shared the same fate, accompanied by limbs without number that came crashing to the ground, making a babel of confusion and conflicting jargon of sound that effectually drove all "sleep from the eyes and slumber from the eyelids" of those who thus passed a night on the verge of a roost. When the first streaks of morning light began to return, our hunters stood ready, guns in hand, to give the birds a parting salute. But as soon as their first volley was fired, they discovered that it was a waste of time to attempt to reload. When abandoning their fire-armes and seizing some poles that had been used by other hunters, they continued to knock down their unresisting game until the lower limbs were cleaned, when, by a seemingly preconcerted signal, the vast flocks took their flight in different directions, with a whirring, roaring sound, somewhat resembling distant thunder, leaving our hunters in possession of the "goary field," with abundant time to gather up their numerous sacks of birds and retire to their homes.

During the month of July, 1882, Mr. J. Brice Rickey and Hannah, his wife, made a visit to their friends in Greene county of which they are both natives, being residents for many years of Oskaloosa, Wahaska county, Iowa. From them I obtained the following historical statements: The family of the Rick-

ey's was descended from the stock of Puritans who fled to Holland during the days of persecution in England for opinion's sake. From Holland Benjamin Rickey emigrated to America during the last century and settled in New Jersey. Jacob Rickey was brought across the Atlantic when a very small boy. He was united in marriage to Miss Parnell Geerin who was one of the little girls dressed in white, who strewed the ground with flowers at Trenton in April, 1789, when Washington was on his way to be inaugurated first President of the United States. The family removed to the town of Amity, Washington county, Pa., about 1810, where after a short sojourn, Jacob Rickey removed to Greene county, where he was elected an Elder in the Presbyterian Church of Unity in 1814. He was also appointed Justice of the Peace by the Governor. Here he raised a large family consisting of three sons and five daughters, as follows; Abraham C., B. Franklin and J. Brice. His daughter Jane married Silas Ayres; Susanna married Eli Masters; Pernina married Thomas Hendershot; Matilda C. married Lindsey McVay, while Harriet died single at about nineteen years of age. Mrs. Hannah Rickey's maiden name was McNay, daughter of James McNay, who came to Greene county in 1815 and settled in Franklin township, three miles from Waynesburg. Mrs. Rickey was born in 1820. She had seven brothers and two sisters—Samuel, John, William, Marion, Harry, Porter and Newton. All are living except Marion, who died at home of fever, and Newton, who died at the Union Hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, during the late civil war. Her sister, Mary Ann, married John Sprowls, of Windy Gap, while Caroline married Jonathan Simpson, of Washington county. Mrs. Rickey's mother's maiden name was Miss Anna Dickeson, of Butler county, Pa.

On September 9, 1882, I got off the train at Sycamore Station, and came up Brown's Fork as far as the house of G. W. L.

Johnson, who is a son of Andrew Johnson, dec'd, who was the father of the following additional children—Jackson, Columbus, Harrison, Daniel, Jane, Mariah, Lavina, Caroline and Rosanna. Their father emigrated from New Jersey upwards of fifty years ago. Layfayette Johnson's wife was Miss Mariah Taylor, daughter of Thomas W. Taylor, Esq., who was for many years a deacon in the Baptist Church, at Bate's Fork. This woman is a niece of the late Major Maxwell McCaslin, and cousin of William Maxwell Kincaid, whom I had the pleasure of uniting in marriage upwards of twenty years ago, with Miss Emily Nichols, daughter of "Vol" Nichols, of the vicinity of Jefferson. At the same house I met a grand-daughter of Michael Rupe who emigrated from the valley of the Shenandoah, near Winchester, Virginia, near sixty years ago. He was of German descent, and settled on Brown's Fork of Tenmile. His son Samuel afterwards settled on Bate's Fork, where he raised a family of eight children—five boys and three girls. One of these daughters, Nancy, was married to George McLane who enlisted as a soldier in Company A, of the One-hundredth Regiment. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Cold Harbor, and when last heard from was at Florence, South Carolina, where in all probability he died, leaving his friends to this day ignorant of his fate. Leaving the house of Mr. Johnson, I soon arrived at the residence of David Buchanan, Esq., who is now engaged in putting up a splendid dwelling-house. From his most excellent lady I learned that he had three brothers—Andrew, John and J. A. J., Esq., one of the leading attorneys at the Waynesburg bar. They also had five sisters—Elizabeth, who married William McClelland; Martha, who married Zachariah Ragan, a Methodist minister; Harriet, who married Elijah Adams; Rachel who married J. N. Brown. These nine children were the sons and daughters of Andrew Buchanan, Sr., a prominent lawyer at the Waynesburg bar.

fifty years ago. Mrs. David Buchanan was formerly Miss Keziah Swart, of Washington county, a sister of my old friend, Henry C. Swart. I still pursued my way up Brown's Fork, where the road has been greatly improved during the present year, making it now a smooth, easy grade instead of the continuous ups and downs with which it was formerly adorned, showing a decided improvement in engineering, since the old road was located in the days of "the fathers." Near sun-down I arrived at the hospitable home of James Patterson, Jr., a grand-son of James Patterson, Sr., who was born in Ireland in 1755, from which place he emigrated to America while quite a young man. Almost immediately after his arrival he enlisted in the Continental Army, where he was engaged in some of the fiercest battles of that sanguinary struggle for independence. He was attached to a Virginia regiment near Winchester. Soon after the close of the Revolution he emigrated to Greene county, Pa., and settled in what is now Whiteley township, near Newtown, on the same farm that William Patterson now resides, he being in the seventy-fifth year of his age. John Patterson, the father of my informant, was born in Whiteley township in 1791, where he spent his minority, at the expiration of which he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Shriver (who still lives, and is in the eighty-eight year of her age). This young couple immediately set out for the "back-woods," which was then found in abundance along the different forks of Ten-mile creek. Here on Brown's Fork they arrived in 1820, the locality being in Morris township. Here these hardy pioneers began the work of subduing the mighty forest. Here they set up their "altar" and became noted as the leading Methodists of this section, whose hospitable home became the place of retreat for the toil-worn embassador of the cross as he wended his weary way over the rough hills and valleys of this

then inhospitable region. As I looked upon the the elegant buildings, the green fields and smiling meadows, the refined family, the magnificently spread table, loaded with splendidly cooked food, I could not resist the uprising exclamation, "What a change!" Here on this spot John Patterson and Elizabeth, his wife, raised six children, viz.: Jacob, John and James (my informant); also three daughters, Nancy, who married James Fonner; Mahala, who married John Patterson (no relation, although of the same name), and Elizabeth, who is now the wife of Hiram Smith. John D. Patterson resides on a farm adjoining the old homestead. His wife was Miss Amanda Mahana, daughter of Bradley Mahana, and granddaughter of Capt. James Seals, both prominent men in Waynesburg during the last generation. The wife of James Patterson is a grand-daughter of Caleb Spragg, one of the old pioneers of Greene county. He was born on the 22d day of Sept., 1778, and died in 1854. He was married on the 6th of November, 1798, to Miss Deborah McClure. They emigrated from Trenton, New Jersey, to what is now Wayne township. They raised a family of eleven children—six sons and five daughters, viz.: John, Uriah, David, William, Jeremiah and Otho; one of the daughters, Amy married Joseph Wells, Eliza married Simon Strosnider, Rebecca married William Cosgray, Deborah married Thomas Hoge, Sarah remaining single. John Spragg's descendants are as follows: David R., Caleb, Henry, John and Mark; one of the girls, Sarah married John Stewart; Elizabeth, my informant, married James Patterson; Minerva married Kendall Brant, and Lydia married Inghram Strosnider. These families of the Pattersons have long been connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Hopewell, situated on the ridge road from Graysville to Waynesburg. The house of worship is now being rebuilt in elegant, modern style. Mr. Patterson showed

me the original deed for the church lot, which was made by Peter Grimes, and Mary, his wife, to John Simpson, James Smalley and Ichabod Ross, Trustees and their successors in office. The deed is dated Aug. 6th, 1839, and is acknowledged the same day before Jesse Kent, J. P., and is recorded in book "I," Vol. 1st, page 75, March 17th, 1840, George Hoskinson, Recorder.

THE RINEHART FAMILY OF GREENE COUNTY.—Joseph Rinehart emigrated from Germany during the last half of the eighteenth century. His first location on this continent was in Maryland, where his father and mother died. Shortly afterwards, Joseph Rinehart, Jr., removed to Greene county, Pa., where he was married to Miss Elizabeth Huffman, sister of Benjamin Huffman. They had but two children—Thomas and Joseph. Thomas had but two children, both daughters, named Delila and Elizabeth, the latter of whom was married to Jos., a son of William Rhodes, the artist, near Jackson's Fort. Delila was married to Isaac Nelson. Joseph Rinehart was born on the fifth of November, 1776. His wife was Miss Sarah Smith, daughter of Ichabod Smith. They were married on the 29th of November, 1807, and were the parents of six sons and three daughters, who were all born in Greene county. Their names and dates of their births are as follows: Eliza was born December 21st, 1808; Aaron G. was born September 26th, 1810; Joseph was born January 19th, 1813; John H. was born January 18th, 1815. Mary was born October 5th, 1817. Hiram H. was born January 15, 1820; William Harvey was born May 2d, 1823; Sarah was born June 22d, 1825; Benjamin Franklin was born August 29th, 1829. John H. Rinehart has for upwards of fifty years been a citizen of the State of Ohio; his present address is Mc Kay, Ashland county, Ohio. He seems to be a man of remarkable memory, and has sent me at different times numerous reminiscenses of events

that occurred in this county upwards of half a century ago, which are hereto appended in his own words: In the year 1829, Joseph Rinehart sold his farm of two hundred acres, two and a half miles east of Waynesburg, to Solomon Gordon, and in April 1830, he removed to a farm adjoining the western line of Wayne county, Ohio. Seven years later, he removed to Richland county, Ohio, and settled in Greene township, which is now part of Ashland county. Aaron J. Rinehart became a book-keeper, and Alderman in the fourth ward of Pittsburg, Pa. Joseph Rinehart, became a carpenter. Hiram became a minister of the Gospel. William H. became a mill-wright and farmer. Benjamin Franklin is an artist and portrait painter in New York City. Of the next generation of this name were the following persons: Barney, Simon and Samuel, of one family. John, William and Arthur were sons in another family, while John, Stephen and Jacob were sons in a third family. Of the next generation—1st, Barney had three sons, James, Samuel and Simon. 2d, Simon had two sons and three daughters; Samuel and Jesse were the sons, the daughters' names not remembered; 3d, Samuel R. was the father of six sons and three daughters, viz: Joseph Asa, Enos, Reason, John and Samuel; these sons if living, are all over sixty years of age. 4th, Barnet Rinehart of this generation, also raised a large family, but the names cannot be found. Of the sisters of this generation, Sarah was married to Henry Church, Elizabeth to William Inghram, Mary R. to Richard Hughes; also one sister whose name was Susan was married to Isaiah Strawn. John Hughes Rinehart, my informant, is now sixty years and sixmonths old. He was born near Tennile creek, where Hicey, now Pollock's mill, below Jefferson, has since been erected. When he was one year old, his father removed to a spot one-half mile from the town of Carmichaels, on Muddy creek, where they resided for four or five

years; then removed to the east branch of Laurel run, about two and a half miles east of Waynesburg, where they continued to reside until the spring of 1830, when they removed to Ohio. The only school teachers this man ever received instruction from, were Arthur McCourtney and Dr. Arthur Inghram, who both taught in an old log school-house, on Dr. Arthur Inghram's father's farm, on Laurel run. Since John H. has lived in the Buckeye State, he has erected several mills, and is now possessed of a valuable landed property. The sons of Simon Rinehart (of Barnet) are J. Morris and James R. R. The daughters, Mary F., who married Frederick Hambright. Mariah is now the wife of Elias Hartzell. The sons of Jesse (of Thomas) are J. Workman, Thomas, Dill, Henry and George.

GEORGE WISECARVER was born in Franklin township, Greene county, Pa., on the 22d of July, 1815. His parents had emigrated from Frederick county, Virginia, about the year 1800. Through various losses common to frontier life, the old man died about "square with the world," leaving his son George the same legacy he did the rest of his children—"root hog, or die." George happened to be one of those boys who had no notion of dying, if a living could be made by "rooting." The first day's work he ever done for which he received the pay was when he was very small and the compensation was a "fish-hook." This was his first property, and from it sprang the desire to accumulate more. Finding that fishing not did pay, he learned to make flour barrels, whisky-barrels, meat tubs, lard kegs, etc., and it was not long until he became so proficient in his business and so active in his movements, that he could dress the staves, heads and hoops and frame sixteen flour barrels in a day, and by a little extra exertion, he has on several occasions made one hundred barrels in a week. The first settlement of the family was on the farm now owned by Peter Morris. On the 1st day of May, 1843, George Wisecarver

and Priscilla Barnes were married, and soon began to accumulate by investing in good lands that have steadily increased in value until he has become one of the most wealthy men in the county, owning at the present time a little upwards of three thousand acres of as good land as the county can produce. It is truly said "history is always repeating itself." In the case of this man we have the old adage verified, that the "poor boys of one generation become the wealthy men of the next generation." Mr. Wisecarver's reason for his success is that "he was always so busy with work that he had no time to get into mischief." Let poor boys profit by the example of so many of our wealthy men who began the world on nothing.

While making a visit at the house of John Orndoff, on the 19th of October, 1882, I came in possession of the following facts: William Orndoff was of German descent and emigrated from the Shanendoah Valley near Winchester about the year 1826. His first location in Greene county was on big Whiteley about four miles from Newtown, where he was united in marriage with Miss Salome Wisecarver. Their sons were Eli, Joseph, William, John, Isaac and Lindsey. Their daughters Rachel married Jesse Fordyee; Jane married Asa Sellers; Susanna married Levi Hoge; Margaret Ann married Abijah Scott; Salome married Daniel Orndoff. The second place of residence of this family was on Hargison's branch of South Tenmile creek in Centre township, about two miles from Rodgersville, where the old gentleman still lives, enjoying good health, although in the eighty-third year of his age. The old lady still survives and is in her seventy-sixth year. John Orndoff (my informant) resided at the head of Pursley for about eleven years, and then removed to the old David Enoch farm near Graysville in April 1879, where he is extensively engaged in farming and stock raising. His wife's maiden name

was Miss Minerva Roseberry, daughter of Matthias Roseberry, and consequently extensively connected with some of the earliest settlers in the eastern part of the county, such as the Hughes, Randolphs, Curls, Swans, Neels, Lindseys and others.

SECOND WHITE CHILD BORN IN GREENE COUNTY.—On the 24th of October, 1882, I met in the office of the *Independent* James Moore of Wayne township, who claims that his father John Moore was the second white child born on the territory of Greene county, Abraham Armstrong being the first. The original John Moore, was born about fourteen miles from Dublin, Ireland, about the year —— from which place he came to Greene county about the year 1770, in company with the Crawfords and Armstrongs, one of whom Miss Hannah Armstrong, became the wife of Mr. Moore. After the birth of their first child, John, on Muddy creek, they removed to the waters of Whiteley, not far from Newton, on the farm where Lindsey Stephens now resides. Here on this old homestead James Moore, my informant, was born. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Brown who is in the seventy-sixth year of her age. This man had four brothers—Armstrong, John W., Abraham and Thomas. He had also three sisters—Elsie, Jane and Sally. James Moore seems to be a great reader; is in his seventy-sixth year; possesses a good memory; has carefully read the portions of my history published in the *Independent*, and unlike many others, he finds much to approve and nothing to condemn. He has passed through all those scenes I have described, such as "weddings," "huskings," "raisings," and "musters," and thinks the portraits are true to the life. How much more pleasant to meet persons of this kind than those of the opposite description, who in an unmannerly way approach the historian, exclaiming: "See here, Mr., I want to tell you of a great mistake you made." After hunting through the manuscript for a long time they at last exclaim: "There it is,

that man had five daughters, and here you have only named four." What a pity! I was really under no obligation to name any of them; but I have got four of their names right, and inadvertently omitted the fifth. Good-humored, healthy criticism is always invited and cheerfully received and the correction made. But this petulant, peevish hunting for matters of no possible consequence is by no means desirable. On the same day at the Allum House, I met Hon. Jesse Phillips, who has been attentively reading my history from the first and expresses his convictions that the statements made are about all strictly correct.

THE ACKLEY FAMILY.—On the western line of Greene county adjoining Washington county, has long lived a family by the name of Ackley. The ancestor of this family was Sarah Ackley, a widow, who came in 1818, and settled on the same tract of land that was originally taken up by William Teagarden, after his disastrous loss of the entire funds received for the sale of his magnificent land which he had taken up on the Monongahela river. The descendants of this old lady were Joshua, Daniel, Jehu, Naomi and Eliza. Joshua continued to reside on the old homestead until October 1st, 1881, when he died. He was a man of considerable prominence, and was married three times. His last wife was Mrs. Rhoda Litman, originally Miss Rhoda Sturgis, daughter of Isaac and Dianna Ross Sturgis, of Fayette county, one of the companions of my early school-boy days. One of Joshua Ackley's daughters, Sarah, is now the wife of Robert Currel, a citizen of Richhill township. Daniel Ackley and his sister Naomi live on part of the old homestead farm at the mouth of Owen's run, where it forms a junction with Enlow's fork of Wheeling creek. The wife of Daniel was Mrs. Rosanna Rockey. Jehu was married to Elizabeth Ator, with whom he removed to Athens county, Ohio, many years ago. He has

been dead for several years. Mrs. Rhoda Ackley, widow of Joshua, and their son Ellsworth, still reside on the old home place. The sons of Joshua by a former wife were John, who still resides on Owen's run—his wife was Miss Charity Jewell; Richard, who now owns and occupies a part of the old home place, married Barbary Lawrence; James married Anna Potter; Avery married Mrs. Mary Ellen Craig, daughter of Dr. Simpson, of Washington county, who as his widow still resides in the village of Prosperity; Park is dead; Elizabeth married Esquire McCleary, of West Alexander.

THE QUAKERS OF GREENE COUNTY.—During the decade of years between 1770 and 1780, Nathaniel Temple emigrated from Bucks county, Pa., to Greene county, settled on the farm now occupied and owned by Alpheus M. Temple, in what was formerly Greene township, now Whiteley township. He was a member of the Society of Friends or Quakers (orthodox.) His wife was Miss Mary Beaker. Their children were Return,\* Benj. and John; their daughters were Sarah, who married Benj. Gillett; Hannah, who married James Moredock, and still living near Moredock's Cross-roads. The wives of the sons were as follows: Return married Sarah Darr; Benjamin married Jane Douglas; John married Elizabeth Douglas, (two sisters and daughters of Thomas Douglas, of Fayette county.) The children of Return Temple were Benjamin, Nathaniel and William; the daughters were Rebecca, who married John Wise, of Monongalia Co., Va.; Mary, who married John Starkey; Sarah, who married Robert Anderson; Eliza, who married Theodore Wade; Elizabeth, who married —— Haines, of Monongalia Co., Va.; Charlotte, who is now the wife of —— Fox. The boys, Benjamin, married Matilda

\*The name Return was given to this boy under the following circumstances: The parents had made one trip to America and lived for some time at Trenton, New Jersey. They then returned to England, when, after a few years, they again started for America. While on this voyage this boy was born, hence his name "Return."

Reaves, now of Iowa; Nathaniel married Henretta Rice; William married Eliza Wade, both of Monongalia Co., Va. Benjamin, son of the ancestor Nathaniel, died without leaving issue. John had four children, viz.: Justus F., Alpheus M., Pleasant Jane and John. The original settler, Nathaniel, was associated in his church relations with the families of Baileys, Gwynns, Blakers, Barclays, Crafts, Huftys, etc. Their place of worship was on the dividing ridge between the waters of Muddy creek and Big Whiteley, where an old grave-yard may still be seen, and where the sleeping dust of those primitive settlers still reposes. One of the principle preachers, who ministered to these revered saints, was Miss Ruth Graves, whose place of residence was in Brownsville. She also ministered at the Quaker "meeting-house," of Westland. My informant, General Justus F. Temple, still retains a vivid recollection of this venerable old lady, as she often called at the house of his father and grand-father. The children of Justice F. Temple are Mary E., James B., S. Nevade and Anna Belle.

THE INGHRAM FAMILY.—William Inghram resided on Laurel Run as early as 1812. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Rinehart. Their sons were Dr. Arthur, Thomas and William. Their daughters were Margaret, who married Hiram Porter; Ollie, who married Armstrong Porter; Sarah C., who married Solomon Gorden; Delila, who married Brice Gordon; Cassandra, who married Madison Bell, and Nancy, who married William Bell. Of the next generation Dr. Arthur married Elizabeth Cathers. Their children were Sarah C., who is now the widow of Hon. James Lindsey, deceased, and resides with her mother; James, Esq., a practitioner at the bar. His wife was formerly Mary Black, daughter of C. A. Black, Esq. Elizabeth is now the wife of Enos Hook; Lucy is the wife of Prof. H. D. Patton, and George, who is still single. A son, whose name was William, died many years ago, quite

young. Thomas married Harriet Crayne. Their children were William, Aleinda, Thomas, Arthur and Laura. William married Martha Hoge. Their children were Frank, James, Lizzie, Emma, Margaret and Ollie. I am aware that the above is but a partial history of this very extensive family, but in the absence of records it is the best I can do, as I have, as yet, met with no one whose memory extends back beyond 1812.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF WAYNESBURG.—Some time previous to the year 1830, some benevolent persons\* in the vicinity of Waynesburg, contributed a sum sufficient to erect the brick walls and put under roof a church on Main or High street, near the eastern end of the borough. Soon after the above date, three brothers, viz.: Andrew, John and Joseph Friedely, in company with Dominic Hass, came to Waynesburg. These men were clock makers and clock peddlers by trade and Catholics by profession. They immediately interested themselves in behalf of this society, as they had been accustomed to do in their native land (Germany), contributing liberally of their means towards completing the unfinished building, and also using their influence in securing the services of Father Michael Gallagher, whose residence was at Brownsville, Fayette county. This man seems to have been the first regular priest, who officiated at this station. He was a missionary on a large circuit then in the Diocese of Philadelphia (which then exercised supervision over all the Catholic churches west of the Allegheny mountains, until 1843, when the Diocese of Pittsburgh was erected, with Father Michael O'Connor as its Bishop). Father Gallagher was succeeded by three brothers, viz.: James, Jerome and Dennis Kearney. Father Hickey, who resided at West Alexander, also ministered to this people. Father Farren, Nolan, Scanlan and McHugh also ministered at this

\*Among these contributors were Hon. Mark Gordon, who was also elected Sheriff in 1827; also Solomon Gordon, who still resides on Laurel Run.

altar at different periods of time. During the pastorate of Father McHugh, the old edifice was torn down, and a neat, chaste and modern edifice was erected, which presents a good appearance on the outside, and is said to be equally as good inside. Rev. P. S. Herman, a native of the Sunny Clime of Italy, now ministers to the church, which, in addition to those already named, has enjoyed the ministrations of Fathers McEnroe, Sheehan and Tahaney.

PART OF THE McNAY FAMILY.—About the year 1800 John McNay emigrated from Adams county, Pa., and settled on "Samel's Run," about three miles from the residence of George Wisecarver, adjoining farms with the one on which the crazy man William McNerlin so long resided. Mr. McNay's sons were John, Jr., Smith, Brown and Asa. His daughters were Rebecca, who married Arthur Fleming, Hannah, who married Robert Marshall; Prissilla died in the sixteenth year of her age; Mary Jane married Dr. Cephas Dodd; Eliza and Nancy Ann are still single. In the year 1836 John McNay, Jr. took up his abode in Richhill township, where he had purchased a tract of land from old James Burns. In the year 1840 he was united in marriage with Miss Jane Reed of Washington Co., who was a daughter of James Reed, who was for many long years an Elder in the Presbyterian Church of Upper Tenmile. In the year 1866 Mr. McNay returned to the old homestead in Franklin Tp. about three miles north of Waynesburg, and after a residence of three years, he removed to the borough where he still resides in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Mrs. McNay's brothers were William Reed who is a Presbyterian minister in Shell City, Mo. John Reed was for many years an Elder in the Unity Church, Greene county, and now holds the same office in the Presbyterian Church of West Alexander. Mrs. McNay's sisters were Margaret, who married John W. Bradford (his widow still resides in Waynesburg). Hannal:

was married to William Montgomery, now of Washington, Pa. She has been dead for several years. Smith McNay married Jane Bell, with whom he removed to Washington County, where he still resides. His present wife was Miss Mary Kerr. He has but one child living, who is now the wife of John Post, of Clay Centre, Kansas. Brown McNay married Rachel McConnell, with whom he removed to Washington, Iowa, where his wife died. From thence he removed to Melville, Kansas, where he died in 1879. J. Reed McNay still resides on the old homestead farm.

REMINISCENCES BY J. H. RINEHART.—I first became acquainted with James Gooden in the year 1819. He was an old veteran of the Revolutionary War, and one of General Morgan's famous riflemen. He had been wounded twice, and was taken prisoner by the British at the battle of Cowpens. Effecting his escape he traveled two days before reaching the American army. While with the British he, as well as the rest of the captives, was treated very cruelly. One of his fellow prisoner escaped with him, but having one of his hands shot off at the wrist joint, the wound had not been dressed, and being almost starved to death, he gave out at the close of the first day. At the poor fellow's request Mr. Gooden covered him over with leaves and left him alone in the wilds of the forest. There he probably perished, as that was the last ever seen or heard of him. Another resident of Franklin township, with whom I was acquainted was Henry Church, a descendant of the Archer family, all of whom had been murdered by the Indians, save one son and one daughter. The daughter, Mr. Church's mother, had, however, been scalped by the savages, and feigning death, escaped with her life, and lived to a good old age and to rear a large family of children. After the cruel death of his parents, brothers and sisters, Mr. Archer swore vengeance against the Indians, and during the

whole period of his life had but one object in view—to help decimate the ranks of the red skins inhabiting the frontier and border lines of civilization. In those terrible days the whites threw up a fortification on Tenmile creek, a short distance above where James Hook's mill stood, on the Waynesburg side of the stream. This was called "Fort Jackson." My father, Joseph Rinehart, was an inmate of the fort, and was then about five years old. During the time he remained there he saw one of his father's brothers, who had been killed about two and one-half miles east of Waynesburg, in the valley of Coalick run, and brought to the fort on horse-back. His body was thrown across the back of the horse, after the manner of carrying a sack of grain, and thus was conveyed to his family who were housed at the fort. One of the inmates, regardless of the order not to go too far from the fort, crossed the creek a short distance below in search of a cow, and was there shot and scalped by an Indian. The Indian ran up the hillside, shaking the bloody trophy in defiance of the white men's bullets, and disappeared unharmed. This occurred in the year 1781.

METHODS ADOPTED BY THE EARLY SETTLERS TO ENTRAP WOLVES.—In the year 1815 many places in the glades near Carmie acls, on Muddy creek, still bore evidence of the methods employed by early settlers to entrap wolves. Pits ten to twelve feet in depth were dugged in the ground and covered with rotten poles and rubbish, upon which were spread a layer of leaves and moss. Over this from a pole was suspended a piece of meat. In their efforts to securse the tempting morsel the animals tumbled into the pit, and once there were completely at the mercy of their captors. Another method of which I saw traces, was to erect two scaffolds twelve or fourteen feet high and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile apart. The wolf hunter, having thus prepared for the

animals, would rub the soles of his shoes with asafoetida and tramp from one scaffold to the other. The wolves having scented the drug would speedily follow the trail and "tree" the hunter often to their sorrow, as many wolf scalps were secured by these means. One poor fellow, whose name I now have forgotten, was overtaken by the hungry animals before he reached the other end of his path through the woods, and was torn to pieces. Some of the forks of these scaffolds were yet standing in 1820, and the bark was gnawed and the poles scarred by the teeth of the wolves. About this time I remember of hearing James Earas, a mill-wright, tell of the wolves having pursued him in the woods and forcing him to climb a sapling. Unfortunately he ascended rather a small one and the ravenous beasts began to gnaw the trunk. He remained till he felt the sapling begin to give, when, by great effort, he swung it against a larger tree and got into it. Seeing he was safe the wolves raised a howl and plunged into the depths of the forest, and left him to descend and make his way home in safety.

A HIGH BUT NOVEL PULPIT.—In the summer of 1823 a deranged fellow, by name of Wm. McNerlin, came to the farm of Wm. Inghram, in Franklin township, and climbed into the top of a hickory tree in a field not far from the house. He drew in the top branches and withered them together in the center so as to form a sort of platform, which he mounted. The top of the tree, which he had fitted up, was twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. From his elevated position he began to preach. His stentorian voice could be heard a long way off. After continuing his harangue from early morn until noon, with no auditors, though it was on the Sabbath day, Mrs. Inghram sent an old colored servant with something for the would-be minister to eat. One of McNerlin's peculiarities was his intense dislike for negroes. So when the negro came

near, the deranged orator abruptly closed his discourse, and, with an oath, declared he would kill the Ethiopian, as he termed him, and began speedily to descend. The old negro terribly excited, ran back to the house, declaring "dat man be no moh crazy dan I am." The hickory in 1830 remained still with its tops withed together as McNerlin had left it.

**THE REES FAMILY.**—On the morning of the 4th of November, 1882, I left the Downey House, in Waynesburg, and walked out to the house of William Rees, who now owns and occupies the brick building on the same farm on which Mathew Gray was killed by the Indians in the early settlement of this county. I was received with the greatest kindness, invited to eat breakfast, which I declined in consequence of having already breakfasted. From the family I received the following information: William Rees settled on what is generally called the Keighley farm, about the year 1790. His sons were John, Abraham, James, Joseph and William. His daughters were Charity, who married Obadiah Vancleve; Polly married Peter Brown; Catharine married George Moore, and Cassie remained single. John had two sons—John and William. His only daughter, Nancy, married Samuel Throckmorton, who was killed by lightning. William Rees, my informant, was married about twenty-five years ago to Lucy Zollars, daughter of Neal Zollars. She was raised on what is usually called the Conkey farm. Their children are Frank and Albert. The brothers and sisters of Mrs. Rees are Richard, Barnet, Emaline, Libby and Margaret. Ella Bennington now resides in this family. When I had obtained this history, Mr. Hill came along, from whom I obtained at least a partial history of that family.

**THE HILL FAMILY.**—This is one of the old Greene county families, Samuel Hill having settled on the same farm where his descendants still reside, near Hills' school-house, in the year

1789. His wife was Elizabeth Cathers, an aunt of Mrs. Elizabeth Inghram. The sons of Samuel and Elizabeth Hill were Thomas, William, Corbly, Jesse and Samuel. Their daughters were Nancy, who married Jacob Smith (now residing near Syeamore Station); Margaret married Morford Throckmorton; Mary married John Moore; Samuel married Hannah Hill (daughter of Rees Hill); Thomas married Nancy Roseberry; William married Margaret Milliken; Corbly married Hannah Porter; Jesse married Maria Hoskinson; Elizabeth married Jotham Jennings. I was now ready to pass on to the new and beautiful brick house of Jonas Ely where I obtained from his wife the following history of that family:

THE ELY FAMILY.—Jonas Ely was of German descent; was raised in what is now Schuylkill Co., Pa.; came to Washington county in 1810; was drafted as a soldier in 1812; was married to Miss Euphen Wilson. Their children were James, George, Jonas, Caleb and John. Elizabeth married Miller Andrew; Nancy married Daniel Throckmorton; James married Malissa Clemens; George married Mary Warrick; Jonas married Elizabeth Hill (my informant); Caleb married Elizabeth Patterson; John died single in his thirty-fifth year. The children of Jonas Ely, Jr. and Elizabeth Hill his wife, are William Hill, Jonas, Belle, who married J. M. Funk; William married Mattie Loar; Jonas married Alice Sanders.

SMITHS.—Leaving the house of Mr. Ely, I pursued my way across the second bridge to the house of Rev. Thomas B. Smith, from whom I obtained the following facts in reference to this one branch of the numerous family of Smiths: Thos. Smith immigrated from near Chambersburg, Pa., about 1789. His wife was Mary Williams. Their first settlement was on Smith Creek, and from their cabin home they were often compelled to flee and take refuge in Fort Jackson. Here they raised a large family, several living to a great age. The names

of their sons were John, Bazil, Vincent, Nathaniel, Thomas and Hugh. Their daughter Martha never married; Hannah married Thomas Porter; Olive married Thomas Kent; Mary remains single; Sarah married James Smith (no relation); Jno. married Jane Hamilton, and died at the age of ninety-two years; Bazil married Elizabeth Staggers, and died at eighty-eight years of age; Vincent married Elizabeth Bell, and still lives in Jackson Township in the ninety-second year of his age. Nathaniel married Lydia Smith, and died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Thomas married Catharine Johnston and died at about fifty years of age. Hugh never married, and died in the eighty-seventh year of his age; Sarah is still living and is near eighty-seven years old. The sons of Vincent were John, Hiram, Jason, Hugh, Josiah and Thomas B. ('my informant). Of the daughters Eliza remained single; Sarah is dead<sup>\*</sup>; Margaret is still single; Mary married William Kent and is dead. The children of Rev. Thos. B. are Corbly Vincent, who married Agnes Orndoff; Sarah C. married Porter Lough; Elmira declines telling whom she intends to marry and consequently she and her brothers—Morton G., John C., Melvin O., and Homer C.—still remain with their parents, and are now busily engaged in building an elegant new house. The mother of these children was Miss Mary Fordyee, a niece of old Justus Fordyee, a man whom I have often seen nearly fifty years ago, as he passed along through Fayette county following the numerous droves of fine stock that he was accustomed to purchase and drive. Her sisters were Eliza A., Elizabeth, Henrietta, Jane and Sarah Ellen. Her brothers were Garrard, Joak B., John J., Corbly, Homer C. and Joseph B. I now pursued my way up the South Fork of Tenmile creek, called at the old Buchanan farm, but finding no one to give me information, I walked on until I reached the new house occupied by Charles Adamson. This building is said to be almost in the center of

the county, both in its length and width, not deviating forty rods either way. Young Adamson referred me to his father as being much more capable of informing me. A walk of three-fourths of a mile brought me to the old homestead where I obtained the following :

THE ADAMSON FAMILY.—Thomas Adamson was of English descent, was raised near Philadelphia, removed to Greene county about 1787. His first settlement was on the farm on which Samuel Braden, son of Judge Braden, now resides. His wife was Miss Eagon. Their children were John, James, Barnet, Joseph, Charles and Josiah. The daughters were Mary, who married Mr. Cary; Cassandra, who married Uriah Eagon; Sarah married Jesse Rice; Debba married Samuel Mickle. John married a Smith; James married a Smith; Joseph concluding his brothers had done well, also married a Smith. My informant had forgotten the christian names of these three ladies. Charles married Sarah Hatfield and Josiah married Elizabeth Hatfield. The sons of Charles were Thomas, Stephen II. John, Enos, Smith and James. The daughters were Elizabeth, Letta, Sarah Ann, Stephen II., my informant, married Mary Crouse. His sons were James and Charles. The former resides with his father, while Charles lives three-fourths of a mile below at the center of the county.

THE CHURCH FAMILY.—About noon I arrived at the hospitable home of John Church, near Rogersville, where I was treated to a good dinner, for which I had a good appetite, from the fact that I had walked all the way from Waynesburg that morning and helped to extinguish a fire in a burning house at the old town of Clinton through which I passed. After dinner I was permitted to copy one of the most remarkable records that I have yet met with, which is as follows: "Henry Church was born in 1779. He came to Greene county while yet a small boy, and lived almost all his manhood days on the

same tract of land now owned and occupied by his son John. The next name on this record is Jane Archer, the first wife of old Mr. Church, whose ancestors had almost all been slaughtered by the merciless Indians—born February 20, 1778. The next name is Sarah Rinehart, the second wife, born December 15, 1786; Jane Church, March 22, 1797; Elizabeth Church, August 17, 1799; George Church, born October 5, 1801; Jane Church, born October 8, 1803; Henry Church, born January 9, 1805; Sarah Church, born May 22, 1807; Elijah Church, born August 20, 1809; Elisha Church, born August 22, 1809. These boys were evidently twins, and were named for the two famous old Prophets. Jesse Church was born August 15, 1812. Nancy Church was born March 11, 1816. These persons were brothers, sisters, wives, and children, of old Henry and his first wife, Jane Archer. The children of this same old man, by his second wife, Sarah Rinehart, were as follows: Ruth, born January 18, 1818; William, born December 5, 1819; Rinehart B., born March 29, 1821; Delila, born July 9, 1824; John Church, born November 21, 1826; Elizabeth, August 2, 1831. The wife of John Church was Miss Elizabeth Fordyce, who furnished Rev. S. Young and myself with a good dinner, after which we started out in search of the history of the town of Rogersville, which is about as follows: John Rodgers purchased the mill in the year 1835. The lots were part of the large tract of land which Henry Church owned and formerly belonged to John Craig. The building commenced in 1845. Alexander Black and Hiram Black, purchased lots nos. 1 and 2, from Henry Church during his life time. Zadok Gordon, purchased the first lot sold by the widow. It now contains two stores, one cabinet shop and undertaker establishment, one planing mill, one saw mill and one grist mill, one smith shop and one carriage shop. A magnificent bridge, built of iron, spans the entire creek without a pier. Near the upper end of the

town stands a neat, tasty church, belonging to the Protestant Methodist denomination. This house was built in the year 1874. But the organization of the society was affected about 1837. The officiating Ministers at the organization were Peter T. Lashlie and John Clark. The succeeding Ministers were James Hopwood, William Munhall. Revs. Sutton, Curry, Lucas and Young, have at different times ministered to this people.

WIDOW NANCY THROCKMORTON.—I left the house of John Church in company with Rev. Young, who kindly furnished me a seat in his buggy. After driving one mile we came to the residence of the late Samuel Throckmorton, who was killed by lightning on the 28th of July, 1881. The circumstances were about these: He and four of his sons were busily engaged in the harvest field. Near noon a cloud was seen rising, but no danger was apprehended until the big drops began to fall, when all parties started for the house. The old man inserted his fork in a bunch of hay and lifted it on his shoulder as a protection against the rain. He had reached the brow of a small bluff over against his house, when suddenly the whole heavens seemed on fire and a most terrific peal of thunder for the time being stunned all parties, who on recovering discovered that their number had been depleted by one. The electric shaft had descended in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Throckmorton, when the steel tines of the fork, acting as a conductor, conveyed the electric fluid to his body. Death seems to have been instantaneous. Great was the sorrow over this bereavement, and great was the concourse of people at the funeral on the following Sabbath day, when the widow and eight children followed the corpse to its last resting place in Greene Mount Cemetery. Rev. W. D. Slease and Rev. G. H. Huffman of the Methodist church and Dr. Fraser of the Presbyterian church, officiated at his funeral. The survivors of his family are as follows: Mrs. Nancy Throckmorton;

is a daughter of John Rees, deceased. Her marriage took place on the 25th of July, 1845; Elizabeth is the wife of Jas. Smith. She was born May 3, 1847; Margaret is the wife of Morgan Ross, and was born April 29, 1849; William Spence married Amanda Cross, and was born Nov. 10, 1851; John Rees was born September 29, 1854; Samuel James married Carrie Iams, was born October 16, 1856. Thomas Morford was born Oct. 6, 1858; Albert Brownson was born September 17, 1860; Charles was born March 8, 1862. Leaving the house of Mrs. Throckmorton, we pursued our way up the South Fork, through Rutan, of which I propose to give a more particular account hereafter. We stopped at the house of Ackeson Ross, who was not at home, and consequently, I received no history here. Finally, we arrived at the house of William S. Carter, who is a son of John Carter, a native of Scotland, who immigrated to America some sixty years ago and settled in Washington county, Pa., came to Greene county many years ago. The brothers of John were James and Andrew. Their sisters were Ellen, Margaret and Agness. John married Hannah Shearer; Margaret married John Allison; Agness married David G. Braddock, while James, Andrew and Ellen remained single. The sons of John Carter were John Whittim, Andrew, William Shearer and James Henry (young). The daughters were Violet, Mary and Hannah Jane. John Whittim, Andrew and Hannah Jane died young. William Shearer married Louisa J. Porter, daughter of Dr. Porter, dec'd. Mary married M. Crow Braddock. James Henry married Anna Jewel, while Violet still remains single. The children of Margaret Allison were Hugh, Violet, John C., and Andrew. The children of Agness Braddock are Violet C., Byron M. and John C. Byron M. married Adda C. Iams; John C. married Bell Eugene Alley; Violet still remains single. William S.'s children are Wm. P., Mary Evaline (Kate), J. S., Jas. and Carlie.

BRADDOCKS.—A short distance below John Carter's, on Crab Apple Run, has long resided David G. Braddock, who was born on the 9th of May, 1807. His first wife was Susan Crow, a niece of those unfortunate girls who were slain by the Indians. The children of this couple were Frank, Nancy, M. Crow, Newton, Anna, David, Margaret, and Jacob. Frank married Mariah J. Porter. Their children are Evaline and Frank Sherman. Nancy died in the 19th year of her age. Crow married Mary Carter. Their only child was "Jen" V. Newton married Jane Burns. Their children are Lizzie N. and David G. Anna married W. S. Riekey. Their children were Sadie E. and Dora. David married Lou Henderson. Their child is Joseph Harvey. Margaret died in the 19th year of her age. Jacob married Margaret Cook. Their child is Laura.

DURBINS.—About one and a-half miles below David Braddock's for many long years has resided the family of the Durbins. The original settlers consisted of four men, viz: Stephen, Edward, Thomas and Benjamin. The children of Stephen were Joseph, Andrew and Stephen, Jr.; also two daughters, Mariah and Sarah Jane. Edward married Matilda Finch. Their children were Lucy and Ellen. Thomas married Hannah Hughes. Their children were James, Thomas, Lucy and Hester Jane. Benjamin married Nancy Parcell. Their children were Thomas, Benjamin, Jane, Ruth, Sally, Amy, Polly, Nancy and Betty. Joseph (of Stephen) married Polly Durbin, his cousin. Their children were Lucinda, Nancy Jane, Lindsey, James, Sally and Belle. Andrew (of Stephen) married Martha Banc. Their children were David, Andrew, Frank, and Lib. Stephen (of Stephen) married Nancy Throckmorton. He was killed by a burning tree falling on him. Their children were Jane and Mary. Mariah remained single. Sarah Jane married Enos Gillett. Lucy (of Edward) remained single, so far as is known. Ellen married Mr. Ashbrook. Benjamin

(of Thomas) married Polly Dinsmore. Their children were Mary Ann, J. Harvey, Elizabeth Jane, Thomas, William and Ackison. James (of Thomas) married Lucretia Nuce. Their children were George, Oliver, Alonzo, James, Frank, Thomas, Leoline, Jefferson and Willis. Thomas (of Thomas) married Cassy Pettit. Their children were Hughes, Jane, Hannah Ann, et al. Lucy (of Thomas) married George Rail. Their children were Thomas, Samuel, Hannah, Cassy, James, William, Benjamin, David, Mary Jane, George et al. Hester Jane remain single.

LAZEARS.—Descending Crabapple run a short distance further we arrive at the old Leazer farm which was so long occupied by Thomas Leazer, Esq., who acted as Justice of the Peace for quite a number of years, and united in marriage more couples than any other person in this section of the county. His children were Gen. Jesse, of whom I have already written several things and whose history is so well known to the people of this county that any addition here must needs be regarded as a superfluity. Frank who married Mary Crow—another niece of those murdered girls who were the victims of savage cruelty. Their children were Jesse, Jr., Nancy, William, Michael, John McClusky and Mary. Jesse, Jr., married Alice Throckmorton, sister of Dr. William. Their children were Mary, Fanny and William. Nancy married John Throckmorton. Their children, when they removed west, were Thomas and Frank; the names of the remainder are not known. William married Nancy Jacobs, but had no children. Michael went to Sacramento Valley, Cal.; John McClusky died while single; Mary married Porter McNay, and they have several children, whose names I could not learn. Sally married Matthew Gray. Their children were Hannah, Thomas, Ellis, John, Lib, Leander and Fanny. Hannah married William Laughridge. Thomas married Hannah Barnhart. Ellis died single. John

went West yet single. Lib married William Phillips. The names of some of their children were Sadie and Mary. Leander and Fanny went west while single.

**DARK DAY.**—On the 27th of October, 1882, it was so dark in some parts of Greene county, from 1 to 4 o'clock, p. m., that lamps were lighted and chickens went to roost. Some persons were alarmed, but it was only those who had not been living right. Such things have previously occurred, viz: on the 21st of October, 1761, October 19th, 1762, and May 19, 1780.

**J. S. HERTIG.**—While walking the streets in Waynesburg on the morning of November 2, 1882, my attention was attracted by the sign "J. S. Hertig, Dentist." I entered the building and was surprised to find myself recognized and called by name by a man whose ancestors I had known in Fayette county, near half a century ago. His father, John G. Hertig, was a native of France, and emigrated to America in the year 1823. Free schools had no existence in the State of Pennsylvania at that day, and as Mr. Hertig was a very fine scholar, he was almost immediately engaged as a school teacher in George's township, Fayette county, Pa. (This township derived its name from Col. George Wilson, grand-father of Lawrence Minor, Esq., of Waynesburg). Here Mr. Hertig became a kind of stereotyped instructor. He was also an ardent politician on the Democratic side. I heard him make several speeches in 1840 in opposition to "Tipecanoe and Tyler too." His wife was Miss N. S. Showalter, daughter of Joseph Showalter, from whom the Waynesburg dentist takes his name. J. S. Hertig came to Waynesburg in 1867 where he has been very successful in his profession, with one single drawback on his happiness, namely, that his wife has been an invalid for about fourteen years. This lady is a daughter of William Scott, of Morris' Cross Roads, Fayette county, Pa. This family I was acquainted with thirty years ago.

COMMISSION DOCKET.—Through the kindness of W. W. Patterson, the present Register of Greene county, I was put in possession of the old Commission docket, in which I find the following commissions :

1. To John Boreman and John Minor, authorizing them to administer oaths of allegiance and office. This commission is granted by Thomas Mifflin, Governor of Pennsylvania, and countersigned by A. J. Dallas, Secretary of the Commonwealth, and dated March 17, 1796.
2. The Bond of John Boreman for sixteen hundred pounds sterling, to which is attached the names of James Carmichael, William Crawford and Charles Anderson, dated April 23, 1796.
3. A commission from the same source authorizing John Boreman to act as Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, Clerk of Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer. Also, Recorder of wills and granting letters of administration and recorder of deeds.
4. A Commission to John Minor, from Thomas Mifflin, authorizing Minor to act as Associate Judge in the county of Greene. This commission was recorded on the 13th day of July, 1796, at which date Judge Minor was sworn into office by John Boreman, Prothonotary.
5. A commission from the same source to John Flemiken, appointing him Associate Judge, dated at Philadelphia, March 17. 1796. This man was sworn into office on the 13th of July, 1796, by John Boreman, Prothonotary.
6. A commission to John Badolet, authorizing him to act as one of the Associate Judges in the county. This commission was examined and approved and Mr. Badolet inducted into the office on the 23d of April, 1796, by John Boreman and John Minor.
7. On the 9th day of March, 1796, a commission is granted to Thomas Sedgwick as Justice of the Peace. This commis-

sion is signed by Governor Thomas Mifflin on the 21st day of March, 1796; sworn in on the 13th of July, 1796.

9. On the 9th of March, 1796, a commission was granted to William Lee as a Justice of the Peace. This man took the oath of fidelity to support the constitution of the United States and of the State of Pennsylvania, before John Boreman and John Minor, on the 13th of July, 1796.

10. A commission was granted on the 16th of April, 1796, to William Seaton, authorizing him to act as Justice of the Peace, and he was inducted into office on the 2d day of August of the same year.

The first deed put on record in Greene county is dated July 25, 1796, and is between John Holton and Lydia his wife, of Cumberland township and Abraham Scott of Greene township, for a tract of land which was patented on the 5th of April 1796, and named "Holton's Pleasant," situated on the waters of Little Whiteley, containing  $397\frac{3}{4}$  acres, with common allowance. The consideration money mentioned is two hundred and eighty pounds, Pennsylvania currency. This deed is acknowledged before Samuel Hyde, on the 25th day of July, 1796, and is recorded on the 3d of August of the same year by John Boreman.

The first Mortgage admitted to record in this county is dated August 13, 1796, and is between James Farney, of Cumberland township and Alexander Jamison of the same place. It is given to secure the payment of twenty pounds, "good money." The amount of land covered by the mortgage is five and one-half acres.

Through the kindness of J. C. Garrard, who is at present Clerk of the Court, and who is also a great-grandson of Rev. Corbley, whose family was slaughtered by the Indians in 1782, I was put in possession of the old records of the Orphans' Court, in which I find the following, viz:

An Orphans' Court was held at the house of Jacob Kline on Muddy creek, in and for the county of Greene, on the 2d day of January, 1797, before Hon. Alexander Addison, Esq. and his Associates. "No proceedings." These associates were John Minor and John Flenniken. Another term of the Orphans' Court was held at the same place on the 3d day of April, 1797 before the same Judges at which the following business was transacted, viz: On petition of Betty Carmichael, Administratrix and Samuel Hyde Administrator of the estate of James Carmichael, dec'd, setting forth that the said James Carmichael in his life time, laid out a town on the waters of Muddy creek in Cumberland township, in the county of Greene. A number of the lots in the town have been sold, but many yet remain undisposed of. The petitioners therefore pray the Court to order the sale of the remaining lots, and among other reasons they state that there is not sufficient personal estate to pay all the debts and educate the children of the intestate, &c. The Court ordered the sale. The same Judges presided in all the Courts held at the house of Jacob Kline, and also at the old log Court house in Waynesburg until the sixth day of September, 1802, when Judge Addison seems to have held his last Court.

On the 4th of March, 1803, an Orphans' Court was held which was presided over by John Minor and the other Associates.

On the 6th day of June, 1803, an Orphans' Court was held in Waynesburg, when I find the name of Hon. Samuel Roberts appearing for the first time as the second Law Judge of this Judicial District. Part of the business of this session was hearing the petition of William Thomas, a minor, asking the Court to appoint Martha Vanmeter (his grand-mother) his guardian. This woman was then the widow of Henry Vanmeter, deceased. Part of the business transacted at the session of the Orphans' Court held on the 5th of December, 1803, was

acting on the petition of William Seaton praying the Court to appoint some proper person as guardian of Margaret E. Carmichael and William S. Carmichael, minor children of James Carmichael, deceased, whereupon the Court appointed William Seaton and Josias Lowrie, said guardians. An Orphans' Court was held on the 27th of January, 1812, which was presided over by John Minor and David Gray. Judge Roberts presided in all the Courts of Greene county, up to the fourth Monday of August, 1818, when agreeably to the record, his last Court here was held, for on the 21st day of December, 1818, the name of Hon. Thomas H. Baird appears for the first time as a law Judge in the records of Greene county. This man I have often seen in Uniontown when I was quite a boy, but his image is yet before the eye of my mind, as well as his quick nervous voice as he delivered his charge to a jury. The old column ends with June term, 1832, leaving Judge Baird still on the bench. He was a son of Dr. Absolem Baird, a prominent citizen of the town of Washington in the early part of this century.

Thus far, June 20, 1831, these old records have been kept by W. T. Hays, Esq.

PRESIDENT JUDGES.—Hon. Alexander Addison was appointed on the 22d of September, 1791, as law Judge in the district embracing the counties of Washington, Fayette, Westmorland and Allegheny. When Greene county was erected, in 1796, his prerogatives were enlarged, so as to include the Courts of this county, during the first seven years of its existence. On the 2d day of June, 1803, Hon. Samuel Roberts was appointed in the district composed of the counties of Washington, Fayette, Greene and Beaver. This position was held by him until the appointment of his successor, Hon. Thomas H. Baird, on the 19th of October, 1818. The lines of the Judicial district were again changed so that Judge Baird presided over the counties

of Washington, Greene, Fayette and Somerset, until superceded by Hon. Nathaniel Ewing of Uniontown, who was appointed on the 28th of February, 1838, over the district composed of the counties of Washington, Fayette and Greene. All these President Judges, as well as their numerous Associates, held their positions under the Constitution of September 2d, 1790, previous to which time justice had been administered by men not graduated in law who discharged their duties under the provisions of the Constitution of September 28, 1776. Among the presiding Justices I find the names of Hon. Henry Taylor and Hon. Dorsey Pentecost. The new Constitution of 1838 provided that one-half of the commissions of those Judges who had held office for ten years previous to its adoption should expire on the 27th of February, 1839. As Judge Ewing had only just entered upon the duties of his office at the time the Constitution came into operation, its provisions did not affect his commission and he held over until February, 1848. These two Judges, Baird and Ewing, I have often seen. The constitution of 1838 affected a radical change in the mode of seating Judges on the bench. Previous to that time the Judiciary had been considered above and independent of the people. But now the offices were taken out of the hands of the Governor, and he was restrained from commissioning any Judge who had not previously been elected by the ballots of the voters of the district over which he was to preside. Under this arrangement, Hon. Samuel A. Gilmore, previously of Butler county, was commissioned on the 28th of February, 1848; was reelected on the 11th of October, 1851, and commissioned for ten years. At the expiration of this time, on the 11th day of October, 1861, Hon. James Lindsey, one of Greene county's own sons, was elevated to this position the duties of which he discharged to the admiration of not only the citizens of his own native county, but also of those of the

other counties of the district, Fayette and Washington. But although only a young man in the prime of life he suddenly sickened and died after having filled the position a little over three years. On the 9th of January, 1865, Hon. J. Kennedy Ewing, of Uniontown, was commissioned and held a few Courts in the counties of Washington, Greene and Fayette, then composing the Judicial district, from which Washington county was taken off, and in 1866 was connected with Beaver county under the Presidency of their Honors B. B. Chamberlain, Alex. W. Acheson and George S. Hart. On the 17th of December, 1874, Hon. A. E. Willson, of Fayette county, was constituted President Judge in all the Courts of Greene county, which position he still fills at this writing, near the close of 1882, with dignity and integrity.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES.—Although the territory now constituting Greene county, was created as an integral part of Washington county, in 1781, yet no Associate Judges seem to have been commissioned for about ten years, when as though to make amends for lost time, four were created on the same day, April 16, 1791, when Henry Taylor, James Edgar, James Allison and Matthew Ritchie, were appointed to this position, and consequently up to 1796, belonged to this part of the united county as much as the other. John Minor and John Flencken were the two persons who occupied this position, first in the new county. Soon after this the name of John Badolet makes his appearance on the records. In the minutes of the Orphans' Court I find the name of David Gray, Esq., appearing for the first time as an Associate Judge, on the 27th of January, 1812. The present Associate Judges are Hon. Silas Barnes and Hon. Jesse Phillips.

Among the prominent sons of Greene county who have risen from obscurity to notoriety, under forbidding circumstances, few were more so than Arthur Inghram Boreman, who was

born in an old log cabin near the old Court house on the corner of Green street and Whiskey alley in Waynesburg. This man is a son of John Boreman, who was commissioned by Governor Mifflin, in 1796, as Prothonotary, Register and Recorder. This young man studied law and became a leading member of the bar at Parkersburg, West Virginia; was elected to a seat in the Virginia Legislature previous to the war; was present when the preliminary discussions with regard to secession arose, in which he took an active part. He was President of the convention that consummated the Act of Separation of West Virginia from the old parent State. Of this new State he was elected Governor in 1863. These statements I have from Rev. Young who has for several years past been a resident of that State.

A COLLECTION OF OLD MEN.—I find it stated in a late number of the *Waynesburg Messenger*, over the signature of A. Patton (who I suppose is the State Senator elect), that on the 9th of November, 1882, Abraham Burson celebrated his eighty-eighth birth day on the same farm on which he was born, being the same locality on which his father Edward Burson settled over one hundred years ago, and where he raised a family of eleven children, all of whom are dead except Abraham. On the above named day twelve old men, several of whom were octogenarians, were present, their names and ages being as follows: Abraham Burson, 88; Benjamin Craft, 86; Daniel Turner, 82; Perry Bayard, 81; Ruben Teagarden, 76; Jas. Shannon Kerr, 74; Jas. C. Hawkins, 74; Jacob Shape, 74; Thomas Ross, 72; Samuel Barr, 79; Cephas Cary, 70, and Edward Burson, 69. How many things connected with such an assemblage of old men may be considered both painful and pleasing. How pleasing to think that twelve men, who have lived neighbors for four-score years, are permitted once more to meet amidst such pleasant surroundings. What comparisons

would those old veterans institute between the sumptuous dinner to which they sat down on this occasion and the plain homely meals to which they were accustomed 70 years ago. But how painful on the contrary to reflect that in all probability this was their last earthly meeting; and how painful and lonely the feeling, that of the companions of their youth nearly all are gone—they might well have engaged in singing as a parting hymn,

“We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

**MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.**—Albert Galatin seems to have been the first man who represented Greene county in the National Legislature, to which position he was elected in 1798; the district being then composed of the counties of Allegheny, Washington and Greene. In 1801 Wm. Hoge was elected to represent Greene, Allegheny, Washington and Crawford counties. The district was then altered and Washington and Greene counties were separated until 1852, when John L. Dawson was elected as Representative for Fayette, Greene and Washington. In 1854 Jonathan Knight represented the same district in Congress. In 1856 William Montgomery was sent to the capital as the Representative from the same district composed of Washington, Greene and Fayette counties. In 1860 Jesse Lazear, one of Greene county's own sons, became her Representative in the halls of Congress. He also represented Fayette and Washington counties. The district was again changed so as to embrace Washington, Greene, Beaver and Lawrence counties. George V. Lawrence was elected in 1864 to represent this new district. In 1868 J. B. Donley, another of Greene county's sons, was selected as the representative of the same counties. Morgan R. Wise represented this district in Congress in the sessions of 1875—6. This man “was born in Greene county, June 7, 1830; graduated at Waynesburg College in 1856, is at present engaged in farming and general

business." Jacob Turner represented the twenty-first district in the 45th Congress in the years 1877—8. Charles E. Boyle was elected Nov. 7, 1882.

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.—Greene county is at present (1882) part of the fourteenth Judicial district, composed of Fayette and Greene. She is also a part of the fortieth Senatorial district, composed of the same counties. She is also a part of the twenty-first Congressional district, composed of Westmorland, Greene and Fayette counties. Some of the men who have represented her in the State Legislature are as follows: John Flenniken and John Minor were among the very first men who represented this county after its erection, the latter had, as a representative of the united county, taken a very active part in securing the separation of this from the western portion of the original county of Washington. Maxwell McCaslin was a member of the State Senate about the middle of the nineteenth century. I have often seen this man, and as he was one of those poor boys who rose up from obscurity, I will furnish a sketch of his history near the close of this column. James W. Hays was a member of the Senate at a later day. He was born in Waynesburg on the 21st day of December, 1817; educated in the common Schools; learned the profession of editor; was collector of tolls on the Pennsylvania canal in 1850; and is at present engaged in merchandising at Graysville, Pa. Among the members of the House of Representatives in 1878, I find the name of Morgan R. Wise, who was at a later day a member of Congress. On the 7th of November, 1882, Dr. A. Patton was elected to the State Senate, and Andrew Lantz as representative in the lower house of the Legislature.

OLD MESSENGERS.—In connection with the history of newspapers I wish to insert, at least a synopsis, of the news contained in two copies of this venerable journal; one is dated

June 27, 1829, the other May 27, 1830. The first was loaned me by Mr. John Conkey who still resides in Richhill township, and is now in the 94th year of his age. The first article on the first pages of this old paper is a notice to the "Liberty and Dunkard Rangers," calling on them to parade at the house of Jacob Kuhn, in Wayne township, on the 4th of July, 1829, precisely at 10 o'clock. Signed John Mehon, O. S. By order of Samuel White, Captain. The second article is a notice from Richard Furman, Adm'r of the estate of David Rumble, notifying all persons interested to meet at the house of the deceased in Dunkard township, Friday, July 24, 1829. Next George Kenny offers a reward of twenty dollars for the arrest of a certain Simon Johnson, who, not having the fear of the law before his eyes, had broken away from the constable of Whiteley township. The fourth article states that Nathaniel Jennings still continues to card wool at his old mill where a good quality of rolls will be found at the following prices: Common wool for four cents, if the money is paid down, if not paid in six months, five cents per pound will be demanded; if paid in the year, one "sixp" per pound will settle the bill; if not paid until after the expiration of the year, eight cents per pound will be charged. In order to encourage prompt payment Mr. Jennings proposes to take wheat, rye, corn, flax seed, &c. He does not inform the public where his old mill is situated, but I am informed that it was directly in front of J. A. J. Buchanan's residence. The fifth article is entitled "Stray Cow," in which Samuel House, of Morgan township, complains that a black muley cow, with a white face, has been troubling him, and he desires the owner to come and take her away. The sixth is a notice of Thomas Fletcher, William Seals and Solomon Fordyce, stating that they had audited the accounts of Greene Academy on the 19th of May, 1829, and find a balance in the hands of the treasurer thereof of \$2,677.74. The sec-

ond column is almost exclusively devoted to a proposal made by J. Baker and J. Morris for publishing a book entitled "A Revelation of Rights," written in Greene county, by Elias E. Ellmaker, Esq., in the year 1809. The contents of this book are as follows: 1st, On the proper study of man and his original rights; 2d, of society and the natural and unnatural state of man; 3d, of government in general; 4th, of political and civil liberty; 5th, of the form and administration of government; 6th, of criminal law; 7th, of slavery; 8th, miscellaneous reflections on the alteration of our system of government; 9th, address to the citizens of the world. At the foot of this column is an advertisement of the paper called the Pennsylvania Reporter, a Democratic journal published at Harrisburg by Stambaugh, Welsh & Co. The editor of the *Mesenger* gives notice that he will receive subscriptions for the above paper at his office in Waynesburg, and in order to accommodate himself to the times and scarcity of money, he proposes to take wheat and bacon in payment of any debts due at his office. At the head of the 3d column Hugh Workman notifies the public that he has erected a new tan house on Greene street, near Mr. Isaac Slater's, where he proposes to furnish all kinds of leather for cash, or tan all kinds of skins on the shares. He also wishes all persons that know themselves indebted to him to make immediate payment and save costs, as further indulgence cannot be given. Just below is a notice of the old "Colonization Society," stating that the churches generally propose taking up collections on the Sabbath immediately preceding the 4th of July each year to aid this society. This statement is made on the authority of the *National Intelligencer*. The next is a communication dated Providence, R. I., May 29th, 1829, in which the correspondent mentions as a matter of surprise that a cargo of cotton goods has been shipped from that port to Canton, China, which was delivered on advantageous terms for a car-

go of tea which was brought back by the ship Parthiam. At the foot of this column is a piece entitled "Fraud," giving an account of a rascal in Albany, who gave his note to another man, writing his name with spittle and sprinkling black sand over it. When the spittle became dry, the sand rubbed off, and the name was invisible. Verily there were villains in those days as now. We now come to a communication from C. Minor in defense of Free Masonry. This article and the editorial notes attached to it, fills five and a-half columns of this little old paper which measures thirteen inches wide by nineteen inches long. On the last page of this paper is another article taken from the Ontario *Messenger* dated May 25, 1829, entitled "The Morgan Conspiracy." In these two articles we find the germ of "Anti-Masonry," which was at that time just beginning to make its appearance as a political element which caused the defeat of George Wolf and the election of Joseph Ritner in 1835. And from the history of political parties within the bounds of my own recollection which extends back as far as 1828 when Gen. Jackson was first elected, I think we learn one lesson, which is, that the American people demand some living issue. Thus in 1828 and 1832 it was bank or no bank; in 1835-38, Masonry or Anti-Masonry; in 1840, tariff or no tariff; in 1844, when the Texas question of annexation was agitated, it was Texas or no Texas: then in 1860 the all absorbing question, slavery or no slavery. Now I want the readers of my history to understand that I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but as coming events cast their shadows before them, so I think I see that the next issue will be whisky or no whisky. But to return to the contents of the old paper. The article on the Morgan Conspiracy is exceedingly interesting and revives in my memory many things about the Morgan abduction and murder that I heard talked about when I was a boy, before I could read.

On the second page I find a letter from Gen. Andrew Jackson to the Creek Indians, dated Milledgeville, Georgia, May 26, 1829, entitled "Indian Talk," which I will copy in full.

"Friends and Brethren: By permission of the Great Spirit above and the voice of the people, I have been made President of the United States, and now speak to you as your father and friend, and request you to listen. Your warriors have known me long. You know I love my white and red children, and always speak with a straight and not a forked tongue; that I have always told you the truth. I now speak to you as my children in the language of truth. Listen. Your bad men have made my heart sicken and bleed by the murder of one of my white children in Georgia. Our peaceful mother earth has been stained by the blood of the white man, and calls for the punishment of his murderers whose surrender is now demanded under the solemn obligations of the treaty which your chiefs and warriors in council agreed to. To prevent the spilling of more blood, you must surrender the murderers, and restore the property they have taken. To preserve peace you must comply with your own treaty. Friends and brothers, listen: Where you now are, you and white children are too near to each other to live in harmony and peace. Your game is destroyed, and many of your people will not work and till the earth. Beyond the great river Mississippi where a part of your nation has gone, your Father has promised a country large enough for you all, and he advises you to remove to it. There your white brother will not trouble you; they will have no claim to the land, and you and your children can live upon it as long as the grass grows or water runs, in peace and plenty. It will be yours forever. For the improvements in the country where you now live, and for the stock which you cannot take with you, your Father will pay you a fair price. In my talk to you in the Creek Nation many years ago I told you of this

new country where you might be preserved as a great nation, and where your white brothers would not disturb you. In that country your Father, the President, now promises to protect you and feed you, and to shield you from all encroachments. Where you now live your white brothers have always claimed the land. The land beyond the Mississippi belongs to the President and no one else, and he will give it to you forever. My children listen: The late murder of one of my white children in Georgia shows that you and they are too near to each other. These bad men must be delivered up and suffer the penalties of the law for the blood they have shed. I have sent my agent and your friend, Col. Crowell, to demand the surrender of the murderers and to consult with you on the subject of your removing to the land I have provided for you west of the Mississippi in order that my white and red children may live in peace, and that the land may not be stained with the blood of my children again. I have instructed Col. Crowell to speak the truth to you and to assure you that your Father, the President, will deal fairly and justly with you, and whilst he feels a father's love for you, that he advises your whole nation to go to the place where he can protect you. Should any incline to remain and come under the laws of Alabama, land will be laid off for them and their families in fee. My children, listen: My white children in Alabama have extended their laws over your country. If you remain in it, you must be subject to that law. If you remove across the Mississippi, you will be subject to your own laws, and the care of your Father, the President. You will be treated with kindness and the land will be yours forever. Friends and brothers, listen: This is a straight and good talk. It is for your nation's good, and your Father requests you to hear his counsel." Signed, Andrew Jackson.

Immediately below this letter I find another letter from John

H. Heaton, Secretary of War, addressed to Joseph Ross, Richard Taylor, Edward Gunter and Wm. S. Coody, delegates from the Cherokee Nation, in answer to a communication they had sent to him. But the letter is too long to be transcribed in full. The next is a notice that Rev. A. Leonard will preach in the court house to-morrow at 11 o'clock. In the same column is the announcement that the Independent Blues and Franklin Rangers have appointed the undersigned a committee of arrangement and invitation to a celebration of the 54th anniversary of our Independence on the 4th of July, 1829, and is signed by Wm. Baltzell, B. Mahana, I. Hook, J. Hook, J. Hoge, John Clark, A. Rinehart, Jesse Kent, Hugh Workman. In the next article the editor expresses his regret that Col. DeWitt Clinton had resigned his position, Engineer on the Juniata Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, which our old readers will recollect was<sup>#</sup>at that date being brought into existence. Just below is a short extract from the "*Franklin Repository*," in which he refers to the article of Hon. Charles Minor, in defense of Free Masonry. His article represents Mr. Minor as the senior editor of the *Village Record*, and a member of Congress. I find by reference to Smull's Legislative Hand Book, that Charles Minor was a member of the 19th and 20th Congresses. This statement is found in the same column: Rumor cannot always be relied on—it nevertheless states that Amos Elmaker, Esq., will be taken up as the anti-masonic candidate for Governor at the convention in Harrisburg next week. So mote it be.—*Carlisle Volunteer*. Another little piece of news is that "a letter received in Borton, dated Smyrna, April 4, 1829, states that the Russians have taken possession of Messervia to the north of Bourgas, and Sizi boli to the southward, and are fortifying both places. The next article is entitled "Meeting of Freemen," in Heidleburg township, Berks county, at which the following was passed, one hundred and

fifty persons signing their names to the proceedings: "*Resolved*, That hereafter we will receive no preacher into our congregation who is an adherent or supporter of a Theological Seminary, of the Sunday School Union, or the Bible, Missionary, Tract, or any other similar society; or who is engaged in distributing any so called religious paper or magazine."

A clipping from Raleigh, S. C., states that the locusts have made their appearance in great numbers in the vicinity of Salisburg. Then comes a couple of marriages; 1st, by Nicholas Hager, Esq., Mr. Armstrong Porter and Miss Olive Inghram, June 25, 1829. The other marriage was performed by William Kineade, on June 23, 1829, the parties being Mr. Thomas Adamson and Miss Catharine Grant. The remaining column is filled with brief announcements: 1st, Daniel Fuller, of Whiteley township, announces himself as a candidate for County Commissioner; 2d, David Sellers, of Centre township, is announced for the same office; 3d, Benj. Jennings, Asa McClelland and Richard Long, County Commissioners, advertise that they will give out the building of a bridge over Dunkard creek, near Mt. Morris, on July 8, 1829; 4th, Thomas Mitchell requests all persons indebted to the estate of Ezra Mitchell, deceased, to call and settle with William T. Hawkins, Esq.; 5th, a stray steer is announced as trespassing on the premises of Abraham Scott, Cumberland township; 6th, John Neff gives notice that an "old bay mare, with a star in her forehead, has been troubling him down on Muddy creek, and that he would be glad if the owner would take her away; 7th, Israel Hook, Orderly Sergeant of the Franklin Rangers, requires that company to parade in front of the Court House on the coming 4th of July. He says he does this by order of Cap't Baltzell; 8th, the Independent Blues are required to parade in the Borough of Waynesburg on the 4th of July, 1829. Each member is to be provided with thirteen rounds of blank cartridges. By order of Cap't. Jack,

son, John Irons, Orderly Sergeant; 9th, Ann Irons informs the ladies of Waynesburg that she is prepared to serve them in all departments of the millinery business, which means, I presume, that she will wash, bleach, rip and alter their old leghorn bonnets and make them look as good as new; 10th, is a notice from James Hughes that a brown cow broke into his enclosure some time in July, 1828, and is there in Morgan township until this day, and that he desires the owner to take her away. This closes the news found in the old *Mesenger* of June 27th, 1829. I now come to the other old paper to which I referred, bearing date May 27, 1830. My old friend, W. T. H. Pauley, has saved me the trouble of condensing the news found in this second paper by doing it himself and commenting on it. I will only add by way of "secounding the motion," that I often saw Dr. John F. Bradlee whose name is mentioned in this paper. I have been in his office, and am disposed to think he was certainly in possession of some skill, inasmuch as he guaranteed a cure to an uncle of mine, notwithstanding which he succeeded in bringing him to the grave sooner apparently than he would otherwise have reached it.

The next thing on the first page of the old paper now before us is the advertisement of an order of the Court for the sale of a house and lot in Mt. Morris, belonging to the estate of John Wood, deceased—Adaline Wood, Administratrix.

Next comes the Proclamation of the Hon. Thomas H. Baird, President of the Court of Common Pleas in 1830, in the Fourth Judicial district, composed of the counties of Fayette, Greene and Washington, and the Hon. John Minor and William Crawford, Esqs, Associate Judges in Greene county, for the holding of a "Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery," on the "third Monday of June next, being the 21st day.") To this "proclamation" is attached the name of our venerable and highly esteemed fellow citizen, Hon. Mark Gordon, as Sheriff

Judge Gordon is still living, erect and straight as an arrow, and still taking a lively interest in the political affairs of the county and country, which he discusses with much intelligence and interest.

The next item is the advertisement of "military goods" by J. B. McFadden, of No. 83, Market street, Pittsburg, who announces that he has just received an assortment of military articles, consisting of Swords, sashes, Wings, Epaulets, Shoulder Knotts, Pompoons, Plates, Eagles, Buttons, &c., &c., all of which will be offered at reduced prices."

Next comes the advertisement of "New Spring and Summer Goods," by A. N. Johnson, who, at that time, was among the most enterprising merchants of our town.

"Look Here" is the heading of an advertisement for "50,000 pounds of cleaned washed wool" by B. Campbell, Jr., & Co. From this it is quite evident there was some wool raised in Greene county at that early day.

Next we have the "List of Causes set down for trial at June Term, 1830," consisting of twenty-three cases, and signed by Wm. T. Hays, as Prothonotary, who, we believe, served in the same capacity for an unbroken term of about twenty years.

Then comes the "Notice" of Dr. John F. Bradée, of Uniontown, to all persons indebted to make immediate payment. This is the same Dr. Bradée who was sent to the Penitentiary about 1840, for mail robbery, and afterwards died there.

Richard Ledwith, who is remembered by many of our older citizens, is next announced as "a candidate for the office of County Commissioner."

Then comes "a card" from Dr. T. C. Hawkins, tendering his professional services to the inhabitants of Waynesburg and the public generally. Dr. Hawkins is still a resident of Waynesburg, and is regarded as one among the oldest inhabitants.

"Good Bargains" by Beeson & Pennock comes next in order

They have just received from the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets a general assortment of seasonable goods, which they offer low—aye, very low for cash or approved produce."

Next comes the advertisement of John Golden, another old landmark still residing here, who informs "the public that he has commenced the wagon business at his new frame shop on Mechanics' Row, corner of Washington and Greene streets." The building still stands, and serves Mr. Golden's purposes as a wagon maker's shop.

Next is a rule of Court to perpetuate testimony—Amos Martin vs. Abijah Heaton, Samuel Heaton, Daniel Heaton, John Huss, et al. Wm. T. Hays, Clerk. This advertisement closes the first page of this ancient paper.

The first article on the second page is a very interesting letter from Thomas Jefferson, dated January 21, 1809,—just before leaving the Presidential chair—to Mr. Leiper, father of Geo. G. Leiper, who, in a note dated April 27, 1830, furnishes the original copy of Mr. Jefferson's letter to the *Upland Union* for publication. It is a short private letter, and treats a little of religion but more of politics. It predicts the war with Great Britain, which was then already threatening the young Republic.

The next article on the second page is from the *Baltimore American*, dated May 14, giving an account of a trial trip on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, preparatory to the road being opened for travel. This trial trip was made by "Mr. Knight, the Chief Engineer, with some of his assistants." This was, no doubt, our former Washington county neighbor, Hon. Jonathan Knight, who surveyed the route of the proposed B. & O. R. R. through this county, about the year 1836, or about that date, and who was elected to Congress in the memorable Know Nothing campaign of 1854. Mr. Knight had invented what was then known as the

"improved conical wheels," and the principal object of the excursion trip was to test the applicability of these new railroad wheels on that part of the B. & O. road which had been completed to Ellicott's Mills. The result of the experimental trip was announced as a great success, and the opinion confidently expressed that with such wheels "curvatures, not exceeding four hundred feet radius, offer no impediment to the transportation upon railways, even at the rate of at least fifteen miles an hour."

The next item of interest is the double column advertisement of "Fresh Spring and Summer Goods," by Benjamin Campbell & Co., who "respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have received from Philadelphia and Baltimore a splendid assortment of merchandise, consisting of cloths, 100 pieces of calico, queensware, hardware, liquors," &c. Nearly all the stores kept a supply of various kinds of liquors, and a good customer need never go away dry, or without having been well treated by the store keeper. The thing is a little different now—the drug stores monopolize the trade.

The first article on the third page, which was then editorial page, is the proceedings of a meeting held in the Court House in Waynesburg, May 14, 1830, for the purpose of organizing a temperance society, at which Obadiah Vancleave was called to the chair, and James M. Junkin appointed Secretary. A Constitution was adopted, consisting of seven articles, the 5th reading as follows: "The means employed by this society for the suppression of intemperance shall be the influence of moral example: abstaining from the use of ardent spirits; the dissemination of publications in newspapers and pamphlets, and appeals to the reason, hearts and consciences of men, in the form of persuasion." After the adoption of the Constitution, Joel Wood, of Wayne township, was chosen President; John Conkey, of Rich't'ry township, Vice President; and Wm. Gra-

ham, Secretary. Both the President and Vice President of this temperance society have adhered with religious fidelity to the principles they then espoused, and are both still living in this county, which, to a great extent, may be owing to their temperate and exemplary lives. Mr. Graham, the Secretary, left the county about forty years ago.

At the bottom of the first column of the third page it is announced that Congress is to adjourn on the 31st inst., (May.) Also that Dr. Daniel Sturgeon, who had been appointed Auditor General of this State by Gov. Wolfe, had entered on the duties of the office on Monday, May 3d. Also that Jacob Spaugler, Surveyor General and S. Workman, Secretary of the Land Office had entered on the duties of their respective offices Monday, May 24th.

Quite a lengthy article on the "Next Census" which indulges in some falicitous prognostications in regard to the growth which the coming census will develope as having occurred in the last decade—or from 1820 to 1830.

Next we have a notice of an address delivered by the celebrated preacher, Mr. Bascom, of the M. E. Church, to the people of Mount Sterling, Ky., on the subject of the American Colonization Society. This address was highly spoken of.

At the head of the fourth column of the third page, is this brief but comprehensive notice: "Died, at his residence in Morgan township, on Saturday last, May 22, 1830, at an advanced age, Isaac Weaver, Esq., formerly a Senator from this District."

Next is the notice of a "Court of Appeal" for the 2d Battalion of the 119th Regiment P. M., to be held at the house of James Lindsey in Jefferson. Capt. Frost, Lieutenants Price and Bell were to compose the Court of Appeal. Signed John Lindsey, Colonel Commanding.

Then comes a list of five Sheriff sales, to take place at the

Court House in Waynesburg, on the 3d Monday in June. These advertisements are signed by Mark Gordon, whom Robert Whitehill once asked if he spelled cabbage with a "k."

At the head of the fifth and last column on the third page is an article headed "Tract Society," followed by a notice to the members of the Female Tract Society to meet at the Court House on next Monday evening, at 5 o'clock, to receive their tracts. This notice is signed by Miss "M. A. Harvey, Secretary." This venerable lady is still living in our town, where, by industry and energy, and a life of probity and business intelligence, she has acquired a handsome competence for all her worldly wants, and now at four-score years and ten she is patiently waiting her call to a higher and better state of existence.

Beeson & Pennock advertise for a quantity of clean washed wool, for which they will pay a good price in goods.

Wm. Inghram informs the public that he has received and orders for sale, low for cash or approved country produce, a fresh supply of spring and summer goods. He further announces that he still carries on saddlery.

Then comes the quarterly notice by the Register of certain Administrators and Executors' accounts having been filed, and will be presented at June Court for confirmation and allowance. Jessie Lazear, Register.

Next the order of Court for the sale of the real estate of John Wood, deceased, Adaline Wood, Administratrix. The notice is different from that found on the first page, by the same administratrix. W. T. Hays, Clerk.

The paper was printed and published by John Irons, who was then and for several subsequent years its editor.

## NEWSPAPERS.

There are four weekly newspapers published in Waynesburg—the *Messenger*, [which is by far the oldest,] the *Republican*, *Independent* and *Democrat*. These I will present in my book according to their respective ages.

HISTORY OF THE MESSENGER.—Having given the contents of these two old papers, I will now give the history of the paper itself, as I received it from the present editor according to the best of his recollection. It began its career in 1813, during the second war with Great Britain, and was a strong supporter of the “powers that be.” Its first editor was Dr. Layton, who was superceded by John Baker who is said to have been a very eccentric man. He was succeeded about the year 1823 by Thomas Irons, who was associated in the ownership and management with his brother John Irons, who became sole proprietor in 1825, and continued such until 1837. This man I have often seen in Uniontown when he was connected with the *Genius of Liberty*, but I was too young to know much about him; however, I have often heard his political opponents say “well, John Irons won’t lie.” The next editor was John Phelan, Esq., who is still well and favorably remembered by the present generation. He only owned and edited the paper for one year, when John Irons again became proprietor in 1838. In 1840 the paper became the property of Charles A. Black, Esq., who published it until 1842, when Major Jas. W. Hays became proprietor. The paper was printed at this date by W. T. H. Pauley, who had entered the office in 1833 as an apprentice to the printing business, and who became proprietor in 1844, and continued such until 1852, when he sold to John M. Stockdale and James S. Jennings. One year from this date he again became proprietor, and continued until 1859. A part of the time during this period James S. Jennings was associated as assistant editor. James W. Hays and James S. Jennings

became equal partners as proprietors for one or two years, when Major Hays sold out to Joseph G. Richey, who subsequently gave place to R. W. Jones, who was one of the few fortunate men who amassed considerable wealth by speculating in Greene county oil lands, to such an extent that he quit the printing business. James S. Jennings continued to publish the paper as sole proprietor until 1867, at which date J. F. Temple, Peter Brown and W. T. H. Pauley became associated as proprietors. In the course of a year or two this arrangement ceased to exist, and W. T. H. Pauley again became sole proprietor, and continued such until January 1883, when he sold to Jas. S. Jennings, a former proprietor. During the time the *Messenger* was published by Jones and Jennings, the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, a religious weekly, was published on the same press and with the same type. This paper is now published by the C. P. Board of Publication, Nashville, Tenn., with Rev. John R. Brown, D. D., as editor. The paper is now one of the leading religious journals of the day.

WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN.—This is the continuation of a journal that has long been the organ of a highly respectable party in Greene county. I had hoped to have given an accurate history of this very respectable paper, and for this purpose I addressed a letter to its present editor asking such facts and figures as would enable me to inform its readers of the antecedents of this journal. The editor declines complying with this reasonable request, and consequently I must avail myself of such information as I can derive from other sources. Mr. Regan of the *Independent* has shown me a paper entitled the *Village Watchman* edited by Rev. Simeon Sigfried, and dated August 4, 1846, during the Mexican War. This paper is said to be one of the ancestors of the present *Republican*. I am told that at one time a paper called *The Greene County Eagle*, occupied a place in the direct line of descent. At another

time the *Repository* is said to have been the name of the paper that has been absorbed by the present journal. Among the able editors of this paper I have been informed that our present Postmaster, Col. J. Cooke, L. K. Evans, James E. Sayers, and James Miller, have made their mark high up on the tablet of fame and have left behind them unsullied reputations as successful journalists. I regret this imperfect sketch, but under the circumstances it is the best I can do.

WAYNESBURG INDEPENDENT.—The *Messenger*, which was for a long time the only paper in the county, has always been strongly and uncompromisingly Democratic. After the establishment of the *Republican* the usual result that “extreme begets extreme,” seemed to require the necessity of a paper untrammeled by partisan spirit and devoted to a class of reading matter more acceptable to the home circle, and to meet this demand of the people, in the month of October, 1872, Z. C. Ragan and J. W. Axtell began this enterprise without capital, except that which they borrowed at exorbitant interest, without even the promise of assistance from their friends, who we are informed, very confidently pointed their prophetic fingers at the financial ruin of both these daring adventurers. Yet the paper was issued and the first column almost completed, when as suddenly and unexpected as a clap of thunder in a clear day came the J. Cook explosion. Long established banking houses went down, corporations of different kinds closed their doors, while “consternation turned the good man pale.” What was to be the fate of the two penniless proprietors of the *Independent*? Nothing strange, they had nothing to lose. They had brave hearts and cunning hands, being both practical printers they girded on their armor and “smiled at the storm.” Their running expenses were economised and their patrons promptly paid their dues. The storm passed away and the sunshine of prosperity again smiled on the enter-

prise. After five years of connection Mr. Axtell sold his interest to W. W. Rodehaver. Two years later Mr. Rodehaver concluded to take the advice of the great Horace Greeley "young man, go West, sold his interest to W. W. Evans, formerly one of the proprietors of the Monndsville, W. Va., *Reporter*, and who is at this date one of the editors, proprietors and operators in this establishment. Mr. Ragan has clung to this enterprise these ten years through evil as well as good report, writing for its columns, keeping its books and composing at its desks. The weekly circulation of this journal is over 1,800 with a constantly increasing subscription list. The firm of Ragan & Axtell were the first to introduce the power printing press with steam attachments in Greene county, the first edition run off by steam being in May, 1875. The first paper that passed through the power press was picked up by John Hagar, one of Greene county's oldest citizens, with the remark, "well done, Greene county." The present firm increased the facilities of their well stocked job office by adding the latest improved process of stereotyping, and this history is printed from plates made on this machine. Other editions can be issued from these plates at a small cost.

**GREENE COUNTY DEMOCRAT.**—This youngest of all the papers of this county sent out its first number on the 17th of December, 1881. J. F. Campbell was the first editor, while Simon R. Huss is its present editor and proprietor. It has entered on its second volumn with a respectably increasing subscription list. The principles of the Democratic party are advocated and defended by this journal.

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**WAYNESBURG BLUES.**—I have been requested by one of the members of the present organization of Waynesburg Blues, to give a short sketch of their history. Inasmuch as I have already mentioned their ancestor which existed

fully forty years ago, I will comply with the request. The Waynesburg Blues, Co. K, is in connection with the Tenth Regiment, second brigade of National Guards of Pennsylvania. The organization was effected in 1879, John M. Kent being the first Captain. Capt. Kent has since been promoted to the position of Lieut. Colonel. The term of enlistment is five years. The first inspection and prize drill was at Washington, Pa., July 4, 1879, when the prize sword was awarded to this company for proficiency in drill and fine soldiery appearance. The first encampment was at Camp Hoyt, Allegheny county, Pa., in September, 1879. This camp was named for the Governor of the State. The second inspection was at Thompson's Station, Allegheny county, Pa. The second encampment was at Camp Alexander Hays, Allegheny county, Pa., in 1880. The company was sent to Washington, D. C., on the 3d of March, 1881, to participate in the military display at the inaugural of President Garfield, and on account of their fine soldiery bearing attracted special attention in the long military procession. The third inspection was at Finleyville, Washington county, Pa., July, 1881. James E. Sayers was elected Captain this year. The third encampment was at Camp Vincent, Indiana county, Pa., August, 1881. The fourth encampment was at Camp John Fulton Reynolds, Mifflin county, Pa., in August, 1882. This camp was named in honor of Gen. Reynolds who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1864. This company was sent to Philadelphia in October, 1882, to take part in the bi-Centennial military parade. The commissioned officers of this company are Jas. E. Sayers, Captain; John M. Wiley, 1st Lieut.; Henry P. Berryhill, 2d Lieutenant.

## BIOGRAPHIES.

On the 11th of December, 1882, I called at the house of Jno. D. Patterson, on Brushey Fork of Tenmile creek, and received from Mrs. Patterson (who was formerly Miss Amanda Mahanna) the following information with reference to her father, and grand-father: Captain James Seals, who was born in England during the 18th century, immigrated to America somewhere near the middle of the century, and was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Brown, sister of Capt. John Brown, (not old Ossawatamie), came to the vicinity of Waynesburg before the town had much of an existence. Here he erected the old stone house, a part of which can yet be seen near the toll gate immediately west of the borough. Here he and his wife raised thirteen children, viz: John, James, Samuel, William and Vincent were the sons, while the daughter Sarah married Mr. Bloomfield; Lottie married Robert Hix; Martha married Mr. Boyle; Matilda married Cornelius Ogden; Mary married Mr. Beck; Catharine married Bradley Mahanna; the other two names my informant could not recall. Capt. Seals lived in those troublesome times when "eternal vigilance" was not only "the price of liberty," but also of life. He was Captain of a company that might be denominated "minute men," or "wood rangers," who were constantly on the alert to protect themselves and their families against the prowling savages by whom they were surrounded. Reports were made at different times to various commanders; among the rest, to Gen. Anthony Wayne, in 1794, who immediately directed Capt. Seals and company to join him on the banks of the Miami. The company was put in motion without delay and marched as far as Catfish camp (Washington). Here the news met them that the victory was gained and their services were not needed. Mrs. Patterson then proceeded to give me some account of her father. Captain Bradley Mahanna, and then loaned me a paper,

*Iowa State Press*, dated Iowa City, Sept. 16, 1874, which contains quite a lengthy obituary notice from which the following is obtained: "Bradley Mahanna was born in Hopwood, Fayette county, Pa., March 1, 1806." He removed to Waynesburg in 1827, where he and Catharine Seals were married on the 1st of September of that year. Here he continued to reside until April, 1855, when he removed to Iowa City where he resided until his death on the 11th of September, 1874. Early in life he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and so consistent was his profession that neither prosperity nor adversity could damp the ardor of his devotion. He, like many of his day, was fond of military training. He was commissioned by Gov. David R. Porter, Captain of the Waynesburg Blues, in 1842. I remember seeing him in 1843 at a grand encampment in McClelland's grove, just north-west of Waynesburg. The incident was this; A volunteer whom I will not name, was accused of stealing a piece of meat. A Court Martial was at once called to try the case. Col. Joshua B. Howell, Capt. James M. Oliphant and Capt. Bradley Mahanna were the officers of the Court, while Capt. Sam Austin was Prosecuting Attorney. Various witnesses testified in the case; the attorneys made their speeches; the Court found the defendant guilty and sentenced him to be bumped seven times against a tree, and the sentence was immediately executed; when to the surprise of all parties the accused came before the Court for a new trial, which the Court readily granted, at the conclusion of which the culprit was sentenced to receive fourteen additional bumps against a tree, which was summarily executed. The commission of Capt. Mahanna was renewed in 1849 by Gov. Wm. F. Johnson, and was again renewed in 1854 by Gov. Wm. Bigler. The subject of our sketch was finally commissioned Brigade Inspector of the Fourth Pennsylvania Brigade. In the war or the rebellion he took an ac-

tive part, having gone to the front among the seventy-five thousand that were called out by the President immediately after the fall of Fort Sumpter in 1861. After the term of his enlistment had expired he returned home, recruited a company and was elected its Captain. In this capacity he continued until the end of the war. He was also a member of the Masonic order by whom he was decently interred.

MAJ. MAXWELL McCASLIN.—While writing of men who were distinguished for their military abilities, permit me to introduce another whose career was perhaps more diversified than that of any I have yet named. This man was Major Maxwell McCaslin, who was born in Martinsburg, Berkley county, Virginia, on the 1st of March, 1802. His father, Francis McCaslin and Jane (Booth) McCaslin (both natives of Ireland) removed to Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa., in 1807, where they resided until the old man's death in 1826, leaving his widow and six daughters, almost entirely dependent upon the exertions of his only son (Maxwell). Feeling the responsibility that now rested upon him, the subject of this sketch immediately commenced working at the brick-laying business, in which he became so proficient that his services were in constant demand in Waynesburg and vicinity, until he frequently built from twelve to fifteen houses in a single season. His first purchase of real estate was about two and a half miles west of Waynesburg. Soon after this purchase he went into partnership with B. B. Woodruff and James Bell in the droving business, at which the firm accumulated considerable amounts of money. The same firm engaged in merchandising in the town of Jefferson, which adventure was attended with far more loss than profit. The early education of the Major was very defective, being about what many others of us got in the common schools—"learn to read, write, and cypher in the Western Calculator to the Rule of Three." At the age of

twenty he joined a rifle company called the Franklin Rangers, which together with nine other companies composed the regiment called the Washington and Greene Vanguards, commanded by Col. Thomas Ringland. Young McCaslin made such proficiency in drill, that Col. Ringland appointed him Adjutant of the Regiment in room of Adjutant T. P. Pollock, (late Judge Pollock) who had resigned to take command of a rifle company. In June, 1828, Adjutant McCaslin was elected Major; in June, 1835, he was elected Brigade Inspector, the only military officer who drew a salary from the State. McCaslin's competitors on this occasion were Major Samuel McGuire, of Washington county, and Major R. H. Lindsey of Greene county. While holding the office of Brigade Inspector he was elected Captain of an Infantry Company called the Franklin Blues. These volunteers he continued to drill until he brought them up to a high state of perfection; indeed McCaslin seems to have excelled almost all others in his military skill, as the following will illustrate: At the inauguration of Francis R. Shunk (who had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1844), a vast number of volunteers were present at Harrisburg, who requested the new Governor to review them. Although Shunk had been in actual service in the war of 1812, yet he had given so little attention to military affairs of late years that he felt his inability to that extent that he was about to decline, when General Rounifort recommended Major McCaslin (who was present as a member of the House of Representatives) as a most expert military tactician who could ably assist the new Governor in the performance of this arduous duty. McCaslin was immediately sent for who at once agreed to assist Shunk. Gen. Roumfort was requested to form his lines forthwith, and the review proceeded. When the imposing affair was over, the Governor was complimented by several prominent military men who were present

for his ability as a field officer. To this the Governor replied that whatever credit was due to the performance, belonged exclusively to his friend Major McCaslin. When he went to his desk in the House of Representatives the next morning he found a commission from the new Governor as his first aid with the rank of Colonel. He was twice re-elected to the House of Representatives, filling the years 1843-44-45. During these years and for three years thereafter, Hon. Chas. A. Black ably represented this District in the State Senate. At the close of Mr. Black's second term, Major McCaslin became a candidate for the same position. This claim was opposed by the Democracy of Fayette county on the ground of rotation, and in consequence of their presenting a candidate in the person of Hon. Samuel Nixon, in every way qualified to fill the position —a man who had served three terms in the State Legislature, had acted for several years as Justice of the Peace and had filled the position of Associate Judge by the side of Hon. Thos. H. Baird,—all these things seemed to promise success to Judge Nixon, and yet the superior skill of McCaslin in electioneering, secured him the nomination. I know that some persons have given a different reason for McCaslin's success. But I claim to know, for Judge Nixon was my father-in-law, I having been married to his daughter Sarah in 1844. I have often heard the old gentleman talk about it in his own house, and it always consoled him under his defeat that it was accomplished by a man of superior ability and skill. The next position of honor held by McCaslin was that of Presidential Elector to which he was elevated in 1852, casting his vote for Franklin Pierce for President and William R. King for Vice-President. The next responsible position in which McCaslin was placed was that of Indian Agent. This office was obtained through the influence of Major George W. Mannypenny, who served an apprenticeship in the *Messenger* printing office. This caused him to take

up his abode in "bleeding Kansas" in 1855 when human life in that locality was held exceedingly cheap. He was finally removed from his office by President Buchanan for having expressed himself too freely in favor of Kansas becoming a free State. We next find him at Parkersburg, W. Va., at a great meeting which was addressed by Gov. Pierpoint, urging the people to raise another regiment, (the 4th W. Va.) A great many Pennsylvanians then resided in the vicinity of Parkersburg, who now proposed to give the regiment a lift, provided Colonel McCaslin was allowed to command it. This declaration was made known to the Governor who immediately filled up a commission for him, and soon the regiment was on the Wheeling Island waiting to be organized. After organization it was moved to New Creek. Soon after this the Colonel, feeling the infirmities of age creeping upon him, resigned his command, returned to Parkersburg, sold his extensive property and came back to Greene county, Pa., making his home most of the time, after the death of his wife (who was formerly Mrs. Hale, a widow with whom he boarded while in Harrisburg,) with his widowed sister, Mrs. Jane Kincaid, in Jefferson township, Greene county, Pa. He visited Washington City in 1865, and was in Ford's Theater when Wilks Booth fired the fatal shot at President Lincoln. After this he returned to Kansas where he died of apoplexy in the 78th year of his age. I am indebted for almost all the above facts to my old friend W. T. H. Pauley, Esq.

JAMES VANCE came from Ireland previous to the war of the Revolution, in company with a friend whom he called Billy Cree. Vance was drafted into the army soon after his arrival, and parted with his friend Cree in Philadelphia. After the close of the war Vance settled near Morristown, N. J., from which place he emigrated to Greene county, Pa., in 1796. He purchased and occupied the tract of land now the-

property of James Williamson, one mile above Minor's mill, on Whiteley creek. He was the grand-father of the present Wm. Boughner, of Greensboro, Pa. One of this old man's sons, Alexander Vance, made a trip to the little town of Pittsburg near the commencement of the present century where he beheld with astonishment the operations of a steam engine. On his return to the vicinity of Greensboro he made a glowing representation of the wonders performed by steam power, telling his friends that a small steam mill would, no doubt, be a good investment. Among those who listened to his descriptions were the Kramers, Repperts and Eberharts who were then successfully engaged in manufacturing glass at the Old Glass Works, immediately below the present village. These men having emigrated from Monocacy in the celebrated wheat growing region in Maryland, had large notions of what might be achieved by a large steam mill, hence they erected a mill sixty feet square, three or four stories high. This called for an expenditure of an immense sum of money, hence the thing not being a financial success, was therefore abandoned. This young man Alexander Vance sold out near Greensboro and removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1817, and died there in 1850. Old James Vance was a Presbyterian and attended the Glades Church (New Providence). To this neighborhood his friend Billy Cree had immigrated some time before, and the two men sat down side by side at the communion table from which, as they arose, they recognized each other, and after services were over they had a good time in reviewing "Auld Lang Syne" friendship. This Alexander Vance (son of old James Vance) was the first man who attempted the manufacture of stoneware in the bounds of Greene county. But the materials at first used were of a poor quality, and in 1815 he commenced the manufacture of common earthen-ware which he abandoned in 1817.

## AN OLD PAPER,

Called the *Village Watchman*, was loaned me by a friend, which paper is dated August 4th, 1846, during the progress of the war with Mexico, bringing to my mind many things connected with that campaign with which I was once very familiar, but which have not been thought of for many long years; yet as I am not writing a history of the Mexican war but of Greene county, I notice those things only which relate to the latter. This paper was edited by Rev. Simeon Sigfried. On the second page I find a long speech on the "Tariff Bill of 1846," by Hon. Andrew Stewart, a man whom I knew and whom I have heard make several tariff speeches. I recognize several of his old arguments in this printed speech. This man, although a resident of Fayette county, was well known to many persons in Greene county who generally spoke of him as "Tariff Andy." A part of his speech is devoted to chastising a certain Mr. Bowlin from Missouri, who had suggested that members of Congress should be curtailed in their pay for every day they were absent from their places in the house. This resolution Mr. Stewart opposed. This paper is very severe against Vice President George M. Dallas for giving the casting vote in favor of this Bill. An extract from the *New York Sunday Times*, found in this old paper, predicts a direct tax on every acre of land in the whole country in consequence of the reduction of the tariff. The fulfillment of this prediction I believe still remains on the docket after the lapse of thirty-six years as unfinished business. There seems to have been several parties engaged in merchandising in Waynesburg in those days. Prominent among these was that of Rinehart & Minor. The persons who composed this firm were J. W. Rinehart and W. E. Minor, who called their establishment "the Farmers and Mechanics cheap Exchange Store." Another competing firm was that of Allison & Campbell, and still another, J. and R. K. Campbell

& Co., while J. Higinbotham, Richard Gregg, A. Wilson and B. Campbell & Co. were doing business in the same line, consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Hardware, Notions, &c. There also seems to have been need of doctors in those days, and consequently Dr. J. Goueher tells the people of Waynesburg that he will serve them "with all his former energy, attention and tenderness." Dr. F. B. Wilson also informs the denizens of this borough that he will not only attend to curing the ordinary ills that humanity is heir to, but also extract their old teeth and replace them with "incorruplicable teeth." It appears from this old paper there were also lawyers in that day ; hence I find the card of Howell & Wells, which firm consisted of J. B. Howell & J. H. Wells. Could this be Joshua B. Howell, of Uniontown ? If so I knew him very well ; heard him make a speech as General of Volunteers about the last of May, 1846, at which time he and I and a multitude of others tendered our services to the President, offering to go to Mexico. The last time I saw Gen. Howell was at Jefferson in 1861 when he and Judge James Veech were trying to raise soldiers for the war of the Rebellion, in which Howell was finally killed. But perhaps this was another man. At the time General Howell made this speech the locusts were so abundant in the orchard where the volunteers were formed into a hollow square, that their cries in part drowned his voice. Another law firm in 1846 was Hager & Phelan, composed of C. T. Hager and J. Phelan. Their office was in Mr Hays' front room opposite the public square. Another title is "Not in Oregon yet," under which J. & T. A. Barnes inform the public that they still continue to manufacture wool at the old establishment, on Muddy creek, two miles below Carmichaels. It seems that some people also got married in those days. Hence it is announced that Mr. Craven Hoge and Miss Violette Mitchell, of Franklin township, were married by J. Clark, Esq. There

were also candidates in those days, for it is announced that Mr. Thomas Hill of Franklin township would like to be elected Sheriff at the ensuing election; also that Mr. Samuel Jacobs of Alleppo township would fill the office of Commissioner if the people would be good enough to elect him. The Franklin Rangers are ordered to meet at the house of Peter Syphers in Franklin township on the 29th of August, 1846, at 10 o'clock, J. N. Burk, O. S. J. Thomas, Sheriff, advertises a writ of partition for a tract of land in Cumberland township, containing one hundred and thirty-seven acres, late the property of Abraham Scott, deceased. The writ is issued at the request of Jas. W. Bayard and Joanna, his wife. The heirs were John, Abraham and James Scott, James Barnes, guardian of James Wiley, and Rebecca Jane Wiley, heirs of Jane Wiley, dec'd, formerly Jane Scott, John Hartman and Rebecca his wife, formerly Rebecca Scott. These heirs are notified that an inquisition will be held on the premises on the 27th of August, 1846. T. Harn informs the people of Carmichaels and vicinity that he still carries on the shoe-making business, and will take all kinds of produce in payment. The editor warns the people to look out for a counterfeit Mexican dollar. Rinehart & Minor notify their patrons that they will take "all kinds of cash" and produce at their store. And many other things are found in this old relic, interesting to the reader, but to which we cannot refer.

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#### WAYNESBURG MUSEUM.

On the evening of January 9, 1883, I visited the Sherman House, kept by Thomas Bradley, who is a native of Bealville, Washington county, Pa. He has been engaged for many years in collecting a cabinet of curiosities, which he took great pleasure in showing, and among the collection I found the following: A petrified snake of enormous size, which was found

on the waters of Fish Creek, Greene Co., Pa.; an old Continental button, cut from a uniform of a Revolutionary soldier; some of the hair taken from the head of old "Jimmy" Kent, a soldier of the war of 1812, who died a few years ago. A small bottle of peach brandy seventy-five years old, furnished to the proprietor by James Barnes of Muddy creek; a helmet which was once a part of the armor of one of Napoleon Bonaparte's Invincible Cuirassiers; a Prussian bullet from the field of Waterloo; a piece of the wood of the bridge constructed by General Braddock in 1755, across the Youghiogheny river; a piece of wood that was once a part of the flag-ship of Commodore Perry in his victorious conflict with the English on the 10th of September, 1814; also the keys of the old jail and Court house which were the first erected in Waynesburg. Several pieces of crockery ware said to have been found in one of the old camps of the Delaware Indians; also pipes, picks and hatchets all of stone. Tomahawk made of iron and steel of the kind used in the old French and Indian war; also an Indian's skull and leg bone; a petrified turtle; the butt end of the stock of Lewis Whetzel's gun, said to have been broken by striking an Indian; part of the flag carried by the Americans at Yorktown in 1781, when they accepted the surrender of Lord Cornwallis; an old paper containing the obituary of the "Father of his Country," General Washington. The paper is all draped in mourning between its columns and around the margin, but I could neither find its name nor the date of its issue. A pair of elk horns from the Rocky mountains; a petrified squirrel; a Barlow pen knife bearing the figures 1766: making it 116 years old; an old law book, dated 1776, with the name of Henry Taylor written in it—he was one of the first Judges of old Washington county before the erection of Greene county. This name is probably in his own hand-writing. An old newspaper, called "New England Courant," is

also found among these antiquities. It is dated February 11, 1723, and is said to have been edited by Benjamin Franklin. The paper is so blurred that I could not find his name on it. An old weaver's reed for manufacturing home-made linen, said to have been brought to Maryland by Lord Baltimore when he first founded that colony. But time would fail me to tell of all the old relics contained in these old cases, such as petrified woods, punk, snails, &c.; also cannon balls, bullets of various sizes, etc., etc.

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#### A JOURNEY IN WINTER.

Although this may not seem like Greene county history, yet I insert it in my book in order to make the people of this county content with their condition in the locality in which their lot has been cast. On the 1st of January, 1883, at 6 o'clock A. M., I boarded the train on the W. & W. R. R. at Deer Lick Station. At 8 o'clock I arrived at Washington, and at ten I was in Pittsburg where I purchased a ticket for Chicago by way of the P. & F. W. R. R. As we were ascending the up grade from Beaver Falls, I remarked to a young man by my side "that it would require a long time to make the trip if all the way was this steep." An elderly man across the aisle replied, "Oh! don't be discouraged: we will soon be out of Pennsylvania and then we will be done with the hills." I then innocently asked, "are there hills no where else but in Pennsylvania?" to which he replied with great emphasis, "no, sir. It is the most deplorably rough, hilly, mountainous State in the Union. You could not give me a farm in Pennsylvania and compel me to live on it. I live in Illinois where we don't have to tie our pumpkins to the stones to keep them from rolling out of the field. We don't have to let our sheep down over the rocks into the little hollows in order to get a few mouth-fulls of grass. We raise from 75 to 100 bushels of corn

to the acre, 40 bushels of wheat to the acre," &c. After the fellow had poured out a constant stream of gas of the above kind for perhaps half an hour, he subsided from mere exhaustion. I found time to say "well, sir, this is my third trip to the regions beyond the Mississippi; each time passing through your great State of Illinois, and there are a few things that have always puzzled me. Why do you not all become millionaires in a few years? Why can't you afford us poor Pennsylvanians a feather-bed to sleep on when we come out among you? Why must we be compelled to eat your "Long Tom" potatoes boiled with the skins on, in connection with a little piece of the toughest kind of beef, and then pay fifty cents for each meal, and an additional fifty cents for the privilege of sleeping on one of your straw-beds? I hail from Greene county where we are content if we can get from 40 to 50 bushels of corn to the acre; 15 bushels of wheat is considered a good crop, and still we live, have plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and, above all, have good health." This may seem like a matter entirely foreign to our history, but I introduce it as a specimen of Western "gasconade" that has already had its mischievous effects on many good livers in Greene county, causing them to "pull up stakes" and leave comfortable homes in Pennsylvania expecting to have all these gassy promises realized in the West. A few bettered their condition, but the majority would have been better off if they had remained in the place of their nativity. But how about our journey? By the time this conversation was ended we were in Ohio, and the snow was falling very fast, which it continued to do until we reached the Indiana line when the air became so intensely cold that the snow ceased to descend. When we reached Chicago the blizzard was at its height, making even the hard faced "suckers" keep their heads in doors. As the fifty cent omnibuses were scarce, I started to walk to the North Western depot. Feel-

ing that I would freeze, I turned into a great dining saloon where I obtained a tolerably good meal for which I only had to pay seventy-five cents! I finally arrived in Jackson county, Iowa, where, upon my complaining of their cold country, the reply was, "Oh, this is nothing; the thermometer is only eighteen degrees below zero this morning. Wait till it comes down to thirty-eight or forty, as it sometimes does." I concluded not to wait, but turned my face Eastward, as soon as my business was completed, and fled from the "blizzards" with all possible speed, arriving at my home on Saturday, the 6th, traveling near two thousand miles in six days and transacting business to the amount of four thousand dollars. But perhaps the strangest part of the affair was, that my family had not found out that there had been any unusual amount of cold, as the mercury had not reached zero at all instead of eighteen degrees below. Reader, keep out of the North-West in the winter season.

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#### AN OLD REMINISCENCE.

On my arrival at home I found a letter from Benj. Covert, dated "Rice's Landing, December 28, 1882," referring to a statement I had made in the early part of my history about a man striking him at the big muster. He says in his letter: "That statement was the truth. It happened over fifty years ago at the general muster near Moorfield, O." Mr. Covert then expresses great gratitude for the notice I have taken of him, and also a desire to assist me in any way that he can, and in order to make a beginning in that good work, he makes the following statements that will, no doubt, be full of interest, as the tragic part of it occurred on the soil of the present Greene county. The story is substantially this: In 1771 Rev. James Finley, who was born in the province of Ulster, Ireland, in 1731, crossed the Allegheny mountains on horse-back in com-

pany with his oldest son, Ebenezer, for whom his father wished to purchase a farm. They must have been good judges of land, which they displayed in selecting a magnificent tract on Dunlap's creek, Fayette county, near the town of New Salem. The father preached several times during his stay to the widely scattered inhabitants, and then returned to his home East of the mountains. Some time after his return home, he became suddenly downcast and dejected, his thoughts all the time brooding over the seeming impending fate of his absent boy. After a few hours his dejection departed, and he exclaimed, "the danger is past." He made a note of the time, which, when the dates came to be compared, was about the very hour when his son Ebenezer made such a narrow escape from the Indians, the circumstances of which were about as follows: In the year 1774 the Indian war, known in history as "Dunmore's War," broke out. This was brought on in consequence of killing several Indians by Virginia settlers, on the west side of the Monongahela. The Indians seem to have regarded this river as the line between Pennsylvania and Virginia, and hence they confined their depredations to what they regarded as Virginia soil, now Greene county. A requisition was made for help from the east side of the river, and among the soldiers was Ebenezer Finley. At what point they crossed the river my informant cannot tell, but the adventure was on Greene county soil. The Indians being scattered, it was determined to send out the whites in patrolling parties of twos. Mr. Finley and one other man had penetrated deep into the forest without seeing any signs of the foe, when they espied a deer at some distance from them. Anxious to procure its flesh for food, both guns were discharged at it, when suddenly out sprang two Indians with uplifted tomahawks. There was but one chance for our soldiers, and that was run, which they did for considerable distance, when Mr. Finley's friend fell be-

hind and was slain by the merciless hatchet. While this was being done and his scalp removed, Mr. Finley made his escape. This man Ebenezer Finley I have often seen as an Elder in Dunlap's Creek Church when I was a small boy. I have often passed through the splendid farms that were formed out of the original tract that was located by Rev. James Finley, who was the first Presbyterian minister west of the mountains, although he does not seem to have crossed the Monongahela until after the arrival of Rev. John McMillian in 1775, who did cross the river. I also find that the incident referred to and described by Mr. Covert has already become a matter of history among Presbyterians, as Rev. Joseph Smith, D. D., in his book "Old Redstone," on page 284 refers to the same thing, no doubt. I find that Judge Beech in his secular history corroborates the same thing in his date and circumstances of the Dunmore war and Connolly usurpation. The same thing is established by reference to the minutes of the old Synod of Virginia, which notices the appointment of Rev. James Finley in 1771. No further appointments were made for this region, except Rev. John King in 1772, until 1774, when Revs. John Hanna, William Foster and Samuel Smith were appointed to go to "the frontier parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia," the very wording showing how careful the old fathers were not to meddle with the vexed boundary question. It will be seen by the above that Mr. Covert, although a most devout Methodist now in the 83d year of his age, has by his very welcome letter brought to remembrance quite a page of Presbyterian history.

## MESSENGER AGAIN.

Since writing the history of the *Messenger* I have received a letter from Major J. W. Hays which throws additional light on this history, as well as giving several items of interest in the biography of a prominent resident, of Waynesburg, near the commencement of the present century, as follows: William T. Hays commenced merchandising in Waynesburg in 1804. In addition to his variety store he concluded to open a saddler shop (as there was none in the place at that date). He also determined that Greene county should have a newspaper. For this purpose he purchased a press and type in Philadelphia, in 1813, brought them on to Waynesburg and set up the press in a house of his own next door to the one in which he lived. Having abundance of business on hands, without personally attempting to edit and print a paper, he employed, sent his team for and moved John Baker into a house that he (Hays) had rented for Baker's use. In this way the paper was run for about five years. At the expiration of that time, in 1818, Dr. Thomas Layton became editor, who retained John Baker as his printer. William T. Hays was more or less connected with almost all the prominent affairs of Waynesburg and Greene county at an early day. He was a Prothonotary of the county for an unbroken term of about twenty years.

## ADDITIONAL LEGISLATORS.

The same letter that contains the above information also gives the names of the following persons as members of the State Senate, viz: Isaac Weaver, William G. Hawkins, Chas. A. Black and John C. Flenniken. Also members of the House of Representatives, viz: Rees Hill, Adam Hays, W. T. Hays, Thomas Burson, W. S. Harvey, Joseph Sedgwick, Thomas Rose, John Phelan, Fletcher Brock, Dr. D. W. Gray, John

Hagan, (who died during his term and was superseded by) Thomas Leidley, William Kincaid and Patrick Donley. Isaac Weaver was speaker of the Senate at the same time that Rees Hill was speaker of the House, an honor conferred on this county which is said to have fallen to the lot of no other county in the State.

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#### ADDITIONAL QUAKERS.

I have been informed that the following names ought to be added as forming a part of the membership of the old Quaker Church, on Muddy Creek, during the first quarter of the present century, viz: John Hanks, William Morgan, Jacob Burg, Shedlock Nigas, Joseph Gregg, Thomas Miller, William Miller, Isaac Johnston, Jonathan Johnston, Joseph Johnston, Joseph Cope and Joseph Kinsey. I have also heard it suggested that the Gwynns, Barlays, Crafts and Hustys were not originally Quakers. How this is I do not know, as I had good authority for the first assertion and not quite so good for the latter.

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#### THE GREAT REBELLION.

We now come to the saddest chapter in the history of our beloved country. One so dark that I have seriously thought of passing it over in silence. This course evidently would not be acceptable to a multitude of my readers, as I have received numerous letters asking me to at least refer to this sad event. We are all, to a certain extent, dependent on our ancestors for our opinions, both religious and political, and inasmuch as the original settlers of this county were, to a great extent, from Virginia, it is by no means strange that many of their descendants should have imbibed the notion of "State Rights," in consequence of which they were ever on the alert

watching for any act of the General Government that had the appearance of *sectionalism*. This, many of them *thought* they saw in the effort to coerce the Southern States, and interfere with their domestic institution, hence they hesitated—looked back on their old record when as the “Virginia Rangers,” their grand-fathers and great-grand-fathers had stood between the living and the dead (in the old Indian wars) so valiantly that the savages gave them the name of “Long Knife.” They reviewed their record further until they found among their sires here and there a man who had shed his blood at Brandywine or Monmouth in the revolutionary struggle. They said if we were sure that the intention is to maintain the integrity of the Union, “We would accept the situation and assist in crushing out the rebellion;” but if the intention is to wage a war against the slave-holders for the purpose of liberating the colored race who (in their opinion) did not desire freedom, “Then we are not ready to assist.” This uncertainty, with reference to the intentions of the leaders, caused many to “halt between two opinions.” This hesitancy existed until the opinions of the Southern leaders became “self-evident,” that nothing would answer their purpose but division of this broad land (that evidently the Creator intended to be one and undivided), and that most likely the division—if it was ever accomplished—would be in part along Mason’s and Dixon’s Line, the southern boundary of their own county. Then there arose up in Greene county as strong a union sentiment as existed anywhere else. If an isolated individual was occasionally found who had the “cheek” to wear a “copperhead” or “butternut” breast-pin, he was almost sure to be a poorly-informed man. If any huzzaed for Jeff Davis it was because he was ignorant of the intentions of the President of the “Southern Confederacy.” Many of the sons and brothers of Greene county offered themselves as willing sacrifices for their coun-

try's good. And yet they went with altogether different motives and intentions from those that actuated some of the most blatant politicians of that day who regarded it as a glorious opportunity and privilege now offered to them of urging on the soldiers in shedding the blood of their Southern brethren to avenge the long quarrel that had existed between them. Not so with the soldiers of Greene county; they had no enemies to punish; they had no quarrels to avenge: but they seemed to view the matter in the same light that the great military commander did when he said "Oh! wretched necessity." They also resembled the latter of the two great Statesmen, who, when his opponent had said, "My country always *when she is right*," immediately, replied, "My country always —*whether she is right or wrong*." Actuated by such feelings as these, multitudes from this county pressed forward to fill up the ranks of the Union Army. I have not yet been able to find anything like a perfect list of our soldiers, but will do the best I can in securing it. I have been kindly assisted by Capt. James E. Sayers,, in procuring the names of a large majority of the men who went from Greene county as soldiers in the late war of the rebellion. Inasmuch as many of them were in the Eighty-fifth Regiment, I propose giving a brief account of that organization as follows: On the 1st of August, 1861, Joshua B. Howell, of Uniontown, was directed by the Secretary of War, to recruit a regiment of infantry, which, when full, was rendezvoused at Camp La Fayette, near Uniontown. On the 12th of November, 1861, the regiment was organized by electing Joshua B. Howell, Colonel; Norton McGiffin, Lieutenant Colonel; and Absalom Guiler, Major. While in this camp a flag was presented to the regiment by the ladies of Uniontown. Near the close of November it was ordered to Washington City. At Harrisburg the State colors were presented by Governor Curtin. Upon arriving at the National

Capital the men obtained their arms and were carefully instructed and drilled. A few weeks later it was removed to Camp Good Hope, across the East Branch of the Potomac, where it became part of Colonel Tidball's Brigade. In March, 1862, the regiment was removed to Miredian Hill, where it was assigned to General Kiem's Brigade. On the 29th it left Alexandria in company with the fourth corps on its way to Fortress Monroe, where it was united with the Army of the Potomac on the 1st of April. It took part in the seige of Yorktown, and on the retreat of the enemy it joined in the pursuit by the Winn's Mill Road. The first battle in which it was engaged was at Williamsburg, in which two of them were wounded—one mortally. The regiment still pressed on through a heavy artillery fire, to the banks of the Chickahominy, which it crossed near Bottom's Bridge, on the 20th of May, 1862. Here the Eighty-fifth was directed to fortify its position a little in advance of Fair Oak Station. Their works were but partially constructed, when at 1 o'clock p. m., on the 31st, the enemy—like a rushing hurricane—charged upon them. Notwithstanding their unprepared condition they succeeded in holding their half-finished rifle pits, valiantly aided by Hart's battery. In this action Lieutenants James Hamilton and Thos. S. Purviance were among the killed, and Julius A. Smith was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. The entire loss of this regiment in the campaign of the Peninsula was eighty-seven killed and wounded. When Gen. McClelland evacuated the country between the two rivers, Keys' Corps remained on duty at Fortress Monroe. On the 5th of December Wessell's Brigade, to which the Eighty-fifth was attached, was ordered from Suffolk, Va., to Newbern, North Carolina, to re-enforce Gen. Foster, who was on the point of departure to White Hall, on the Neuse. On the 13th the column reached West Creek, where the Confederates were posted to dispute the

passage. Here a sharp action took place, in which the Eighty-fifth distinguished itself in charging and routing the enemy on the right of the road, while the Ninth New Jersey did the same on the left. The troops still pressed on toward the town of Kingston, on the north bank of the Neuse, wading through a swamp which had been considered impassable by the enemy until they beheld the soldiers at their very gates, when the charge was sounded, and the enemy routed and driven across the river. Towards the close of the month General Foster was ordered to South Carolina to co-operate with General Hunter in his operations against Charleston. The Eighty-fifth arrived at Hilton Head on the 1st of February. Col. Howell was now put in command of the brigade, while Lieutenant Col. Purviance was advanced to the command of the regiment. About the 1st of April the brigade moved to Cole Island, where it crossed Folly river and landed on Folly Island, at which time the troops witnessed the first bombardment of Fort Sumpter by Admiral Dupont. Howell's Brigade was left to garrison the Island after the withdrawal of the rest of the troops. Folly Island is about seven miles long and one wide. Light house Inlet about six hundred yards wide separates it from Morris Island on the north. Early in June General Hunter was superseded by General Gilmore, who immediately commenced operations to possess Morris Island. For this purpose batteries were erected on the north end of Folly Island. This was accomplished almost exclusively at night. After the fifty-two guns had weakened the enemy's position, an assault led by General Strong was made, in which the first line of the Confederate works was gained; but Fort Wagner still held out. General Gilmore now determined to reduce it by regular approaches. On the 20th of August the Eighty-fifth Pa., One Hundredth New York and the Third New Hampshire were detailed to occupy the ad-

vance trenches. On the 21st one man in the Eighty-fifth was killed and twenty wounded, three mortally; on the 24th one man was killed and seven wounded; on the 27th two were killed and eight wounded; on the 30th four were killed and eight wounded, Lieutenant Colonel Purviance being among the killed. Sickness in the Eighty-fifth was alarming—caused by the extreme heat of the days, the dampness of the trenches and poor quality of the water—until her numbers were so depleted that on the 2d of September only two hundred and seventy were fit for duty. After the death of Col. Purviance the command of the regiment devolved on Capt. Isaac M. Abrams, who was promoted to the rank of Major. After the fall of Fort Wagner and the evacuation of Morris Island, the Eighty-fifth was ordered to Hilton Head, about the beginning of December, where it went into camp a short distance from Port Royal. Here the health of the regiment rapidly improved; so much so that in February, 1864, in company with the Fourth New Hampshire, it was detailed to proceed to White Marsh, near Savannah, for the purpose of dispersing a force of the enemy that was engaged in throwing up fortifications. This expedition ended in failure, in consequence of the superior numbers of the enemy, the strength of their fortifications and number of their batteries. The Eighty-fifth lost two wounded and Lieut. Jno. E. Mitchner taken prisoner. About the middle of April, the Tenth Corps, under the command of General Gilmore, was ordered to Virginia to re-enforce the Army of the James. The three divisions withdrawn were those of Terry, Turner and Ames, the first of these (Terry's) being composed of the Brigades of Howell, Hawley and Barton. When the Eighty-fifth arrived at Gloucester Point it was joined by the veterans who had been absent on furlough. Soon after its arrival the Tenth Corps, with the Eighteenth, proceeded to Bermuda Hundred. Here on the 20th of May the Eighty-

fifth was engaged in a sharp conflict. General Butler had been driven back behind his fortification, and the enemy had captured a line of rifle pits in front of Terry's Division. Howell's Brigade was ordered to drive him out and re-possess the pits. The charge was made in the most gallant manner, and the works were retaken. The Confederate Gen. Walker had his horse shot from under him, and was himself wounded and taken prisoner. The loss of the Eighty-fifth was two killed and twenty-one wounded. On the 14th of June Gen. Grant's forces began to cross the James river, and soon after carried the outer works before Petersburg. The Confederates being hard pressed, abandoned their works between the James and the Appomattox, which were at once occupied by the Tenth Corps, and some prisoners were captured. Gen. Lee's advanced forces also crossed the James, above Fort Darling, on the 16th, and the skirmishing became very brisk. Early on the morning of the 17th the enemy attacked the picket line in front of Howell's Brigade, the Eighty-fifth still occupying the works evacuated the day previous. A considerable battle ensued, in which the Eighty-fifth had five men killed and twelve wounded. On the 20th of June Howell's Brigade marched to Deep Bottom and on the 25th retraced its steps to its former position on the lines. On the 13th of August the Tenth Corps, in connection with the Second under Hancock, proceeded again to Deep Bottom, where the Confederates Hill and Longstreet were posted in strong force. Hancock led the Second Corps into position along the New Market road. Early on the morning of the 14th Foster's Division moved out to Strawberry Plains, and encountered the enemy's skirmishers who fell back to their entrenchments. At nine o'clock Terry's Division made a furious charge, capturing a long line of earth-works. Most of the division was protected by a wood until within a hundred yards of the works, but the Eighty-fifth was

compelled to advance over an open field where it was fearfully exposed to the enemy's fire. The Confederates retired to their second line some distance in the rear, and Terry rested in the works he had captured until evening, when he supported Foster in a grand charge in which his troops captured part of the remaining earth-works; also two mortars, four howitzers and a number of prisoners. The loss in the Eighty-fifth was two killed and nineteen wounded—five of them mortally. Lieut. William T. Campbell was killed. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 16th Terry's Division moved to the front. The pickets of the enemy were encountered, who were protected by rifle-pits, notwithstanding which they were driven out and fell back to a strong line of earth-works in the rear. The division was then massed for the grand charge which was to be made by columns. At the word, forward! the Eighty-fifth dashed on over the slashed timber, through an incessant fire of musketry, never wavering until the works in front were carried. About two hundred prisoners were captured in the charge; also three stands of colors were borne away by the Eighty-fifth. Its loss was severe, being nine killed and fifty-four wounded—five of them mortally and one taken prisoner. Captains Lewis Watkins, Levi M. Rogers were mortally wounded. On the afternoon of the 18th the enemy charged, but were soon repulsed, and the Eighty-fifth had but one wounded. On the 20th the troops were all withdrawn from the north side of the James, except Foster's Division, and the regiment turned to its old camp, where it rested until the 24th, when the Tenth Corps was ordered to the Appomattox. On the 13th of September the Eighty-fifth was ordered to Fort Morton. Just previous to this change, Col. Howell was assigned to the command of a division of colored troops. Col. Pond, of the Sixty-second Ohio, succeeded him in the command of the brigade. On the night of the 12th of

September, while returning from corps headquarters Col. Howell was thrown from his horse and so severely injured that he soon afterward died. After being relieved from duty at Fort Morton the Eighty-fifth assisted in the capture of Fort Harrison; also the earth-works at Chapin's farm, and was advanced to a point within three miles of Richmond. It was engaged in battle on the 1st of October, then again on the 7th, when three divisions of the enemy attacked Kautz's Cavalry. Pond's Brigade occupied the left of the line, and the Eighty-fifth Regiment was stationed where the line of battle crossed the New Market road. The loss in the Eighty-fifth in this action was three wounded. On the 12th Gen. Terry was ordered to make reconnaissance, with the First and Third Divisions. The Eighty-eighth was deployed as skirmishers in front of Pond's Brigade, where they soon encountered the enemy skirmishers who were at once driven back. In this action the Eighty-fifth lost seven wounded, one of them mortally. On the 14th of October, 1864, the regiment was withdrawn from the front, the veterans and recruits were transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, and the remainder, whose term of service was about to expire, reported at Portsmouth and were ordered into camp. A month later the Eighty-fifth was in Pittsburg, Pa., where on the 22d of November it was formally mustered out of the service of the United States. Previous to the departure from Portsmouth, Major Isaac M. Abraham, accompanied by fifty men and four commissioned officers, was sent to guard a fleet of transports carrying Confederate prisoners to be exchanged at Savanna, Georgia. Having devoted thus much space to the history of the Eighty-fifth Regiment in which the majority of the soldiers from Greene county had enlisted, I will now give the roll of Company F, which is said to be exclusively from this county. I will then insert the name of every man that I can find who went from

Greene county, no matter where his name may be situated.

ROLL OF COMPANY F, EIGHTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

John Morris,	Captain.	Courtwright J. L.,	Priv't
Nicholas Hager,	"	Church Franklin,	"
Levi M. Rogers,	"	Church George,	"
Roseberry Sellers, 1st Serg't.		Cree Alexander D.,	"
John Remley,	"	Cooper James E.,	"
E'more A. Russell,	"	Clouse John,	"
Z. C. Ragan,	Serg't.	Cowen John,	"
James E. Sayers,	"	Crouse Nathan,	"
James B. Lindsey,	"	Chaney Jesse,	"
Joseph Silveus,	"	Crouse William,	"
Isaac D. Havely,	"	Davis Benjamin,	"
Kinchart B. Church,	"	Duvall Elias,	"
Thomas J. White,	"	Earnest Jacob,	"
Oliver M. Long,	"	Engle Solomon,	"
Monzo Lightner,	"	Estep Cornelius,	"
Jefferson H. Zane, Corp'l.		Fry Thomas R.,	"
Thomas Hoge,	"	Fordyce William,	"
Rickson Kinney,	"	Fordyce John,	"
Wm' N. Hoskinson,	"	Fry, David,	"
J. G. Norman,	"	Fry Henry,	"
William C. Leonard,	"	Graham John P.,	"
Hiram Weaver,	"	Gilbert Eliel,	"
James N. Durbin,	"	Garrison Thompson,	"
Thomas M. Sellers,	"	Gilbert John,	"
Thomas P. Rogers,	"	Gladden William H.,	"
Daniel Swan,	Musician.	Gray Isaac,	"
James McCuen,	"	Hickman George F.,	"
Armer Strohider,	Priv't.	Hunnell William,	"
Argo Simon,	"	Hays George W.,	"
Bryner James,	"	Huffman James,	"
Burk Noah,	"	Huffman Jacob,	"
Babbitt Joseph,	"	Henderson William,	"
Burrough John B.,	"	Hunt Josephas,	"
Bissett Jeremiah,	"	Hathaway Adolph,	"
Bissett Albert,	"	Johnson Francis M.,	"
Chapman Charles,	"	Johnson Nicholas,	"

Kimble Jackson,	Private.	Roseberry Thomas,	Private.
Knight James,	"	Riggs William,	"
Leonard Harvey,	"	Rinehart Morgan	"
Laughman Henry,	"	Richard Lewis,	"
Lewis George F.,	"	Riggs Peter,	"
Longdon Morgan,	"	Roach George,	"
Leonard William E.,	"	Rush John,	"
Mitchell Andrew J.,	"	Rizer John,	"
Martin Perry,	"	Rinehart Thomas,	"
Mitchell Jonathan,	"	Rinehart Meeker,	"
Martin Silas,	"	Scott Abijah M.,	"
Montgomery John,	"	Scott Lisbon,	"
Moor Carl,	"	Sutton John,	"
Moor Samuel H.,	"	Smith James E.,	"
Muray John,	"	Seabolt W. H.,	"
Martin James M.,	"	Sellers John,	"
Morris Andrew J.,	"	Smith Ezra,	"
McMullin William,	"	Smith Anthony A.,	"
McCracken Thomas,	"	Thompson Samuel,	"
McGlumphy Harvey,	"	Thomas William,	"
McGlumphy W.,	"	Teagarden Isaac,	"
McGary Spencer,	"	Taylor Levi,	"
McDonald Alfred,	"	Thomas Samuel,	"
Nelson Lafayette,	"	Terril George,	"
Ott Ezra,	"	Vandivender Eli,	"
Ott Salem,	"	West Jacob,	"
Pettitt Henry,	"	Wiseman George,	"
Plantz Maxwell,	"	Weaver Jacob,	"
Packer William F.,	"	Winget John M.,	"
Patterson Samuel,	"	Wiseman John	"
Pettitt George,	"	West Samuel,	"
Patterson Joseph,	"	Wilkinson A. J.,	"

We also find the names of several persons in company G, said to be from Greene county, as follows:

Gordon J. A.,	1st Lieut.	Benjamin F. Campbell, Serg't.
Crawford J. F.,	2d Lieut.	Francis M. Rush,
Gordon M. L.,	Sergeant.	Myers P. Titus,
Goodwin Hiram,	"	William Pitecock, Corporal

Henry K. Atchison,	Private.	David Goodwin,	Private.
Baker Bare,	"	Owen Pitecock,	"
Lindsey Beech,	"	Benjamin Titus,	"

In Company I the names of the following persons are found :  
 George Cunningham, Private. Stephen Sanders, "  
 Michael O'Conner, " Jordan Strosnider, "

I have also been furnished with the roll of Co. A, 140th Regiment, said to be almost exclusively from Greene Co., which is as follows :

John F. McCullough	Captain.	Bennett John,	Private.
James M. Pipes,	"	Barney Peter,	"
John A. Burns,	"	Clutter Samuel,	"
J. Jackson Purman, 1st Lieut.		Cox John, Jr.,	"
Mark G. Spragg,	"	Clutter Noah D.,	"
David Taylor,	2d Lieut.	Cox John, Sr.,	"
Charles T. Hedge,	1st Serg't.	Cowan Joseph,	"
Daniel B. Waychoff,	Serg't.	Doman George N.,	"
N. N. Purman,	"	Dunstan Benjamin,	"
Henry Zimmers,	"	Eddy Michael,	"
John F. Coen,	"	Eddy John,	"
Cornelius J. Burk,	"	Freeland George,	"
William A. Brown,	"	Fisher John,	"
J. S. Herrington,	Corp'l.	Frays David,	"
Alpheus Crawford,	"	Freeland Charles A.,	"
Cary M. Fulton,	"	Garber Thornton,	"
Thomas J. Kent,	"	Gray George,	"
James B. Rinehart,	"	Geary Simon,	"
Joseph Bane,	"	Green John R.,	"
Kramer Gabler,	"	Green Isaac P.,	"
Spencer Stephens,	"	Gray John,	"
Leroy S. Greenlee,	"	Henry John,	"
John W. Peden,	"	Hopkins, Daniel S.,	"
James Woods,	Musician.	Harris Stephen C.,	"
Morgan Dunn,	"	Hoge David,	"
Acklin Samuel,	Private.	Jones John,	"
Anderson Harrison,	"	Jones George,	"
Armstrong Oliver,	"	Kent Resin S.,	"
Burson Oliver H. P.,	"	Kent James F.,	"

Keener Oliver,	Private.	Roop Samuel,	Private.
King Daniel,	"	Steel Nicholas,	"
Locy Samuel B.,	"	Steel Chud,	"
Lancaster John M.,	"	Swart James M.,	"
Long John,	"	Scott Simon P.,	"
Landy John L.,	"	Scott Henry,	"
Loar Benjamin F.,	"	Sprowls Jesse,	"
Meighen John,	"	Strosnider Caleb,	"
Miller John H.,	"	Sergeant Richard,	"
Mariner George W.,	"	Strosnider Keener L.,	"
Miller Abraham,	"	Sanders Harvey,	"
Morris Franklin R.,	"	Smith Job, Jr.,	"
Morris Lindsey,	"	Smith Job, Sr.,	"
McCullough L. G.,	"	Simpson John,	"
McCullough Hiram,	"	Stewart Jesse,	"
Ogden William,	"	Spragg John M.,	"
Pipes Abner,	"	Taylor Abner W.,	"
Pettitt Joseph,	"	Taylor Levi,	"
Rush John A.,	"	Troy Norval L.,	"
Roop John E.,	"	Wilson John R. H.,	"
Roop William,	"	Wilson George W.,	"
Roop Henry,	"	Wallace Benjamin F.,	"
Roop William,	"	Walters B. T.,	"
Roop Lindsey,	"	Walters Andrew	"
Robinson Alex. D.,	"	Wallace Francis,	"
Ridgeway Samuel,	"	West Simon S.,	"
Roop Michael,	"	Welsh Morris,	"
Ullum Harrison, J., Private.			

I also find the following Greene county men in the 160th Regiment, company K:

Jacob R. Hewitt,	Captain.	Dye William L.,	"
Sealy S. Bayard,	Sergeant.	Denny Clark,	"
Cotterel William,	Private.	Drake Alex. S.,	"
Arvecost Joseph,	"	Frankenberry A. D.,	"
Cotterel Jonas,	"	Sayers Harry E.,	"
Cumpston John,	"	Shirk Michael M.,	"
Chambers Wm. H.,	"	Strosnider Wm. A.,	"
Duer Florence,	"	Shope Milton S.,	"

Also Co. A. 163d Regiment, is said to be exclusively from Greene county, and contained the following men:

Wm. C. Lindsey,	Captain.	Everly L. Dow,	Blacksmith.
Guy Bryan,	"	Warren Neel,	"
James P. Cosgray,	1st Lieut.	Lewis Perry,	Saddler.
Benj. F. Campbell,	"	Adams Elijah,	Private.
George E. Newlin,	"	Adams Richard L.,	"
Roseberry Sellers,	2d Lieut.	Admonas John,	"
William Scott,	"	Adams Jacob,	"
Benj. W. Yoders,	1st Serg't.	Anderson William,	"
John B. Gordon,	"	Boyers George,	"
John C. White,	"	Bryner Wm. A.,	"
Joseph Cooke,	"	Bryner George,	"
Benj. F. Herrington,	"	Brandymore Mort,	"
George W. Kent,	"	Courtwright James,	"
Edward Francke,	"	Campbell T. H.,	"
William J. Holt,	"	Conklin S. M.,	"
J. R. Smith,	"	Cole William,	"
James Graham,	"	Cooley Joseph B.,	"
Jacob Whipkey,	"	Churea William,	"
Wm. D. Smith,	"	Chapman George,	"
Cyrus E. Elmas,	"	Chapman Charles,	"
Thomas L. Dagg,	Corp'l.	Champ Charles,	"
James Seals,	"	Dickenson William,	"
Kendall Brant,	"	Davis Henry,	"
Jonas Whipkey,	"	Effcock Charles V.,	"
Robert M. Yates,	"	Evans Ezariah,	"
Robert A. Tukesberry,	"	Eagon Solomon,	"
John Evans,	"	Eagon Thomas,	"
Salathiel Murphy,	"	Evans Caleb,	"
George K. Wisecarver,	"	Edwards Thomas,	"
Job T. Morris,	"	Fox James F.,	"
Henry Cooke,	"	Finnegan John,	"
John Boylan,	"	Fry John,	"
Samuel S. Rinehart,	"	Friend Michael,	"
Andrew Wilson, Jr., Bugler.		Gray Elijah,	"
Charles White,	"	Goodwin Frank,	"
Fred Ramer,	Blacksmith.	Gallatin Joseph R.,	"

Gardner Freeman,	Private.	Martin Mathias,	Private.
Goff Matt,	"	Murphy Jeremiah,	"
Gumph John,	"	Madigan Dennis,	"
Gibben Peter,	"	May James,	"
Galloway Nicholas,	"	McGrady Robert,	"
Gibbon Elias K.,	"	McClelland, Asa S.,	"
Hackett William,	"	McCullough Joses,	"
Hendershot Thos. F.,	"	O'Dwyer Thomas,	"
Harrison Moses,	"	Poland John,	"
Huffman ——;	"	Poland Cavalier,	" "
Hughes David,	"	Phelan William,	"
Hedge Samuel,	"	Rinehart J. T.,	"
Hinerman Henry,	"	Reese David,	"
Johns Ellis J.,	"	Radlinghafer M.,	"
Jeffries Elishu,	"	Rex Harper,	"
Johns Hiram M.,	"	Rush Levi,	"
Knox William,	"	Rhodes William P.,	"
Kent Nicholas J.,	"	Rush Peter,	"
Knight S. W.,	"	Rogers Alex.,	"
Leanord Asa,	"	Rush Isiah,	"
Lincoln Andrew,	"	Richie Samuel,	"
Lindsey Francis,	"	Rex George,	"
Longstreth William,	"	Rinehart Arther J.,	"
Lindsey James,	"	Syphers Peter M.,	"
Lapping John,	"	Smith Dennis,	"
Lashire Henry,	"	Smith Francis,	"
Lieb John A.,	"	Stull Lewis.	"
Morris John P.,	"	Stickels Amos,	"
Monroe Thomas J.,	"	Sherick Isaac.	"
Miner Calvin,	"	Straight Henry,	"
Millaneer Lenuel H.,	"	Shape Frederick,	"
Martin William H.,	"	Smith William,	"
Martin Phillip C.,	"	Smith Cowper,	"
Mankey Henry C.,	"	Sullivan Cornelius,	"
Martin Joseph W.,	"	Tukesberry John,	"
Morris Joseph C.,	"	Thomas John,	"
Meeks Eli.,	"	Tukesberry William,	"
Miller John D.,	"	Ullum Henry,	"
Murphy John,	"	Valentine John,	"

White Francis M.,	Private.	Welte Rudolph,	Private.
White James D.,	"	Yates H. M.,	"
Whales Alexander,	"	Yoders Joseph,	"
Wagner George,	"	Yates Alexander,	"
West Thomas,	,	Yoders John,	"
Whipkey Silas,	"	Young Harrison,	"
Wilson John,	"	Yoders William H.,	"

## CO. C, 18TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

James Hughes,	Captain.	Ketlar Joseph,	Private.
Ashbrook John,	Private.	Kimbal James,	"
Allums Porter,	"	Leanord Richard,	"
Ackley John	"	Murphy Dennis,	"
Barnhart Wilson,	"	Morris Randall,	"
Burns James,	"	Moos Jonathan,	"
Clutter Addison,	"	McGlumphy W. H.,	"
Clutter Frank,	"	McDonald James,	"
Clutter Ely,	"	McKean Alex.	"
Carter James,	"	McKean John,	"
Courtwright James,	"	McNutt Joel,	"
Crawford William,	"	McKann, John,	"
Carter Daniel,	"	Pettitt Levi,	"
Durbin John,	"	Pettitt Lindsey,	"
Durbin A. J.,	"	Poland Cavalier,	"
Dailey Elishu,	"	Poland Thomas,	"
Day William,	"	Roberts Lemuel,	"
Dille Abraham,	"	Rom William,	"
Elms George,	"	Roach Samuel,	"
Elder Joshua,	"	Suider Phillip,	"
Elder Daniel,	"	Sollers Levi,	"
Filby William,	"	Stewart William,	"
Filby Thomas,	"	Spillman Joseph,	"
Fonner James,	"	Sanders Ruben,	"
Fox Henry,	"	Stall John,	"
Fonner David,	"	Supler Martin,	"
Gregory Jonathan,	"	Vanatta, D. W.,	"
Gray Frank,	Lieut.	Vanatta Thomas,	"
Grandon Isaac,	Private.	Vanatta Clark,	"
Hughes James L.,	"	Wright John,	"

Humberson William,	Private.	Workman Andrew,	Private
James John,	"	White Eli,	Lieut.
Johnson John D.,	"	Whipkey Noah,	"

J. Reed McNay, near Waynesburg, has furnished the following names of Greene county soldiers, who were members of the 77th Pa. regiment:

David Buchanan,	Private	Abraham Hamilton,	Private
Andrew Stewart,	"	J. R. McNay,	"

Hughes McDonald also furnishes the following additional names who were principally members of Company C, 18th Cavalry:

Anderson John,	Private	Jobes James,	"
Barnhart Thomas,	"	Rinehart John,	"
Barnhart Benjamin,	"	Montgomery Samuel,	Lieut.
Bales Maxwell,	"	Montgomery Levi,	Private
Barger Jackson,	"	Montgomery Lemuel,	"
Clark Samuel,	"	Montgomery Albert,	"
Denny John,	"	Maley James,	"
Dunlap James,	"	Morford Wilson,	"
Douglas J. A.,	"	Masters Joseph,	"
Elliott George,	"	Oliver Samuel,	"
Gump Daniel,	"	Pitcock Andrew,	"
Gump Peter,	"	Snider Daniel,	"
Gump Phillip,	"	Sloan James,	"
Gump Wash.,	"	Shultz James,	"
Haggerty James,	"	Staggers John P.,	"

Winget Moses, Private.

Aso, Jeremiah Riggs, 1st Va. Cavalry, and Thomas Herrod, 72d Pa. Regiment.

I have obtained from Hughes McDonald the following additional names of Co. B., First Va. Cavalry:

Samuel Grim,	Captain.	Leonard Albert,	Private.
Ackley Parker,	Lieut.	McGlumphy Frank,	"
Allum J. P.,	Private.	McGlumphy Thomas,	"
Barnett Samuel R.,	"	McCollough Samuel,	"
Conkey Morgan,	"	Noble Clark,	"
Cooper Samuel,	"	Newman Aaron	"

Call Jefferson,	Private.	Newman Abraham	Private.
Chambers John,	"	Newman Samuel,	"
Dailey James,	"	Pettit Mannion,	"
Fox William,	"	Patton Samuel,	"
Fonner Lindsey,	"	Sollers D. W.,	"
Gilogley James,	"	Vanatta John,	"
Hull Melvin,	"	Wallis Frank,	"
Jones John,	"	Walton James,	"
Jones Frank,	"	Younkin Daniel.	"

## Co. D, 11TH PENNSYLVANIA.

M. Crow Braddock,	Enos Gillet,	Private.
George Cummins,	John Phillips,	"

## Co. A, 11TH PENNSYLVANIA:

Joshua Williams,	Private.	Alexander Holmes,	Private.
		Martin Barney, Private.	

## Co. H, 15TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

Jas. B. McGlumphy,	Private.	Alphed Chambers	Private.
Newton McNay,	"	J. P. Burnett,	"
Porter McNay,	"	Alexander Drake,	"
Edward Bond,	"	William Grim.	"

## Co. K, 16TH PA. REGIMENT.

James Ackley,	Private.	George McDade,	Private.
John Sheets,	"	John Lucas,	"
Madison Dille,	"	John Hewitt,	"
		Wilson Jones, Private.	

Also the following detached volunteers, some the companies unknown.

## Co. D, 1ST VA. INFANTRY.

William Murphy,	Private.	Samuel Mellon,	Private.
Barney Hughes,	"	Josiah Holmes,	"
Thomas Noon,	"	Sargent Speers,	"
Addison Dille,	"	Isaac Morris,	"

## Co. A, 18th PA. CAVALRY.

Elias Gibbin,	Private.	Lewis Stull,	Private
Peter Gibbin,	"	Alex Brimard,	"
John Smith,	"	Geo. W. Brimard,	"

Isaac Sherrick,	Private.	John Polland,	Private.
William Smith,	"	Cavalier Polland,	"
		Robert Yates, Private.	

## 140TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.

John Swart, Co. D,	Private.	Wm. Clutter, Co. A, 168th Pa
Jno. A. Burns, Co. A,	Captain.	Frank Barnhart, 12th Va.
James Swart,	" Private.	Lewis Barnhart, "
Jefferson Younkin,	" "	Newton Braddock, Battery B.
John Fisher,	" "	Thos. Henderson, "
Warren Burns,	" "	Thomas Fry, 5th Artillery.
Alexander McCracken, Co. L, 4th Va.		

## COMPANIES UNKNOWN.

Amos Davis,	Private.	Lindsey Davis,	Private.
Jesse Courtwright,	"	Ambrose Stout,	"
Morrison Applegate,	"	Templeton Bryan,	"
Nicholas Fry,	"	George Bryan,	"
Nathaniel Lyons,	"	Solomon Ashbrook,	"
William Donley,	"	Wm. Wendell,	"
John Hixenbaugh,	"	Wm. McClelland,	"
Wm. Funk,	"	Robert Kincaid,	"
Edward Milliken,	"	Timothy Ross,	"
Samuel Milliken,	"	Zachary White,	"
Isaac Milliken,	"	Samuel Gunn,	"
Harvey McGlumphy,	"	Wm. Drake,	"
Oliver Armstrong,	"	James Milliken,	"
Thomas Chees,	"	John Gribben,	"

Richhill township sends the following names of old soldiers :

James Barnhart, veteran of 1812; John Conkey, veteran of 1812; J. M. Houston, Co. A, U. S. Regulars; James McKee, Co. D; J. N. Wallace, Co. D; P. H. Vanatta, Co. D.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

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On the 10th of February Z. C. Ragan, of the *Independent*, showed me a kind of desk and book-case combined, which was manufactured from an old army box, at Hilton Head, South Carolina, by a member of the 85th regiment, Pa. Vols. This case was for the purpose of holding rolls and other papers. When the regiment was ordered to leave that locality, not to return, the usual scene of bustle and preparation was enacted, some rejoicing at the thought of departing forever from the malarial and fever-stricken districts, where they and their comrades had suffered so much. Others of different temperament had learned to love the locality, and consequently were parting with its landscapes with regret. The papers were taken out of the above named case and it was about to be abandoned to its fate, when Sergeant Ragan, reflecting that it might still be useful, lifted it from its position, and with the assistance of others carried it a long distance to the transports of different kinds, by means of which it was enabled to follow the fortunes of war, until the final muster-out of Company F at Pittsburg in Nov., 1864. From that place the old army relic was still protected until it found a resting place in the office of the *Independent* in Waynesburg, where it still does duty by holding the same Company papers.

ESCAPE OF JOHN ROGERS.—On the afternoon of the same day as above, I called on Col. Cooke, postmaster at Waynesburg, from whom I received a few facts with reference to the escape of Capt. Rogers from Danville prison. General Taylor uttered a great truth, when he said on the day of the battle of Bueno Vista, "these volunteers don't know when they are

whipped." This was emphatically the case during the last war, which is shown in this as of many similar cases. James Miller, Joseph Cooke and John Rogers were all prisoners at Danville, and, like others, they were by no means whipped. On the contrary they were constantly plotting means by which they might beat the Southerners and return to their former places beneath the sheltering folds of the "dear old flag." Col. Cooke seems to have been the first to suggest that they make the attempt one by one to escape. In order to better affect their purpose it was agreed that Col. Cooke should act so suspiciously as to attract the attention of the inner guard, who might hope to receive the promised reward for shooting a prisoner who was making an attempt to escape. Miller was to approach the outer guard and excite his suspicions by his singular conduct, while Rogers was to assume a careless attitude, put on all the "cheek" he could command and just walk right through the two guards and strike for the "land of the free and home of the brave." The plan was well laid and all that was now required was the favorable opportunity desired, which soon came in the following manner: The sun was descending to "his wigwam behind the western waters," when the sun-set was suddenly obscured by the rising of a dark cloud, the rumbling thunders and vivid lightnings from which portended a furious storm. The moment was thought to be propitious, and soon the three friends are at their assigned places. The plan works like a charm; Rogers walks past both the guards out into the darkness of the approaching storm, and is for the present safe. Cooke now no longer attempts to hold the attention of the inner guard, who now after carefully looking around exclaims, "what went with that other feller?" to which Cooke carelessly asked, "did'nt you see him go in?" Well he did'nt go in. The Colonel and other friends concerned turned back into their innermost prison pen, and although

Capt. Rogers waded swamps and swam streams before reaching the Union lines, yet his perilous adventure was envied by those who planned and carried out the scheme.

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NOTE.—Thus ends the first volume of my History of Greene County. In gathering up so many incidents from so many different sources, it could not be expected that this book could be compiled entirely free from error. To the second volume will be an appendix in reference to erratas. The second volume will commence with a continuation of the county's military history and such other reminiscences as I can gather from reliable sources.

WILLIAM HANNA.



## INDEX.

PAGE		PAGE	
Allegheny Mountains,	57	Bankrupt Law,	47
Andersonville,	199	Brownsville Bank,	50
Allen Rev. Benoni,	213	Braddock, General,	59
Allum James,	216	Barnes James,	33-65-212
Ackley Joshua	216	Braddock Francis,	71
Allfree Thomas,	120	Beeson Jacob,	7
Armstrong Abraham,	227	Boreman Hon. Arthur L.,	283
Adams Rev. James,	233	Braddocks,	275
Armstrong John,	236	Bradley Thomas,	314
Axtell Rev. Luther,	179	Brown Elizabeth,	259
Armstrong Hannah,	259	Borenian John, Esq.,	278
Ackley Sarah	260	Baird Hon. T. H.,	18-281-294
Ackley John,	361	Barns Hon. Silas,	283
Anderson Charles,	242	Bradlee Dr. John F.,	295
Anderson Thomas,	271	Bascom Rev. Henry C.,	295
Addison Hon. Thomas,	280	Bleeding Kansas,	310
An i-Masons,	289	Buchanan Pres. James,	310
A Journey in winter.	316	Booth Wilkes,	319
Baber Rev. James,	234	Brown Rev. J. R.,	301
Barclay Hugh,	239	Boughner William,	311
Braddock's Road,	111	Bodolet Hon. John,	278
Bradford and Brackenridge,	115	Bigler William,	14
Bridegroom,	159	Brackenridge Hugh H.,	20
Brettish Gradiadiers,	151	Baltimore Conference,	21
Burns James,	83-138	Buckwheat,	34
Buchanan J. A. J. Esq.	107	Bank of U. S.,	49
Baltimore & Ohio R. R.,	101-102	Biddle Nicholas,	39
Bloody Law,	92	Baird Rev. Robert,	177
Board Tree Tunnel,	90	Baptists,	169
Burus William,	84	Baird A. J. Rev.,	179
Baptist Church at Uniontown,	205	Barns Prissilla,	258
Burroughs Mulford	211	Columbus Christopher,	1
Bethlehem Church	214	Charles II King of England,	5-85
Booher Isaac, Esq.,	216	Charter of Pennsylvania,	5
Beriah Church,	217	Creigh's History,	6-85-262
Barker Lewis,	223	Curtin Andrew G.,	14
Baldwin Cephas,	224	Catfish Camp,	15
Barker A. J.,	224	Connelly Col John,	17
Bell Miss M. K.,	182-184	Cannon Col John,	20
Braddock David, Jr.,	127	Connecticut,	22
Bearish experience,	127	Clay Hon. Henry,	36-38
Berea College,	178	Continental Money,	37-43
Braddock's defeat,	245	Cornwallas Lord,	39
Bartey Rev. E. E.,	243	Cumberland,	37
Bating Ellis B.,	243	Corbley Rev. John,	192-93
Bachanan David,	252	Crow Prof J. M.,	183
Boughter William,	244-247	Craig Rev H. K.,	117-181
Brice Rev. A. B.,	179	C P. Church,	221
Bates John,	191	Chatter William,	216
Boman Rev. A. B.,	192	Cary Elias,	211
Bell John,	198	Close Communion,	203
Brownfield Rev. W.,	199	Cleavenger Samuel Esq.,	107
Bates Fork Church,	200	Cook William H.,	82

PAGE		PAGE	
Crow Sisters,	129	Dilliner's Ferry,	245
Conkey John,	131-297	Dinsmore Robert,	127
Crab Apple Run	139	Dunkard Rangers,	287
Caina Ware,	141	Durbins',	275
Captain Whiskey -	154	Deed, the first put on record,	279
Catholic Convent	157	Dark day,	277
Coovert Benjamin,	119	Dallas George M.,	312
Crow Jacob,	125	Eldorado,	41
Crow Michael,	125	Executive Council,	55
Cunningham Edward,	124	Enoch David,	73
Cunningham Mrs.	124	Ellicott Andrew,	96
Crawford William,	231	Eckerline Brothers,	95-244
Christening the Spring,	163	Evans L. K.,	244
Corn Huskings,	166	Educational Efforts,	177
Campbell Rev. Thomas,	175	Ely Jonas,	269
Campbell Rev. Alexander,	173	Episcopalians,	169
Cumberland Presbyterians	176	Ewing Hon. Nathaniel,	282
Carmichaels,	178	Ewing Hon. Kennedy,	283
Carmichaels William,	241	Ellmaker Elias, Esq.,	283
Carter William S.,	274	Ellicot's Mills,	267
Carter John,	274	Foulks Rev. J. R.,	209
Carmichaels James,	278	Fordyce Rhoda,	172
Coovert Benjamin,	318	Friendship Hill,	245
Cleavenger Isaiah,	242	First successful steam engine,	247
Crago John,	242	Franklin Benjamin,	12
Carr James,	242	Finley Rev. James,	23
Crawford John,	242	Fish Creek,	30-123-134
Cree Hiram,	243	Farmers & Drovers Bank,	45-103
Church Henry,	256	Franklin township,	17
Church John,	265	Furgeson Rev. B. P.,	193
Cather Miss. Elizabeth.	271	French G. M.,	191
Catholic Church,	262	Fulton John,	194
Doan Abraham,	263	Futzer Peter,	197
Douglass Eph.	28	Fox hunt,	136
Downing Jack,	29	Flenniken James,	227-236
Dunkard Creek,	39	Flenniken Robert B.,	232-241
Duquesne Fort,	53	Fairchild Rev. A. G.,	235
Dunmore Lord,	95	Flenniken Hon Jno.,	236-273-283
Denny Meeker W.,	60	Flenniken Robert P.,	237
Davis William,	66	Flenniken John C.,	239
Douvel Rev. Robert,	67-68	Ferrell Washington,	211
Dividing Line,	67	Fish Creek Church,	218
Drake William,	70	Fonner James,	222
Drunkards' Poetry,	77	Gist Christopher,	6-59
Davidson Nathan,	113	Geary John W.,	14
Davis family,	123	Gallows Hill,	29
Delany's Cave,	129	Greenbacks,	43
Dodd Rev. Thadeus,	143	Goodwin A. J.,	77
Daily James,	232	Graysville,	78
Daily El-sa	230	Gray David,	100-107
Dunn Rachael,	231	Greensboro,	88
Dunn Joseph,	226	Garrison's Fort,	93
Dinsmore John G.,	226	Gardard Hon. Jonathan,	94
Day Am's	210	Gray Matthew,	107
Day Francis,	220	Greene Academy,	108-179
Day Sepha.,	220	Glassgo Jeremiah,	121-244
Dawson John,	178	Gilmore Hon. Samuel,	182
Dilliner Agustine,	241	Garrison Prof. M. E.,	183
Dilliner Jacob,	245	Gabby William,	187

PAGE		PAGE
190-212	Hanna Robert,	241
190	Huffman Benjamin,	255
129	Hill Samuel,	263
131	Hanna Rev. John,	329
131	Hook Israel,	297
132	Inghram William,	256-261
135	Ianus Richard,	201
147	Ianus Dennis,	201
233	Ir. ns John.	103-300
207	Indian D predations,	107
215	Ingram Dr. Arthur,	257
225	Johnston Wm. F.,	15
171	Jackson Andrew,	39-40-291
242	Johns Gen. Gideon,	50-51
214	Jacksonville,	76
246-247	Jackson's Fort,	107-2-6
247-311	June Frost,	103
279	Jefferson President Thomas,	89-293
133	Joi nson Robert,	59
272	Jactown,	111
232	Jacobs Daniel B.,	228
54	Jacobs Warren D.,	223
265	Jennings Rev. Jacob,	232
283	Jeffrey Rev. Samuel,	181
282	Jamison Jehu,	242
313	Johnson Andrew,	252
303	Jennings Col. James S.,	300
294	Jones R. W.,	301
19	Kerston State,	11
39	Kline Jacob,	100
21	Kennedy David,	2-2
44	Kendall Rev. Samuel,	213-193
73	Kincaid Wm. Maxwell,	252
79	Kent Jesse, Esq.,	255
88	Kendall S. Lenning,	193
279	Knight Hon. Jonathan,	296
281-295	Lindsey Hon. James,	282
299	Lashlie Rev. Peter T.,	273
97	Lazeears,	273
182	Lemoyne Dr.,	13-29
199	LaSelie,	58
199	Loar John N.,	78-229
139	Loar John,	79
145	Loar Rev. Jacob G.,	80
238	Loar Mrs. Mary,	81
225	Lazear Thomas, Esq.,	81
204	Lieper Lands,	81
207	Lazear Hon. Jesse,	163
269	Laughran Rev. Joshua,	107-171
209	Lindsey Miss. Elizabeth,	182
210	Lazear Miss Lucy,	182
211	Lundy's Lane,	191
212-217	Lieper Thomas,	181
165	Loughman Daniel,	226
172	Lightner M. C.,	226
178	Lashlie Rev. Peter T.,	172
179	Lazear Hon. Jesse,	179
116	Lazear Thomas C.,	181
116-118	Lindsey Minerva,	181
113	Lee William, Esq.,	279

PAGE		PAGE	
Lindsey Col. John,	298	New Freeport,	220
Leonard Rey. A.,	292	National road,	100-169
Markman William,	6-12	Newlights,	76-173
Mt Braddock,	6-59	Nimrods,	137
Money scarcity,	33	Nixon Hon Samuel,	109
Mason's and Dixon's Line,	53-61	Old Reminiscense,	318
70-84-85.		Oliphant's Furnace,	145
Monongahela River,	54	Old Glass Works,	248
Minor Cot. J. 56-95-121-244-278-283		O. Harra glass house,	249
McClintock Rev J.,	62-63-231-241	Orndoff John,	158
McNerlin William,	63-99	Oaths of allegiance, &c.,	25
Muddy Cre-k,	66-168	Old messengrs,	186
Morgan Rev. John,	67-68	Old men, collection of,	184
McClelland Mrs.,	78	Penn William,	5-6-7-11-12 35
Mingo Indians,	92	Porter David R.,	13
Minor Pierson,	94	Pollock James,	14
Mapletown,	95	Pentecost Hon. Dorsey,	20-24-282
Mitter A. B., D.D.,	104-182	Pollock Hon. T. P..	68
McGlumphy Rev. A. J.,	183	Pauley W. T. H.,	68-103-193
Mitikea Dr. J. C.,	190	Porter Dr. Wm. E.,	73
Montgomery Hugh,	198	Pettit Nathaniel,	130-201
Moss Jacob,	144	Panther lick.	131
Manners and Customs,	146	Panther fight,	134
Muslers Battalion,	159	Pettit John,	203
Mattocks Rev. Geo.,	225	Powers school Louse,	217
Mc Vay Stephen,	226	Patterson John D.,	221
McClelland Gen. Alexander,	234	Polk James K.,	187
Mecklenburg Declaration,	137	Presbyterianism,	161
Miller Rev. James,	209	Pollock Miss Nannie,	117
Mankey Warren and wife,	220	Pumpkin Run,	120
Marriage Fee,	161	Pindal Thomas,	122
Methodism,	171	Patterson James, Jr.,	253
Madison College,	108-177-178	Phillips Hon. Jesse,	260-261
McFarlan's death,	115	Pigeon Roost,	249
Monongahela College,	116	Patterson John,	253
Minor Lawrence, Esq.,	244	Patterson W. W., Esq.,	278
Morris Cross Roads,	244	Porter Armstrong,	243
McNay James,	241	Patteison Mrs. Amanda,	206
McCaulin Maj. Maxwell,	252	Quakers.	10-16-191-251
Mahanua Bradley,	254	Kitner Joseph,	13
McCourtney Arthur,	257	Robbers,	28
Morris Peter,	257	Rierson Thomas,	56
Moore James,	259	Redstone Old Fort,	59
McNay John,	264	Ruffs Creek,	66 191
McNay J. Reed,	265	Richhill township,	69
Mt. Morris,	85-90	Rickey Abraham C.,	73
McClelland Francis,	247	Rickey Jacob,	78-251
McNurlin's Sermon,	267	Rutman John,	19
Mortgage, first put on record,	279	Ross Timothy,	226
Masonry Free,	292	Robinson Walter,	226
Mexican war,	312	Robinson Rev. Win.,	226
Messenger, history of,	300	Rotation of crops,	167
Mahanua Capt Bradley,	305	Religious habits,	163
Members of Congress,	283	Rees Russle,	199
Members of Legislature,	286	Rossel Rev. Job,	200-215
New State,	20	Rogers Philip,	144
New Providence Church,	61-231	Red Fox,	137
Nixon's mill,	145	Rees miss. murdered,	124
North Tenmile Church,	189	Rickey Wm. F. and wife	127
Nineveh,	201-220	Rhodes Wm.,	108

PAGE		PAGE
109	Seals Capt. James.	305
118	Sayers Capt. Jas. E.,	304
241-256	Sigfried Rev Simeon,	301
242	Surgeon Hon. Daniel,	298
250	Tenmile Association,	211
251	Tyler President John,	45-47
245	Topography,	52
268	Timber,	55
258	Teagarden Abraham,	74
259	Teagarden Ruben,	75
274	Teagarden Isaac,	76
280	Tomahawk rights,	92
10	Tripp Anthony,	185
13	Taylor Thomas W.,	200-252
31	Tilton Rev. Morgan,	200
34	Throckmorton Daniel,	207-210
35	Throckmorton Joseph,	211
40	Throckmorton Dr. Wm.	211-221
58-169	Tom the Tinker,	115
65-235	Trustees of Waynesburg College,	180
67-189-225	Temple Nathaniel,	261
88	Temp'e General Justus F.,	262
97	Throckmorton Nancy,	273
100-254	Throckmorton Samuel,	273
106	Taylor Hon. Henry,	282-315
107	Uniontown,	7-145-146
182-142	Vandalia,	19
183	Van Buren Martin,	40
187	Van Eman Rev. George,	62-82-234
190	Veech David,	63-238
190	Vannatta Samuel,	136
192	Veech Hon. James,	20-37-64-65-244
192	Van Meter Martha,	280
199	Vance James,	310
199	Vance Alexander,	311
200	Wolf Gov. George,	13-289
200	Westmoreland County,	14
207	Washington County,	15
208	Whiskey Insurrection,	25-110
28	West Augusta,	26
209-216	Washington Co. organization,	15
214	Windridge P. O.,	77
115	Waynesburg,	97
217-219	Waynesburg College,	101
224	Wheeler Rev. Charles,	102
273	Whitehead Rev. Wm.,	197
207	Whitlatch Rev. Barnabus,	198
228-231	Winnet Rev. Ada,	199
181	Woods Rev. . m.,	200
116	Wolf capturing,	206
120	Willson Hon. A. E.,	283
123	Waynesburg Republican,	701
254	Waynesburg Independent,	202
259	Waynesburg Blues,	203
269	Wayne Gen. Anthony,	305
130	Waynesburg Museum,	314
278	Whitehill Robert,	299
279	Wood Joel,	297

	PAGE		PAGE
White Rocks,	144	Williams Polley,	143
Weddings,	157	Wisecarver George,	257
Wild Turkey,	160	William, King of Prussia,	186
Wise Solomon B.,	214	Young Rev. Samuel,	272
Weethee Rev. J. P.,	108-178	Young Andrew J.,	120
War, late civil,	322 to 343		

## ERRATA.

Read portrait, instead of "poortrait," on page	- - - - -	6
Previous, instead of "precious," on page	- - - - -	8
Andrew G. instead of "Andrew J." page	- - - - -	14
Birch, instead of "brick," on page	- - - - -	17
Reviewing, instead of "receiving," on page	- - - - -	29
Country, instead of "county," on page	- - - - -	29
Three meals, instead of "their meals,"	- - - - -	34
Loudon, instead of "London," on page	- - - - -	35
Refuses, instead of "refuse," on page	- - - - -	38
Bring, instead of "lay,"	- - - - -	50
Curves, instead of "caves,"	- - - - -	66
Gamaliel, instead of "Gamalie," on page	- - - - -	68
Read, instead of "dread," on page	- - - - -	116
Coovert, instead of "Coobert," on page	- - - - -	119
Baber, instead of "Baker," on pages	- - - - -	234-235
Veech, instead of "Beech," on page	- - - - -	235
1806, instead of "1816," on page	- - - - -	248
Sixty-seven, instead of "sixty,"	- - - - -	253
Judge Veech, instead of "Beech," on page	- - - - -	320
Their, instead of "our," on page	- - - - -	168
Exalting, instead of "hiding," on page	- - - - -	169
Whom, instead of "which," on page	- - - - -	169
Prominent, instead of "permanent," on page	- - - - -	172
Mere, instead of "were," on page	- - - - -	174
Energies, instead of "earnings," on page	- - - - -	130











